

Big Pokey f/ Chris Ward, Killa Kyleon

"Jump Clean"

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[Hook - 2X]

We jump clean (then what), hit the do' (then what)
Pick a hoe (then what), hit the flo' you already know
(what's that) who are y'all, (what's that) we superstars
(where you at), we at the bar (what you do)

[Killa Kyleon]

Hitting the streets, for the late night hype
Never was an early cat, cause I'm the late night type
Dro twist, a six and a Sprite makes the late night right
Tuesday, this X got me on a late night flight
Body rocking by the bar, like I'm losing my mind
Before I walk outside the do', you know I'm choosing a
dime
Wednesdays and Thursdays, I move her around
I'm checking telephone lines, the grind consuming my
time
Fridays it's five, I'm flipping like taxes
Hopping off of the mattress, I'm headed to Max's
I'ma smoke a few batches, then I play in the club
Hopping out valeting the dub, I stay in the club
It's a baller coming through, make way in the club
I pop so many bottles, I made a display in the club
Get too drunk and out of line, you'll lay in the club
Now that's just another typical, Saturday in the club

[Hook - 2X]

[Big Pokey]

It's 1:52, penetrating the club lot
With the roof pushed back, Mack in the glove box
I still push crack, I got a stack in the glove box
When the club close, I'm headed back to my dugout
Say roll the rug out, I'm approaching the doorway
Everything gotta move, open the doorway
It's some niggaz act a fool, then I'm soaking the
doorway
You can call me a freak, I'ma show you some fo' play
I'm posted at the bar, I'm letting the snow play
Got doja in the 'gar, X in the OJ
If your hoe ain't buck wild, being switch your chick

If the club ain't crunk y'all, being switching mix
If your rims in it's teens then, switch your kicks up
I'm sitting on shag shoes, in a Esco' pick-up
I'ma bust my wig open, if I mix this six up
Now out your hands in the air, like this is a stick up

[Hook - 2X]

[Chris Ward]

It's me again, Chris Ward the Mobstyle phenomenon
Hip-Hop James Bond, never ever barring none
I'm one of the ones, that got smashing flow
Stay dressed fresh, like I'm in a fashion show
Oh you know, I get gangsta with it
Throw on my new but old J's, with the ancient fitted
Stay easy breezy, you can let this gangsta hit it
Tell em, this young gangsta did it
See how we came in, we changed the game bend
So icy, we made the sky rain Gin
You probably say, that we some insane men
By the way, is that "Menage Tois" they playing again
Ooh-wee, see me I just came to have fun
If we can't have fun, y'all can't have none
So let's get this, loud and clear
If you feeling like me, get rowdy in here

[Hook - 4X]

(*talking*)

What's that I smell in here
Smell like somebody in here, must
Hold on now, who what's going
Hey-hey uh-uh, no uh-uh hell no
What's going on in here, oh this ain't no what
No whore house, I want y'all to get out and do what
Get the hell out my house, y'all can't do that in here
I don't want it in here, I want y'all to take them sheets
And do what with em, throw 'em away
They ain't no good to me no mo'
Y'all done came in here, and messed up my house
Now, Big Pookey or whatever your name is
I don't care you get out if here, you hear
So tear that what, that bullshit up in here
And you and you, take that little old wanks'
And you tell her, tell her I say I don't want her back in
my house
And you tell her I say, tell her daddy she's a what a
little ol' hoe

