The Bounce

Bert Wills

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
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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
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