

# THE Bounce

## Scott Brown's Mix

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  
Timbo the King nigga  
Uhh  
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