

Bounce

Flatbush Zombies

YSL pants with the zippers, yikes
Met her this evenin' already hit it, twice
Tag on your soul everybody got a price
Acid, Acid change your life...???
I'm faded like???

She call Meechy over, I slide in that coochie
Nosedive in that coochie
My dick is big, it should be wearin' a Coogie
Imma need some friends
Tied down, my lifestyle
Even bleached the pants
Next week Japan???

Flatbush, Brooklyn, from the County of Kings, ah
Run up on me like I'm some hippie, nigga???

Ooh, damn, that punchline delivers
Hold up wait a minute, moment of silence
Hm, Fuck it
Let's get back to wylin'

Blood on your Timbs, Shoot Shoot??????

Ambidextrous, I shoot with two hands
Even got blood on your friends
I think I just flooded the Benz
Damn it, baby, Meechy's at it again
M-M-Murder, murder, murder
Capital M with two gats in my hand

Everyday a nigga wake up got to blaze a little chronic
Thank the universe, I'm blessing, new day a new dollar
Middle finger to my niggas and my bitches two times
Representing for my niggas in the hood it's no ceiling
Sellin', trappin' like a villain, cold
Should've made a killing, go
Finger played with it, yo
Nigga stay with it
Hate a nigga, fade a???

Dum diddy dumb
I, I, I, I, I high like the sun
Fetch a frequency, this ain't shit to me
She said she got a friend, then let my nigga beat
Meech, Roll em, Bust em, cannons, wooh
Spliff long looking like a Manson
I'm on acid feeling like the Gamptons
She feeling freaky beat the pussy like a champion

Young nigga but I'm still O.G
Supreme team like 1993
Triple 6 on my coffin, I dance with the devil
Came back with a vengeance, Christ off the hinges
I'm nice with this picket, twice as much vicious
Psych-active, I'm on a mission
Electric Kool-aide, Make your decision
You want it, I get you
These niggas ain't right, they can't write they own shit
But they smile in your face, and they claim they the shit
But to me a disgrace
Trying to keep stuff in hand like you running a race
Got an ounce to burn, got a trip to make
Free my niggas lawd, made it right today
Got an ounce to burn, got a trip to make
Not a thug but niggas know how I keep mine
Call her up or quick to throw up the peace sign
Girl, that pussy let me hit it
Girl, I got to get it
Saying she got a feeling, she let a young nigga hit it
Back and forth cause we smoke them seven grams
Billboard shit I don't expect you to understand
My performance, dreams at 14
Now I hear them calling???
Won't slip away this is serious business
Voided in mischief while spending these Benjamins
Open the potential pussy to me
Brought to you by the ungrateful police
Conscious keep telling me, beautiful melody
Will exhibit if I trip on the L.S.D
Nah,??? for money and dro
Some people think I spend money, for sure
Spend us your money
Flip like a Rolex
Components will kill my opponents
I sit on my throne, it's enormous
Composed with the???
My karma is good, dog, and y'all need supportin'
My bitch is so gorgeous, I cannot afford
Juice spend time with her when chasin' these whores
Money, keep countin'
She strip like??? Mountains
My passport is packed
How I travel, astoundin' (Yeah)
Thug Waffle did that
Now we comin' back for the killer contract
Pull up on your pampers
Three man army
Don't talkin' to me less you talkin' bout a profit

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