

Bounce Back

Juvenile & Baby

I'm about to bounce back, bounce to bounce back
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You ever had corns on your fingers from squeezing the mack
to much
Nigga be rhyming the dice game, where me and lil wack grew up
Tripping stolen strip cars for a living
Stayed away from home when ever they was bitchin'
We used to rush the customers for sales, when they pull up in cars
Until under covers started putting us behind bars
Menace to society is all we watch
In the back seat strapped with the throw away glocks
I got some partners in the business, never seeing the light
Your people would gotta cocking, if your cheese be right
You know, I've been holding down playa you a dog
I'm a real nigga, I ain't gonna stop accepting your phone call
I'm a blow and toss a hoe for you like I'm supposed to do
I'm serious and focused to you, know I am over do
The first nigga to park a Rolls Royce in the bricks
While, I fly private jet out of town by a bitch I'm about to bounce back, bounce to bounce back
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Tryin' to be here to see my seeds, when they have they seeds
Long as I breathe ain't nothin' in this world that they can't be
Yeah I done fucked up, slipped and sniffed that coke
Started tweakin' and broke in them people house next door
Shot a nigga for smokin' rocks on my mom back porch
Damn near graduated and got on that dope
My, work is an art, I am better than smart
Homey, I hustle with a strategy that's never been taught I can make the coke flip, I can make a hoe strip

I can spray the whole clip, I take nothing from no bitch
I got the money in the case, 45 in the waist
Pit bulls in the yard, so stay away from my gate
Could you believe a nigga feelin' like he still ain't ate?
Huh, y'all don't understand you should've seen my plate
Would love to give you some credit, but even you said it
Be serious about your money and right now I'm tryin' to get it I'm about to bounce back, bounce to bounce back
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I'm about to bounce back, bounce to bounce back I'm on a mission lil' daddy, put this paint on the caddy
Nigga ridin' threw the hood and we blowing on candy
Stay G'd up from my head to my feet
I was raised in the 3rd, that's the heart of the streets
Saw death and crime, for the first same time
Them rims don't shine just a vision of mine
Put this shit back together, 'cause I stay on the grind
Nigga know, I gets me I stunt all the time For the dead and the gone, the young and the grown
O.G. motherfuckers who be getting it on
Niggaz stunting and they shining, bling blingin' all the timin'
I hold my hood down for the shit, that I'm driving
Nigga thug to death, remember the projects
Juve they came back now you bitches upset
Nigga know how we getting it, 'cause we getting it on
Keep it coming, keep it getting, bitch my money is long I'm about to bounce back, bounce to bounce back
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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