

# Bounce

## Wolfgang Gartner

Bounce, oh, I like you  
Bounce  
Come here girl, come here girl, come here girl, bounce  
Come here girl, come here girl, come here girl, bounce  
Come here girl, come here girl, come here girl, bounce  
Come here girl, come here girl, let me talk to you  
Lemme see them big titties  
Don't be actin' sadidy you're not pretty  
Break bread if you wanna get with me  
All I wanna do is dig up in them kidneys  
Tell your boyfriend he better mind his business  
For he end up in the trunk of my Bentley  
I'm considered a boss you can't get me  
He ain't got enough paper to deal with me  
Baby girl wanna two step wit me  
Turn around wit her ass up against me  
Roll along and got tipsy  
And then tonight, tomorrow you the mystery  
All you haters on that hoe shit miss me  
I stay strapped security don't frisk me  
Fed it off 'til the motherfucker empty  
I'll turn around and do the same shit next week come on  
Bounce, like your ass had the hiccups  
Bounce like we was ridin' in my pickup  
Bounce, why you lookin' so sad baby girl you need to cheer up  
Bounce, I got the remedy, it's you on me then me on you  
Then you on me, then me on you, then you on her  
Then her on me, then her on you, and y'all on me  
And me on y'all and y'all on me menage a trois  
Menage a trois  
There she go, just what the doc's been lookin' for  
She just what I need, lookin' Chinese like Sum Yung Ho  
I got a bungalow we can disappear for a week or so  
Yeah, I gotta stadium flow Superbowl with it like I'm Dungy yo  
Oh, yes, congratulations you've won a millionaire invitation  
Sorry I'm so demanding, sick of dancing back to mansion and  
And this money handsome, ain't that a panty anthem  
I kill me just like you from the back you'll see  
Bounce, like your ass had the hiccups

Bounce like we was ridin' in my pickup  
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Menage a trois  
Hold up, hell naw like Britney Spears I wear no drawls  
In the club I drink it up, goomp goomp drink it up  
Got Patron sippin' in my cup, hey, where's your man  
Bet that I could make him love me  
When he see the jugs he will wanna rush to get a quick touch  
Of this big ole butt, big ole butt  
Thick legs, big ole jugs legs stick like rims on the truck  
Take 'em to the crib, yeah we gon' fuck  
You could call me a freak, I like to get buck  
And I don't have to do much to make him get it up  
Sum Yung Ho, she worth two dollars  
I'm worth more dollars than make up beauty parlors  
I pop collars, co-co-collars  
I don't buy shots, I only buy the bottles  
Only rich girls we only buy the bottles  
But like a porn star I'm best when to swallow  
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