

Freddy

"Bounce"

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What, what, what, what, what, what
what, what, what,
What, what, what, what, what

Hook:

Bounce, bounce, bounce if you're with me nigga (4x)

Pastor Troy:

What's up, Big mouth, Big talk, Big game
Teacher's pet, takin' aim, pop the Tech, I'm takin' aim
Plenty range, plenty shot
Plenty change, plenty glock
Pack the heat and I'ma keep em' hot
And I'ma take my cut straight off the top
Cuz I'm not, nothing like
Anyone, once on the mic
Wish you might, show ya right
Have ya'll thinking I'm Barry White
In the night, pack em' tight, call a fight, T.K.O.
We got mo', you ain't know, numero, uno,
Keep a O we burnin slow, we optimo, y'all swisher
sweets
And don't compete, I'm too unique, sit back be quiet
when the Pastor preach
I made the beat, you beat your meat, yeah punk you
touch yourself
It be Pastor Troy, D.S.G.B, represent until my death
And anyone else, that want us, you can trust, it aint no
fear
You can talk that in my ear, but it aint shit, 'til you come
down here
And anyone else, that want us, you can trust, it aint no
fear
You can talk that in my ear, but it aint shit, 'til you come
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Hook:

Bounce, bounce, bounce if you're with me nigga (4x)

[Miracle]

Been here, been real, know the facts, seen the deal

My only goal, to rip a mill', my only fear is when I kill
Thou who test me, please Lord, keep blessin' me
Never forsake me, deliver thee from the thy enemies
Help me, misery, nightmares, agony
This the pain I see, make it stop, make it leave
Georgia Boys, Real McCoy, Miracle with Pastor Troy
Ain't no Tonka toy, nuclear, will destroy
Ain't no stopping me, the only way, kill me
And either way, best to believe, every real nigga gonna
feel me
Bump this shit when they bury me, and leave the
funeral smokin' weed
That's how we mourn in the A-U-G, oh no it's DSGB
A nigga like me love to ball, never fall, stand tall
I just came out the south, had my back against the wall
Fuck the buck, a hundred fall, shot this nigga in his ball
Label me above the law, money is my only cause
Yeah, I'm a real nigga, fuck the Tommy Hilfiger
Glen Hill made nigga, red eyed dope dealer
Punk me out, bitch I stick this pistol in your mouth
Beat you 'till you pass out, kick your fucking grill out
Pounds is what I'm all about, fuck a quarter, fuck a
ounce
750 all day, ain't got it, bitch bounce

Hook:

Bounce, bounce, bounce if you're with me nigga (4x)

Pastor Troy: ("Well Uh Huh!" in background for last 8 lines)

I make the ghetto my lobby, make they habit my hobby,
Bought a little Arm & Hammer, cook it, then sell the
copy,
Got me watchin for coppers, all I want is to prosper,
Niggaz clowning with me, don't know they claimin they
"G"
So bump this beat cuz it's real, just change your air
change the station
Watch the story bout hatin', then another bout bassin'
I'm takin' riches to get it, but now I'm sick of this shit
So with these last couple of dollars, we gone flip it legit
I bought this beat machine, bout big as a calculator
Who would have ever dreamed we hit the studio later,
Its like I owe them bassers, for making me take this
serious
Wasn't for the struggle cuz, you would not be hearin'
this
In the mist I'm frisked bout three times a day,
What I'm doing down here, nigga this where I stay
I just pray, that I relay, a message to some

And let them know, goddamn, ain't no more play where
I'm from
FUCK PLAYIN!!!

Hook:

Bounce, bounce, bounce if you're with me nigga
(Until fade)

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