

The Bounce

Lone Catalysts

Just point out the bounce, show me the bounce, yeah
Just point out the bounce, jeah Timbo the King, yeah
Young Hov' the King, yeah just point out the bounce
 Yes, just point out the bounce nigga ya, listen
 Rumor has it 'The Blueprint Classic'
 Couldn't even be stopped by Bin Laden
 So September 11th marks the era forever
 Of a revolutionary Jay Guevero
 Now it's a whole museum of Hov' Mcers
 Everybody dupin' the flow you see 'em
 Everybody loopin' up soul
 It's like you tryin' to make 'The Blueprint 2 before Hov'
 Shout out to Just Bleezy and Kan-Yeezy
 See how we adjusted the game so easy
 Chicks barely dancin', glancin' every chance they get
 Like oh shit, he's so handsome
 Still in demand in the longest run standin'
 Kidnap rap seven years, no ransom
 Can't one nigga get it back no rap
 Young Hov's goin' to Canton, I'm now eligible
 Point out the bounce
 And show you how to get this dough in
 Large amounts till it's hard to count
 Point out the bounce
 I turn a 8 to an ounce
 To a whole ki to the R.O.C
 Point out the bounce
 Timbo the King nigga
 Uhh, yeah, uhh
 Point out the bounce
 Jeah, Young Hov' the King nigga
 Uhh, I got y'all
 For those that think Hov' fingers bling blingin'
 Even haven't heard the album or they don't know English
 They only know what the single is and singled that out
 To be the meanin' of what he is about
 And bein' I'm about my business, not minglin' much
 Runnin' my mouth that shit kept lingerin'
 But no dummy that's the shit I'm sprinklin'

The album width to keep the registers ringin'
In real life, I'm much more distinguished
I'm like a bloke from London, England
Jeah, you jinglin' baby
See I go right back and I bring 'em in baby
Business mind of a Ross Perot
But never lost my soul
Crossed the line
I bought pop across the row

Then I walk through the hood, where they up to no good
Slangin' them O's like a real
O.G should oh, he's good, no he would
Never sell out he's so young
Point out the bounce

And show you how to get this dough in
Large amounts till it's hard to count
Point out the bounce
I turn a 8 to an ounce
To a whole ki to the R.O.C

Point out the bounce
Timbo the King nigga
Uhh, yeah, uhh
Point out the bounce

Jeah, Young Hov' the King nigga
Uhh, yeah, jeah

Magazines call me a rock star, girls call me cock star
Billboard, pop star, neighborhood block star
Chi-Town go-gettin' pimps, we mobsters
Gingerbread man even said, "You're a monster"
Yeah, that's how I feel

To be down, you must appeal
To the crew, we're rated R
O.C, O.G, Bobby Johnson's son
Ask me, "Rey-Rey, is that yo' car?
I seen MTV I know who you are

You did takeover did you got beef with Nas?"
I did take over the game, brought back the soul
I got tracks to go, got plaques that's gold
Platinum to go, yeah that's the flow
All I, know, I got's the flow

And I don't play 'coz I'm from Chicago
And show you how to get this dough in
Large amounts till it's hard to count
Point out the bounce
I turn a 8 to an ounce

To a whole ki to the R.O.C
Point out the bounce
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