

8Ball & Mjg "Buck Bounce"

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(feat. DJ Quik)

[Eightball]

Whats the deal

Whats up with a nigga, Eightball up in dis here

Fa real

Historic hits, nigga like Ali's fist

Rock the world

Get freaked by a different bunch hot little girls

Speed it up, and let a real niggas see what ya got lil'
girl

Got lil' doe, got something to blow

You wanna get like that, gimme head in the Benz

I love a chick that suck dick like that

Dirty, Southern gritty

Bouncin' through yo' city

2000 Rocketship sittin' on some chrome 20's

Choppin', collar poppin', platinum droppin'

Space Age 4 Eva means that we will not be stoppin'

(Yea Yea)

Eightball, MJG, DJ Quik collaboration across the nation

Hittin' licks, shawty me and my niggas so official with it

Poetic pimpin', ain't no playin' when we step up in it

Like this, go all out nigga don't be scared to bust

Futuristic, what you need to do is catch up with us

[Chorus x2: Eightball]

Bounce, Bounce

Man get up on you feet and help me get it

Crunk, Crunk

Everybody up in here let me see ya

Bounce, Bounce

If a nigga trippin we gone make them heaters

Buck, Buck

Dime pieces let me see you make that ass

[MJG]

I'm a killer with the mic

Before I get buck with the gun

1-9-7-2 was the birth

Tell a nigga was the worst

You can't fuck with the one

Nigga take ya foot out ya mouth
Get ya ass off the couch
MJG bringin the heat when Quik droppin' this beat
I know that ya'll can rap, but I'ma rock this beat
Breakin 'em off with dope seeds
The nigga with the most of dis
Coast to coast to hit
Roll the shit, Broke the shit
Kept somkin'
Then put it down on tape again
I got a fifth of Hen
Fifth of Gin
A fifth for now
And a fifth for then
Takin my time
Take it down shot for shot
You ain't got Con-gac it's not the spine
I got a stack of hoes
Matter a fact a nigga smackin' hoes
Straight up mack them hoes
If you a platinum hoe, You gotta keep workin' the bitch
Don't stop and relax them hoes
A lot of niggas be claimin' to pimp
And a whole lot of pimpin' what a nigga be talkin' about
But when a bitch tell a nigga to spend some money
The mothafuckas still be walkin 'em out
Takin 'em home, givin 'em cheese, beggin 'em please
Talkin' about he'll take my ki's, big trick
See I was born to pimp for this shit
MJG equipped for this shit
Ain't no niggas in here found time
Fake ass niggas is scared of my rhyme
Pimp tight, break a bitch quick
Futuristic niggas take shit

[Chorus x2]

[DJ Quik]

P-I-M-P unified, MJG and Q gone try
See me gettin' down with Ball in the lopes with a bomb
full of smoke
Rappin' niggas ain't no joke
So me to the front of the boards
With an MP and piano chords
Gettin' back to my evil ways
Lick him 3 times, he gone pay
Sidetrack, forgot your point
It's a 10 to 4 bet that you ain't gonna forget that
Get your peeps up off my cheese
Put your money in the pot, go squeeze
See the bright red dice just die

Shoot a whole meal, I might just try
18 thou with the jewelery on the floor
When I hit a lick don't flex no more
Gamblin', scramblin' tryin' to get up out the hood
Nothin' but scavengers and the bettin' ain't good
Show me where it's sunny at, where it's funny at
Hoes with the polished toes, I'm a money cat
Tip toe blow walkin' on a rift raft
Put that shit back in ya pocket I don't sniff that
I'm lookin for the bud, and the brew
and some X with a broad with some thug in her jewels
(Got Sex) 6 uniforms all on my back
I was gone chill to, they didn't peep that
Had to be something else to make them irate
Give a nigga a minute let me clean the slate
No, I ain't have sex with ya wife
No, I ain't make threats on ya life
Bitch, help me get my mind off this shit with an ounce
I don't wanna see, I wanna feel you

[Chorus x2]

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