

Bounce

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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