

Cardigans

"Make Em Bounce"

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Yo (yeah) yo yo nigga
Rip that, rip that baby c'mon let's go

[Angie Martinez]
Headlines read, "DJ gets wreck to the beat"
Now here come record companies, with checks made
out to me (aight?)
Since a baby member industry, rule 4080, so I'll just
peep carefully
But I'm comin through, what a girl to do
We're bout to make you put 'em up
Like you don't give a {fuck}, KRS said, "Grab the mic,
try your luck"
Now it seems I've run amuck
It's natural that you wanna frown, but I see you bubble
this
in your truck, and I see you smilin, while I'm rhymin
{Fuck} around I think you like the stylings of me
Angie with Easy Mo Bee

[Chorus 2X: Doo Wop]
Make 'em drink, make 'em smoke, make 'em sling,
make 'em loc
Make 'em fiend, for this dope, make 'em lean, in they
Jeep
Make 'em dance, make 'em lounge, creep with a freak
or romance with they spouse, most of all make 'em
bounce

[Angie Martinez]
Easy does it, do it Easy, can't run yo' average {shit} on
me
Not your average beotch see? Average girl can't rhyme
like me
Average girl don't got whip like me
Pop {shit} like me, pretty V.I.P.
on the M-I-C, with my man, Easy Mo Bee
So Mo Bee, says Angie, got a beat that I want you to
meet
I'ma leave y'all alone, play nicely
Then I hit her with a friendly one-two-three

And then a three-two-one, and we havin fun
'til the break of dawn, and it's all love
Then I grab him by the {nuts}, said who's is this huh?
He said Martinez

[Chorus]

[Doo Wop]

Make 'em bounce, yo Easy Mo (what the deal Wop?)
Can I get some of this? (No doubt)
We got time {nigga?} (Yeah)
Doo Wop, Bounce Squad
(Just bounce on 'em Wop, bounce on 'em Wop)

Uhh, let's go

Use a gat just to give you rap rookies a nookie
I'm a cocoa leaf you some backyard boogie
I'm Henny and 'dro you, crack and dust
I'm top of the line you, back of the bus
I'm tints on a limo you a stain in the glass
I'm up front dough you, layaway cash
I'm a swiss bank account, you a rainy day stash
{Niggaz} want me around, you a pain in the {ass}
All day e'ryday on the block crazy homey
You a Flavor Flav clock, I'm a Jay-Z Roley
You Death Row today, I'm Death Row with Dre
You a beat for a skit, I'm some Easy Mo {shit}

Yeah, that's how we blow spots
Angie, Easy Mo and Wop
This is how we do ba-bay
Uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh (uhh)

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