# Bounce

## ì˜¥íƒ•ì—°, ì¤€íˆ¸, JB, JJ Project

Bounce, oh, I like you
Bounce
Come here girl, come here girl, come here girl, bounce
Come here girl, come here girl, come here girl, bounce
Come here girl, come here girl, come here girl, bounce
Come here girl, come here girl, let me talk to you
Lemme see them big titties
Don't be actin' sadidy you're not pretty
Break bread if you wanna get with me
All I wanna do is dig up in them kidneys
Tell your boyfriend he better mind his business
For he end up in the trunk of my Bentley
I'm considered a boss you can't get me
He ain't got enough paper to deal with me
Baby girl wanna two step wit me
Turn around wit her ass up against me
Roll along and got tipsy
And then tonight, tomorrow you the mystery
All you haters on that hoe shit miss me
I stay strapped security don't frisk me
Fed it off 'til the motherfucker empty
I'll turn around and do the same shit next week come on
Bounce, like your ass had the hiccups
Bounce like we was ridin' in my pickup
Bounce, why you lookin' so sad baby girl you need to cheer up
Bounce, I got the remedy, it's you on me then me on you
Then you on me, then me on you, then you on her
Then her on me, then her on you, and y'all on me
And me on y'all and y'all on me menage a trois
Menage a trois
There she go, just what the doc's been lookin' for
She just what I need, lookin' Chinese like Sum Yung Ho
I got a bungalow we can disappear for a week or so
Yeah, I gotta stadium flow Superbowl with it like I'm Dungy yo
Oh, yes, congratulations you've won a millionaire invitation
Sorry I'm so demanding, sick of dancing back to mansion and
And this money handsome, ain't that a panty anthem
I kill me just like you from the back you'll see
Bounce, like your ass had the hiccups

Bounce like we was ridin' in my pickup
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Menage a trois
Hold up, hell naw like Britney Spears I wear no drawls
In the club I drink it up, goomp goomp drink it up
Got Patron sippin' in my cup, hey, where's your man
Bet that I could make him love me
When he see the jugs he will wanna rush to get a quick touch
Of this big ole butt, big ole butt
Thick legs, big ole jugs legs stick like rims on the truck
Take 'em to the crib, yeah we gon' fuck
You could call me a freak, I like to get buck
And I don't have to do much to make him get it up
Sum Yung Ho, she worth two dollars
I'm worth more dollars than make up beauty parlors
I pop collars, co-co-collars
I don't buy shots, I only buy the bottles
Only rich girls we only buy the bottles
But like a porn star I'm best when to swallow
Bounce, like your ass had the hiccups
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Bounce, why you lookin' so sad baby girl you need to cheer up
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