

## **Cartman Eric**

### **"Buck Bounce"**

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(Eightball)

Whats the deal

Whats up with a nigga, Eightball up in dis here

Fa real

Historic hits, nigga like Ali's fist

Rock the world

Get freaked by a different bunch hot little girls

Speed it up, and let a real niggas see what ya got lil' girl

Got lil' doe, got something to blow

You wanna get like that, gimme head in the Benz

I love a chick that suck dick like that

Dirty, Southern gritty

Bouncin' through yo' city

2000 Rocketship sittin' on some chrome 20's

Choppin', collar poppin', platinum droppin'

Space Age 4 Eva means that we will not be stoppin'

(Yea Yea)

Eightball, MJG, DJ Quik collaboration across the nation

Hittin' licks, shawty me and my niggas so official with it

Poetic pimpin', ain't no playin' when we step up in it

Like this, go all out nigga don't be scared to bust

Futuristic, what you need to do is catch up with us

(Chorus 2X: Eightball)

Bounce, Bounce

Man get up on you feet and help me get it

Crunk, Crunk

Everybody up in here let me see ya

Bounce, Bounce

If a nigga trippin we gone make them heaters

Buck, Buck

Dime pieces let me see you make that ass

(MJG)

I'm a killer with the mic

Before I get buck with the gun

1-9-7-2 was the birth

Tell a nigga was the worst

You can't fuck with the one

Nigga take ya foot out ya mouth

Get ya ass off the couch  
MJG bringin the heat when Quik droppin' this beat  
I know that ya'll can rap, but I'ma rock this beat  
Breakin 'em off with dope seeds  
The nigga with the most of dis  
Coast to coast to hit  
Roll the shit, Broke the shit  
Kept somkin'  
Then put it down on tape again  
I got a fifth of Hen  
Fifth of Gin  
A fifth for now  
And a fifth for then  
Takin my time  
Take it down shot for shot  
You ain't got Con-gac it's not the spine  
I got a stack of hoes  
Matter a fact a nigga smackin' hoes  
Straight up mack them hoes  
If you a platinum hoe, You gotta keep workin' the bitch  
Don't stop and relax them hoes  
A lot of niggas be claimin' to pimp  
And a whole lot of pimpin' what a nigga be talkin' about  
But when a bitch tell a nigga to spend some money  
The mothafuckas still be walkin 'em out  
Takin 'em home, givin 'em cheese, beggin 'em please  
Talkin' about he'll take my ki's, big trick  
See I was born to pimp for this shit  
MJG equipped for this shit  
Ain't no niggas in here found time  
Fake ass niggas is scared of my rhyme  
Pimp tight, break a bitch quick  
Futuristic niggas take shit

(Chorus 2x)

(DJ Quik)

P-I-M-P unified, MJG and Q gone try  
See me gettin' down with Ball in the lopes with a bomb  
full of smoke  
Rappin' niggas ain't no joke  
So me to the front of the boards  
With an MP and piano chords  
Gettin' back to my evil ways  
Lick him 3 times, he gone pay  
Sidetrack, forgot your point  
It's a 10 to 4 bet that you ain't gonna forget that  
Get your peeps up off my cheese  
Put your money in the pot, go squeeze  
See the bright red dice just die  
Shoot a whole meal, I might just try

18 thou with the jewelery on the floor  
When I hit a lick don't flex no more  
Gamblin', scramblin' tryin' to get up out the hood  
Nothin' but scavengers and the bettin' ain't good  
Show me where it's sunny at, where it's funny at  
Hoes with the polished toes, I'm a money cat  
Tip toe blow walkin' on a rift raft  
Put that shit back in ya pocket I don't sniff that  
I'm lookin for the bud, and the brew  
and some X with a broad with some thug in her jewels  
(Got Sex) 6 uniforms all on my back  
I was gone chill to, they didn't peep that  
Had to be something else to make them irate  
Give a nigga a minute let me clean the slate  
No, I ain't have sex with ya wife  
No, I ain't make threats on ya life  
Bitch, help me get my mind off this shit with an ounce  
I don't wanna see, I wanna feel you

(Chorus 2x)

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