

Bounce (feat Dr.Dre, Missy El)

Timbaland

(Tempo has reached critical level)

(Tempo has reached critical level)Huh, bounce, oh, I like you, bounceC'mere, girl, c'mere, girl, c'mere, girl,
bounce

C'mere, girl, c'mere, girl, c'mere, girl, bounce

C'mere, girl, c'mere, girl, c'mere, girl, bounce

C'mere, girl, c'mere, girl; let me talk to youLet me see them big titties

Don't act as if you ain't pretty

Break bread if you wanna get wit' me

All I wanna do is dig off in them kidneys

Tell ya boyfriend he better mind his business

'Fore he end up in the trunk of my Bentley

I am still a boss; he can't hit me

He ain't got enough paper to deal wit' me

Baby girl, wanna two step wit' me

Turn around rub ya ass up against me?

Whoa, lil' mama done got tipsy

And then tonight, tomorrow you're history

All you haters wit' that ho shit miss me

I stay strapped, security don't frisk me

Set it off till this muthafucka empty

I turn around, do the same shit next week

Come onBounce (like yo' ass had the hiccups)

Bounce (like we was ridin' in my pick-up)

Bounce (Why you lookin' so sad? Baby girl, you need to cheer up)

Bounce (I got the remedy: it's you on me, and me on you

And you on me, and me on you, and you on her

Then her on me, and her on you, and y'all on me

Then me on y'all, and y'all on me

Menage a trois, menage a tr-uh-uh)Oh! There she go, just what the Doc's been lookin' fo'

She just what I need, black and Chinese like some young ho

I got a bungalow; we can disappear for a week or so (yeah)

I got a steady young flow, super bowl wit' it like I'm Dungy, yo (oh)

Yes, congratulations

You won a millionaire invitation

Sorry I'm so demandin'

But save the dancin' for back at the mansion, and

Ain't this money handsome?

Ain't, that a panty anthem?

I kill me, just like you

From the back you'll see Bounce (like yo' ass had the hiccups)
Bounce (like we was ridin' in my pick-up)
Bounce (Why you lookin' so sad? Baby girl, you need to cheer up)
Bounce (I got the remedy: it's you on me, and me on you
And you on me, and me on you, and you on her
Then her on me, and her on you, and y'all on me
Then me on y'all, and y'all on me
Menage a trois, menage a tr-uh-uh) Hold up! Hell naw!
Like Britney Spears, I wear no drawers
In the club I drink it up, gulp, gulp, drink it up
Got Patron sippin' in my cup
That's ya man; I bet I can make him look
When he see the jugs, he wanna rush and get a quick touch of the big ol' butt
Mhm, big ol' butt, thick legs, big ol' jugs
Legs stick like rims on the truck
Take him to the crib; yep, we gon' fuck
You can call me a freak; I like to get buck
I don't have to do much to make you get it up
Some young ho - she worth two dollars
I'm worth more dollars than major beauty parlors
I pop collars, c-c-c-collars
I don't buy shots, I only buy the bottles
Only rich girls - we only buy the bottles
And, like a porn star, I'm best when I swallow Bounce (like yo' ass had the hiccups)
Bounce (like we was ridin' in my pick-up)
Bounce (Why you lookin' so sad? Baby girl, you need to cheer up)
Bounce (I got the remedy: it's you on me, and me on you
And you on me, and me on you, and you on her
Then her on me, and her on you, and y'all on me
Then me on y'all, and y'all on me
Menage a trois, menage a tr-uh-uh)

Songwriters

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