

# Jumpman

## Drake & Future

If Young Metro don't trust you I'm gon' shoot you  
Yeah, yeah  
Halloween  
Taliban, Taliban  
I'm gon' shoot you  
Yeah Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, them boys up to something  
They just spent like two or three weeks out the country  
Them boys up to something, they just not just bluffing  
You don't have to call, I hit my dance like Usher, woo  
I just found my tempo like I'm DJ Mustard, woo  
I hit that Ginobili with my left hand up like woo  
Lobster and Céline for all my babies that I miss  
Chicken fingers, French fries for them hoes that wanna diss  
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, them boys up to something  
Uh, uh, uh, I think I need some Robitussin  
Way too many questions, you must think I trust you  
You searching for answers, I do not know nothing, woo  
I see 'em tweaking, they know something's coming, woo  
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, them boys up to something, woo  
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, fuck was you expecting? Woo  
Chi-Town, Chi-Town, Michael Jordan just had text me, woo  
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman  
I just seen the jet take off, they up to something  
Them boys just not bluffing, them boys just not bluffing  
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, them boys up to something  
She was tryna join the team I told her wait  
Chicken wings and fries, we don't go on dates  
Nobu, Nobu, Nobu, Nobu, Nobu  
I just threw a private dinner in LA  
Trapping is a hobby, that's the way for me  
Money coming fast, we never getting sleep  
I, I just had to buy another safe  
Bentley Spur and Phantom, Jordan fadeaway  
Yeah, Jumpman, Jumpman, I don't need no introduction  
Jumpman, Jumpman, Metro Boomin on production, wow  
Hundred cousins out in Memphis, they so country, wow  
Tell her stay the night, valet your car, come fuck me now  
Jumpman, Jumpman, live on TNT, I'm flexing, ooh  
Jumpman, Jumpman, they gave me my own collection, ooh  
Jump when I say jump, girl, can you take direction? Ooh  
Mutombo with the bitches, you keep getting rejected, woo Heard they came through Magic City  
on a Monday

Heard they had the club wild, it was star studded  
A bunch of girls going wild when your chain flooded  
And I had 'em like wow, cup dirty  
Dopeman, dopeman, dopeman, dopeman, dopeman, dopeman  
Money on the counter, choppers on the floor  
I just copped that tempo, DJ Mustard, woo  
Way too much codeine and Adderall  
We just count up paper racks, whoa  
I know Imma get my bitch back, whoa  
I count all these racks that I have on me now Imma have you like whoa  
Chanel N°9, Chanel N°5, well, you got 'em both  
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, them boys up  
to something  
They just spent like two or three weeks out the country  
Them boys up to something, they just not just bluffing  
Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, them boys up to something  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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