

## **Eightball "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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