

Insane Clown Posse F/ Twiztid

"The Jump Off"

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[Intro: Lil' Kim] (Mr. Cheeks)

Whoa! (Whoa!) Whoa!

(Yo', it's goin' down now)

Aiyyo Tim man this the G-Mix right here man! (Jump off!)

Whoa! (Whoa!) Whoa! (Whoa!) Whoa! (Queen Bee, Mobb Deep)

[Verse 1: Lil' Kim]

I been gone for a minute now I'm back at the remix

Lil' Kim, Mr. Cheeks, M-O-B mix

Pump the Jag, come through in the V6

By the end of the night, I'm in the G5th

All we wanna do is dance

The way I eat tracks, call me Ms. Pac-Man

And if the fans don't fit in the minivan

Murk out in somebody's Sedan

You thought the Sprite can was off the meter

Imagine what I'd do with a two litre

You see my nipples gettin' hard through the wife beater

Fuck the tele, we can do this in the two-seater

Got every color diamond in the cross

I ain't scared to crossover, ya'll niggas is soft

My man follow me everywhere of course

To hear my theme music, muthafuckin' "The Jump Off"

[Chorus: Lil' Kim & Mr. Cheeks]

This is for my peeps, with the Bentleys, the Hummers,
the Benz

Escalades twenty three inch rims

Jumpin out the Jaguar with the Tims, keep your bread
up

(It's the Jump Off)

And live good, East coast West coast worldwide

All my playas in the hood stay fly

And if your ballin let me hear you say right (Right)

(It's the Jump Off)

[Verse 2: Mr. Cheeks]

Ayo, I do it no other way but the live way

Hoppin' in my truck, brand new Porsche in driveway

How I'm livin', ball out 'til I fall out
Brawl out, bitch niggas we call out
I run with a mean pack, sticky green jack
Mobb Deep and 'em, we fam, got the Queen back
Peep the situation, the jump is jumpin' off
I'm on the low in the cut touchin' somethin' soft
Ain't nothin' like it, sex, weed and cash
I love gettin' smashed, I love hittin' ass
Floss back, smells good and toes out
Bought the bottles of Hen rock, and Moes out
Every spot we go in, it blows out
Queen Bee got hot shit, yeah no doubt
Listen, we keep it poppin' in here
Ain't no stoppin' in here

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Havoc]

It's the Jump Off remix with Mobb up on it
Since Quiet Storms niggas had them blocks, had them
corners
Them glocks, them revolvers, them problem solvers
Niggas fallin' in love with these hoes and fallin'
Yo', this is Havoc talkin' to a professional nigga
Talkin' 'bout guns, though he just ain't credible
Come to sets with Lex and the duke
And here's the catch, if you never had that itch
You won't squeeze for the scratch
You know how many in the hood bleedin' for that
While you talkin' out your ass and are weak with the
tech
Lil' Kim is still that bitch
Burn everything I love, let a nigga stunt on me and the
grub
We hide up in back of the club, you know we got a mint
Somethin' to make a shotie look like a Snub
Shorty if you ain't jumpin' it off, the fuck out
The last ain't you ain't leave, buggin' the fuck out

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Prodigy]

My whole life is one party with millions of jump offs
And Bunsy called before a nigga jump off
Niggas wife be the next man jumped on
She pissed at you, the man has some fault
All she wanna do is feel loose
And free to be herself, we fuck like animals
There's a celebrity orgy at the crib
Call Kim and the mo'fuckin' Beehive crew
They got the whole bar and me armed

Too much pussy, nigga be drunk of punnani
A Brooklyn-Queens thing, when we get it poppin'
Gun fire couldn't stop us from rockin'
Certain niggas can't live they life
They can't party with us, 'cause they scared of they
own kind
We in the jump off everytime
Like eight or nine deep with them things and the whole
nine

[Chorus]

[Outro: Mr. Cheeks]
It's jumpin' off like that now
Queen Bee, she back now
Yo yo, Mobb Deep, Mr. Cheeks
Ayo it's goin' down like this man
The party's jumpin' off
The G-Mix, the G-Mix

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