

B-Real

"Still More Bounce"

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(feat. Dirty Ray, Kam, Ras Kass, Spice 1, Tash)

[Voice Vocoder]

Rest in peace, Roger

Bounce, more bounce, more bounce (We live this shit}

Bounce, more bounce, more bounce (W-we live this
shit)

Bounce, more bounce, more bounce (W-we live this
shit)

Bounce, more bounce, more bounce (W-w-w-we live
this shit)

Bounce, more bounce

[Ras Kass]

Yeah yeah, more bounce to the ounce, so keep fuck a
ounce, nigga

It's Still More Bounce to the ounce, keep fuck a ounce,
heh

Still More Bounce, we wanna keep fuck a ounce tho
Yeah, Battlecat, nigga Dirty Ray listen

I'm like Terminator 2 askin where Sarah Connor is
Two side bustas kick rocks like narcotics anonymous
Ever since the top (ever since the top)
I remember dudes in Karate shoes Pop Lockin to Roger
Now it's 2000, a new world order
The birth of G-Funk, Roger created the vocoder
So haters slide to the side, let the riders ride
[Singin] Ooh ooh ooh, now I own mine (muthafucka)

[B-Real]

It's the track slayer, on your CD player

The Budda King, blunt smokin the weed wayer

Ridin from the EastSide of LA, who what?

You holdin my nuts, like a hie cup runnin up

Keep yo mouth shut cos you talk too much

You cant fold, what the hell, you need the glocks too
much (bitch!)

Rather the way bitches betta get heavy

When I hit the corner all you see is the light from the
Chevy

[Dirty Ray]

Chevy, yo, zzp-zzp!

Now can I bang bang? (bang bang) picture Roger & Zapp

A dominatrac cat, on Purple Haze and Conynac

Dirty Ray, fo fo fo microphones

Wolfpac shakin ya Time Zone and fadin ya home

(Gimme a dome) - Twenty inches hit the scene

Smoke screen, open the do, big gold chain gleam

We get low down and dirty fo that Triban Family

2002, Roger R-I-P, come on

[Spice 1: Hook]

We pop these collars, what we bout

Lets have all y'all falla, what we bout

Smoke up ya whole ounce, then we bounce

Roger Zapp Battlecat, this is Still More Bounce

Jus bounce to this, jus bounce (Ah hah)

Jus bounce to this, jus bounce (Yeah yeah)

Jus bounce to this, jus bounce (Come on)

Jus bounce to this, jus bounce (Uh)

[Kam]

Uh check, uh uh uh

Watch out sucker, matter of fact duck (fuck fuck fuck)

Out the window of my Cadillac Truck, and whats up?

We rollin paper plates, homies movin crates of tapes

While y'all wearin captains savin no crapes on daytons

I am one of the greats, know you might be hurt

Baby aint nobody retire'n in my White T-Shirt

As long as fools still feel, and trust I'm real

Ima keep bustin big rhymes dimes nuts and steel

(I aint that type of brother that Cs can walk wit)

Man I aint politically correct, Ima talk shit

About these mucic industry characters, cos there aint no debate'n

These record company people be hatin, females be degratin their selves

Thinkin the desk gon last

Thats why I'm quick to put these chickens on blast

Tryna tell me "I'm so and so, I'm this, I'm that"

But they all jus wick-weak-wacks

[Vocoder Solo]

[Tash]

Say what? uh say what? uh yo uh

If this was '87 when bangin was at its peak

This song woulda had em closin clubs every week

Cos we speak the really real, speak how we really feel

Come work for me have ya niggas stealin wheels
Daytons, BGs, what ever rims housin
I need sum 19s fo my Benz 2000
Work wit me homeboy, it's all luv
I told you 19s, you came back wit dubs
When push come to shove, Tash knocks em out the box
You might hear me at a club or on a boom-box in Watts
Jus swangin, raps over beats that hump
Thats why a nigga like CaTash get it crunk from jump
I Slam-Dunk the funk like a Alley-Loop to Shaq
Y'all fools so wack ya prolly cant rap to Zapp
So slap yo'self, this is Wolfpac Records
Rest In Peace Roger, your music was respected

[Spice 1 x2: Hook]

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Lets have all y'all falla, what we bout
Smoke up ya whole ounce, then we bounce
Roger Zapp Battlecat, this is Still More Bounce
Jus bounce to this, jus bounce (Ah hah)
Jus bounce to this, jus bounce (Yeah yeah)
Jus bounce to this, jus bounce (Come on)
Jus bounce to this, jus bounce (Uh)

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