

## Justin Timberlake

### "Bounce"

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Bounce

(ft. Timbaland, dr. Dre, Missy Elliott)

(Tempo has reached critical level)

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Huh... bounce... ooh I like you... bounce...

C'mere girl, c'mere girl, c'mere girl, bounce

C'mere girl, c'mere girl, c'mere girl, bounce

C'mere girl, c'mere girl, c'mere girl, bounce

C'mere girl, c'mere girl, let me talk to you

[Verse 1: Timbaland]

Let me see them big titties, don't act saddity you ain't pretty

Break bread if you wanna get wit' me, all I wanna do is dig off in them kidneys

Tell ya boyfriend he better mind his business, 'fore he end up in the trunk of my Bentley

I am still a boss, he can't hit me, he ain't got enough paper to deal wit' me

Baby girl wanna two step wit' me, turn around rub ya ass up against me

Whoa, lil' mama done got tipsy, and then tonight, tomorrow you're history

All you haters wit' that hoe sh\*t miss me, I stay strapped security don't frisk me

Set it off 'til this muthafu\*ka empty, I turn around do the same sh\*t next week

Come on

[Chorus: Timbaland & Justin Timberlake]

Bounce (like yo' ass had the hiccups)

Bounce (like we was ridin' in my pick-up)

Bounce (why you lookin' so sad? baby girl you need to cheer up)

Bounce (I got the remedy, it's you on me and me on you)

And you on me and me on you and you on her

Then her on me and her on you and y'all on me

Then me on y'all and y'all on me  
Menage a trois, menage a tr-uh-uh)

[Verse 2: Dr. Dre]

OOH! There she go, just what the Doc's been lookin' fo'  
She just what I need, black and Chinese like Sum Yung  
Ho

I got a bungalow, we can diappear for a week or so  
(yeah)

I got a steady young flow, super bowl wit' it like I'm  
Dungy yo (oh)

Yes, congratulations, you won a millionaire invitation  
Sorry I'm so demandin', but save the dancin', for back  
at the mansion and

Ain't, this money handsome? Ain't, that a panty  
anthem?

I kill me, just like you, from the back you'll see

[Chorus: Timbaland & Justin Timberlake]

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Menage a trois, menage a tr-uh-uh)

[Verse 3: Missy Elliott]

Hold up! Hell naw! Like Britney Spears I wear no draws  
In the club I drink it up, gulp gulp drink it up

Got Patron sippin' in my cup, that's ya man I bet I can  
make him look

When he see the jugs he wanna rush and get a quick  
touch of the big ol' butt

Mmhmm big ol' butt, thick legs, big ol' jugs, legs stick  
like rims on the truck

Take him to the crib, yep, we gon' fu\*k, you can call me  
a freak I like to get buck

I don't have to do much to make you get it up

Some young hoe she worth two dollars, I'm worth more  
dollars that make a beauty parlors

I pop collars, c-c-c-collars, I don't buy shots I only buy  
the bottles

Only rich girls, we only buy the bottles

And like a porn star I'm best when I swallow

[Chorus: Timbaland & Justin Timberlake]

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And you on me and me on you and you on her  
Then her on me and her on you and y'all on me  
Then me on y'all and y'all on me  
Menage a trois, menage a tr-uh-uh)

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