

Bounce

Theory Hazit

Bounce, oh, I like you

Bounce

Come here girl, come here girl, come here girl, bounce

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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

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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
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