

Eight Fingers Down

"Bounce Wit Me"

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Bounce with me baby bounce with me
Roll the windows up baby blow an ounce with me
We tight of the green and Hen
Get in the wind
Pick the chipped up flip up and call your friends
Lets do it till the police kick the doors in
Tell them niggaz get to steppin' let all the hoes in
Make room for this big body
In a big body pimp caso the life of a 'cardi
Brave back as a spade
Teeth glistening hard core hittin'
EightBall the one they mentionin'
Hot South southern fried everybody wanna taste
Erase hate, and bring love to a dark place
Show my face, and get love when I'm recognized
G and me in the 5 gettin' high
Ball has got cheese
Showin' love with the thicky
Relax your mind and baby bounce with me

Chorus

You could cheef on a leaf in a jeep with me
Break it down, make it fat, fire it up with me
But you know what I really want you to do with me
Bounce with me, baby, bounce with me
You could sex on ex in the lex with me
Lick it up, lick it down, baby, work with me
But you know what I really want you to do with me
Bounce with me, baby, bounce with me

Get on a continental jet 7:30 in the A-M
A-T-L bound tryin' to escape the mayhem
Beeper off, at the Swiss with my mistress
Kissin' me, and lickin' me, actin' like she miss this
Playground just for her to play in the hay around
Fringe benefits, make her wanna stay around
Money makin' cats with gats who love hood rats
Thug players who make tracks, and bust raps
Confidentialy, we represent Tennessee
Gain control, puttin' soul in this industry
Bounce, baby, bounce

Shake the room up
Do it, keep it hyped
So we can blast off
High into the sky
Until the beat stops
But don't stop, till all the hoes clothes drop
Call big Ball Dr. Sticky, got the remedy
Throw your hands up and baby bounce with me

Chorus

Now I have been many places, seen so many things
Did what a lot of niggaz only see in they dreams
Hoes used to be like, uh, nigga you too big
Now they let me bust shots all over they wig
In the bed, on the floor, hot tub everyday
I know it be this way, cause I make a lot of pay
I smoke a lot of hay, tune up mentally
Gently, grab a pen and kill the enemy
Dead, cause everything I said flip like work
Made a stack, bustin' raps, doin' concerts
hate to see a player doin' good, I know
Behind my back, talkin' shit like a little hoe
Little did you know, I got the people standin' up
Tucked away, in the cut, makin' platinum stuff
EightBall spittin' nothin' but poetry
Relax your ind, and baby, bounce with me

Chorus 2X

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