

T.i.**"Trap Back Jumpin"**Visit "[Trap Back Jumpin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hook:

It's time to get trap back jumpin
Get shit and back poppin
Oh copin, oh I show this sucka nigga how it go
I show you how to move a lot of flow
Nigga say they loud but they lie
So it's time to get trap back jumpin,
Get shit back poppin bitch
Hey who that say I got the shit
Hey bitch who you know I hide the dick, this is
I'll show you how to do the shit

They tryin to getting bricks out of that bag
Put that scale back on the deck
Seat that vision we on the stole
Next to the bake saw the pirate
Drop that war out off that pilot
Let it boy love and get high
Then whippin good but your real life there there hide
trip a little bit
You get may paper off of that yeah ayo
And jazzin bout of the bandano
Your bitch is fuck when I say so plus got hair plus of my
pay roll
This bank get home where we don't play
Violate me and this will be your day
Catch a nigga coming out of the DOA
Hit em with the chopper leave be your A
You can play with niggas not me okay?
The mother niggas sucker I'm a G okay?
See I can't G I G okay?
Respect that shit and you will be okay
Let get it straight one cent for all
I run this shit ball none to y'all
And now I wanna y'all nigga picking to me
Can't none of y'all take this city for me
Ten years off and I'm still tight
I have fast and they still like
You keep trap shit wehn I feel like
You dope boy know what a... lie
DeNiro our filus, big bank rows don't see lows

Oozes makes zeros here we go

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It's time to put that work back in the stash box
But that real corn they slare
Hit that high way from bout five day they come back
and get paid
Got head corners and whole thing Chevrolets and them
go things
Got Rolex, you got Benzes then the solo for the cocaine
It's cold game but it's cool though
Work it gone and I move low, won't sick on and it's too
low
You got twenty... yeah here you go
I got big whips so sick y'all and big sweets about six roll
Your shit had oh yeah bro, that shit drop won't say
much
Platinum all in my wall dough, crib big like a moll dough
I'm doing numbers like call all, plus more money I call
you
My house worth your whole life, your condos my own
ice
You niggas barely in first class I charge the G for...
Can't tell me shit homie down here I'm good as it get
homie
Ain't nobody got shit homie, I'm a little nigga but I'm
big homie
I'm big homie do big shit, you know work up I kick shit
Rap farm but don't fork it then I'm back ferry got more
brick

[Hook:]

It's time to get them pre-pay and them metro
Get activated talk in cold, open here we got big blow
Next dope pounds of that petro
We getting dough off anything, got activism if you
sippin lean
I'm scritch pears and Moly even got hair run if you bout
it

Shawty my shut open the all night, got blessed the
whole white
Don't like me that's alright, come fight me yeah nigga
yeah right
And nigga getting wrong and getting dare right
We get asshole them, all about my cat flow,
Your new bitch with my last hoe,
I got six list in my main box, six pack under my tape top
I got a snoot know to get six shots
Nigga try me I think not, my tempo bad I might blink out
Bust a nigga before can't even think about
What I got to lose if he bust a move
Well I got to do what I got to do
Try rollin, poppin always selling something
You got it if you want it and whatever for the money
All my grind ain't lie, for the Prada from a dmie up
They know what I find at, do you know what the time for

[Hook:]

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