

# Jay-Z

## "The Bounce"

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Just point out the bounce, show me the bounce, yeah  
Just point out the bounce, yeah Timbo the King, yeah  
Young Hov' the King, yeah just point out the bounce  
Yes, just point out the bounce nigga ya, listen

Rumor has it 'The Blueprint Classic'  
Couldn't even be stopped by Bin Laden  
So September 11th marks the era forever  
Of a revolutionary Jay Guevero

Now it's a whole museum of Hov' Mcers  
Everybody dupin' the flow you see 'em  
Everybody loopin' up soul  
It's like you tryin' to make 'The Blueprint 2 before Hov'

Shout out to Just Bleezy and Kan-Yeezy  
See how we adjusted the game so easy  
Chicks barely dancin', glancin' every chance they get  
Like oh shit, he's so handsome

Still in demand in the longest run standin'  
Kidnap rap seven years, no ransom  
Can't one nigga get it back no rap  
Young Hov's goin' to Canton, I'm now eligible

Point out the bounce  
And show you how to get this dough in  
Large amounts till it's hard to count

Point out the bounce  
I turn a 8 to an ounce  
To a whole ki to the R.O.C

Point out the bounce  
Timbo the King nigga  
Uhh, yeah, uhh

Point out the bounce  
Yeah, Young Hov' the King nigga  
Uhh, I got y'all

For those that think Hov' fingers bling blingin'

Even haven't heard the album or they don't know  
English  
They only know what the single is and singled that out  
To be the meanin' of what he is about

And bein' I'm about my business, not minglin' much  
Runnin' my mouth that shit kept lingerin'  
But no dummy that's the shit I'm sprinklin'  
The album width to keep the registers ringin'

In real life, I'm much more distinguished  
I'm like a bloke from London, England  
Jeah, you jinglin' baby  
See I go right back and I bring 'em in baby

Business mind of a Ross Perot  
But never lost my soul  
Crossed the line  
I bought pop across the row

Then I walk through the hood, where they up to no  
good  
Slangin' them O's like a real  
O.G should oh, he's good, no he would  
Never sell out he's so young

Point out the bounce  
And show you how to get this dough in  
Large amounts till it's hard to count

Point out the bounce  
I turn a 8 to an ounce  
To a whole ki to the R.O.C

Point out the bounce  
Timbo the King nigga  
Uhh, yeah, uhh

Point out the bounce  
Jeah, Young Hov' the King nigga  
Uhh, yeah, jeah

Magazines call me a rock star, girls call me cock star  
Billboard, pop star, neighborhood block star  
Chi-Town go-gettin' pimps, we mobsters  
Gingerbread man even said, "You're a monster"

Yeah, that's how I feel  
To be down, you must appeal  
To the crew, we're rated R  
O.C, O.G, Bobby Johnson's son

Ask me, "Rey-Rey, is that yo' car?  
I seen MTV I know who you are  
You did takeover did you got beef with Nas?"  
I did take over the game, brought back the soul

I got tracks to go, got plaques that's gold  
Platinum to go, yeah that's the flow  
All I, know, I got's the flow  
And I don't play 'coz I'm from Chicago

And show you how to get this dough in  
Large amounts till it's hard to count

Point out the bounce  
I turn a 8 to an ounce  
To a whole ki to the R.O.C

Point out the bounce  
Timbo the King nigga  
Uhh

Point out the bounce  
Yeah, Young Hov' the King nigga

Point out the bounce  
Point out the bounce  
Point out the bounce  
Point out the bounce  
Point out the bounce

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