

# Bounce (feat. Twista)

## Rittz

Superstar, man I'm far from an average Joe, supernatural  
Stepping out, looking like I'm in a fashion show  
Came into this industry and now you're witnessing me blow up  
Like seeing a tank of gas explode  
And I'm, I'm high like a flight I'm sitting back of coach  
By the window sipping Jack and Cokes  
'Bout to pack a bowl but we ain't tryna bake a casserole  
Looking at the globe from up high, shots fired  
Like Kennedy was riding by the Grassy Knoll  
I ain't rich but I got a little cash to blow  
And haters saying that I'm changing  
I be looking at them laughing like they cracked a joke  
They wasn't with me when I traveled down this gravel road  
GC, I could never have my pass revoked  
So step up and you a dead duck  
Get your head bust, looking like a chef just cracked a yolk  
Speakers in the Cadi' rattling the patio  
When the industry was only rocking platinum gold  
I was dope back then, but you had the whole  
Shit locked until I came in and cracked the code  
And I don't, I don't really mean to brag and boast  
But then again, my fans look at me as the G.O.A.T  
She said she listen to my music in the bath and soak  
Now that's a rap to quote, hop in my 'Lac and float  
Take a puff and it's up and away we go  
Put some pimp shit on my radio and bounce, bounce, ah  
Let the bass vibrate my chest, take it to the Midwest  
Run it back to the south, and bounce, out  
With my homie Tony footwork  
Up at Kalamazoo, balling out up in the mall  
We don't bounce 'til we spend a couple thousand on shoes  
I'm repping clientele, how can I lose, you out of the loop  
These music dudes are clueless who I was  
'Til I blew, producing woohs and oohs and ahs  
I'm the truth, but you confuse the use of pride  
I refuse to lose, been booed and crucified  
Disapprove the movement, crews get brutalized  
Or these pooches choose to bite, get euthanized  
I'm the new, the who, but soon gets neutralized  
Twenty twos are huge, my shoes are supersized  
I don't cruise, my music boom, it's stupid loud

Bumping 8 Ball & MJG, from the outside looking in  
I'm sitting on top of the world, but then again I kind of been lately  
Cause I pull up in my Cadillac, my speakers got that rattle back  
I'm flashin metal when I was attacked by  
A couple pretty bitches that was begging me to pick em up  
And take em in and fuck em from the back side  
But I ain't got no time to fuck around, I'm tryna buckle down  
And focus on my money, so I stack my  
Paper to the ceiling, I'm feeling like a billion  
I'm filling up my cup with that crown and bounce out  
Take a puff and it's up and away we go  
Put some pimp shit on my radio and bounce, bounce, ah  
Let the bass vibrate my chest, take it to the Midwest  
Run it back to the south, and bounce, out  
Smoking wood, then I'm gone  
So far that you can't even see me through the eyes of a telescope  
Diamonds on my body, split a pill while jottin' down my feelins'  
Acting like it was the realest shit I ever wrote  
Mental telepathy is part of the recipe  
That let me know that you want it  
I'm giving it to you how you like it  
Biology of a pimp, it be in the DNA  
To know what you thinking  
I'm speaking to you like a psychic  
Lil mama know she lovin it so don't try to fight it  
I can make your life so appealing by the way I write it  
Make it so she the only shawty I know  
On Forgiatos, don't hit no potholes  
I roll up one and light it  
On the passenger side of a ride  
Like a player, I'm a be up in the cut talking the big shit  
Strange Music, we be the misfits  
Come and twist Ritz, tisk tisk, cause you gon get your shit split  
Middle of the map and nigga finna snap  
And let em know the area continue to kill em forever, we on  
Better be strong to live in the city I come from  
And if you ain't fucking with it then let it be known  
And we can either talk about it or be about it  
Me I'd rather sit back and blow an ounce  
When I hear something like this up on the radio  
All a nigga can do is just bounce  
Take a puff and it's up and away we go  
Put some pimp shit on my radio and bounce, bounce, ah  
Let the bass vibrate my chest, take it to the Midwest  
Run it back to the south, and bounce, out

Songwriters

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