Bounce (feat. Lil Wayne)

2 Chainz

3 chainz, owww

Caught up in my bullshit, put your head on backwards
And skate off after, engage in laughter 'bout what just happened
Fingers and napkins get sent to mammies, is that too graphic?
Catch you in traffic, you sitting daffy like stealing candy
My ceiling's absent, my wheels are massive, my friends assassins
All of us bastards, our mothers queens and our women dancers
My rivers rapid, my fins are splashin', my gills are flappin'
I bend some matches, then sip some gas and went kissed a dragonI'm really rappin', I'm finger snappin', I'm

pistol packin'
Y'all niggas slippin', my swag is drippin', so here's a napkin

What's really happnin' bro?

Verbal attackin', I'm showing passion

Know what I mean, see I'm the king like I'm from Akron

I'm going overboard, somebody call the captain

And when it come to getting checks, I always want the fat ones

I'm so high I can sing to a chandelier

My flow a glass of Ace of Spade and yours a can of beerToo many bitches, too many blunts, too many buttons

Not enough bullets, them niggas buggin', the squad is comin'

AK on shoulder, no shoulder shruggin', aim at your nugget

My weed sticky like acupuncture and Magnus honey

Knock on the side door three times and have your money

Or get to steppin' like Kappas stompin', I'll slap a junkie

I'm having lunch with Italian Sonny, don't ask the subject

Lord why you took Rabbit from me, he say don't ask me nothing

Too many bodies, too many bangers, too many bundles

Not enough bullets, these niggas buggin', I heard they stung you

It's gon' be trouble, we come through and catch you while you cuddle

Them shotgun barrels like tunnels nigga, don't even mumbleI'm back to ballin', I'm in the back full of

Magnums only

Pull on the scene and I fuck your queen playing Pastor Troy
Our weed ready, turkey spaghetti and Castrol oil
That's codeine turn your guillotine to a fashion show
In 4 minutes I'll turn this into forensics in a foreign car with a foreign broad
That's long winded, paper long, and you taking long, you just don't get it
Hung the phone up and Satan, told me want a song with me
Hotter than Mississippi, the summer of 1950s
In a van full of some niggas and white bitches
Get pulled over for swervin' like "Hi, officer,"

When he ask me why I was swerving, "I'm high, officer." I can make it bounce by myself

I can make it bounce by myselfGot a mansion, a condo, a cabin, I sleep in my Phantom

So high dancing with the stars to the Star Spangled Banner

I change your channel, I change your pattern, I ring your Saturn

I bang your madam, she get on top and I shake the ladder

I make her straddle then gather and calculate the data

I listen up for the snakes or the baby rattle

I play the shadows, don't play no games, I straight get at 'em

I'm on the chronic all day like it's my favorite albumA plate of salmon, the Cayman Islands, a stripper dancer

If I don't get the car first, I'll have a temper tantrum

I'm innovative, I demonstrated, this nigga played it

I don't care if you owe me a nick, nigga you need to pay me

I kiss ya lady, eat her pussy, then kiss the baby

Get situated, get keys off table, then leave her 80

I really made it, get it maid, Schwarzenegger

Won't wrestle niggas, I spatula all you action figuresI'm so high the blunt feel like a dumbbell

These niggas tiny like a spider on a Spud Webb

I got some upscale cocaine on my thumbnail

I feed it to my fun girls, they say fuck yeahI'm doing this shit like whatever

When I go I'mma leave for the better

I told her you dig like a shovel

I want a Ferrari in yellow

Just so I can match all my yellow bitches

I been a playa since elementary

I got more bars than a penitentiary

I got a clip that hang several inchesI can make it bounce by myself

I can make it bounce by myself

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