

Cypress Hill F/ C. Wolbers, D. Cazares (Fear Factor) "Bounce That Azz"

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-Hey yo P! Wuzzup, dawg? I heard you been out in
California, ballin outta
control!
-Yeah, but I'm back home now!
-Hey, yo, holla at ya boy, though!
-Down South hustlin, little Raleigh, we put you on the
map yet, dawg?
-Since you back Down South, man, what you got to tell
me, though?

Chorus (5X): Bounce that azz, bounce that azz, you
hoes bounce that azz

(You shouldn't of wore bikinis if you came to dance. Pull
them draws out ya
azz and let ya knees shake)

[Master P]

Back to the 3rd Ward, it sho feel good
Just left Cali, now I'm back in the hood
Ain't been home a week, but already gettin paid black
My homeboys fiendin for that dank, I mean that chronic
sack
Bags, hella bitch, but ain't a damn thing for free
You know I'm from the Calliope so meet me on these
ratta streets
A round rolled tablet, these fiends actin bad
Don't make me pop the trunk and get that tac, and tap
that azz
Walked through the carway, made it to the gym
Hollered at Michael Brown, Big Willie, and Magnolia
Slim
See my old girlfriend, damn she hella fine
Got three kids but ain't none of them hoes mine
Asked her is it all good for a light night creep
She said she on her way, whistled at me at a quarter to
three
Gold teeth shinin, diamonds almost blinded her
And just like Brandy, I wanna be down with ya
Say it's all good, jumped in the Lexus
Mobile phone ringin, it's my cousin from Texas

Say they bouncin hard to my shit back in 5th Ward
North side, south side and south par

Chorus (4X)

[King George]

It's that Down South lunatic, livin harder than a brick
Breakin em down, while shakin the town, with hoes all
on my dick
Doin what I gotta do, leavin them lawyers without a clue
Playa hatas mad cause my ride on them gold jewels
You hoes bounce that azz, you niggaz get the gat
Playaz in the front, where they at, where they at?
6th folks keep pimpin, you pimps keep pimpin
With a mouth full of gold, I know my shit is kickin
5th wheel caddies, tilt like yo daddy's
Bitch you pussy poppin, azz bouncin, I wanna grab it,
can I have it?

Chorus (2X)

[Silkk]

1 to the 2 to the 3 to the 4 to the 5
Nigga it's the S-I-L to the K but don't forget to dot the
";"
Going into that booth like steak (What?)
3rd Ward nigga, fool, N.O., LA
Pretend it's yo birthday like Lou
But we don't love you hoes like Snoop
But like H-Town I wanna knock some boots
(Why?) Just a fool like that
(Why you so laid back?) I'm just cool like that
Game fuckin tight, nigga, a step above
A nigga fully strapped so I steps in the club
1 little, 2 little, 3 little dog bitches
4 little, 5 little, 6 little dog bitches
7 little, 8 little, 9 little dog bitches
Now which one of you hoes is comin home with me?

Pffft! Pffft! Lodi Dodi, who came to party?
I'm not Slick Rick but I'm leavin with somebody
We just some Down South niggaz who rock the mike
Don't give a fuck, cause bounce all night

Chorus (2X)

[Gangsta T]

Pull me out to the ballin, and watch em get served
Bouncin in the U-haul, gettin full of that herb
All them stuntin ass niggaz finna give it up (lay it down)
Lightin up the whole block as I stuff em in the truck

Bitches this the payback, for them weak ass ?twav?
sacks
Save that shit for to poppa (us Down South niggaz don't
play that)
A bout it ass nigga from that boot
(Tell em dawg) all of that is my nature, to up a AK
Ain't takin no shorts, already lost in this system
Either bounce or get bounced, so you hoes get with it

Chorus (2X)

Uptown (bounce that azz, ho)
Downtown (bounce that azz, ho)
The West Bank (bounce that azz, ho)
Louisiana (bounce that azz, ho)
Texas (bounce that azz, ho)
Oklahoma (bounce that azz, ho)
Florida (bounce that azz, ho)
Memphis (bounce that azz, ho)
Alabama (bounce that azz, ho)
Georgia (bounce that azz, ho)
Mississippi (bounce that azz, ho)
Arkansas (bounce that azz, ho)
Missouri (bounce that azz, ho)
Carolina (bounce that azz, ho)
California (bounce that azz, ho)
Everybody (bounce that azz, ho)

Chorus (4X)

Roll a nigga dick and get fucked, bitch. Roll a nigga
dick and get fucked
bitch. Ha, ha, ha! Ya'll so nasty! Master P and da Down
South hustlers in
this muthafucka! (Ain't no party like a No Limit Party
cause a No Limit
Party is the shit) Bout to be outty 5, now, bitch! (Ain't no
party like a
No Limit Party cause a No Limit Party is the shit) No
Limit Records,
Bouncin and Swingin! And stay off of my niggaz!

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