

Bounce (Feat. Dr.Dre, Missy & Justin Timberlake)

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 seeBounce (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 swallowBounce (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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CLAYTON, TIMOTHYPublished by

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