

## Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes "Bounce"

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Feat. Chamillionaire & Bone Crusher

You are my soldiers  
Just bounce

Chorus 4x  
When we bounce, you bounce  
Lets make the club bounce

To the east what you doin'?  
We bouncin', we bouncin'  
To the west what you doin'?  
We bouncin', we bouncin'  
To the north what you doin'?  
We bouncin', we bouncin'  
To the south what you doin'?  
We bouncin', we bouncin'

Verse 1  
I, come to deliver, a message so clear  
Do or die, the consequences, ain't nothing to fear  
Who am I?  
I be the giver, I ride with the wind  
I'm beginning to redeliver, One deeper within  
If you believe, won't wait for long  
Better stop, look and listen and pay attention to what's  
goin on  
Analyze and disguise before the bass is low  
Recognize, the truth lies within this danger zone  
When I say danger, my body emits  
Chemicals straight to the brain so that I'm fully  
equipped  
I contain my mental anger  
By letting it rip  
From the chords in my pores  
To the rhymes I commit

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#### Verse 2

A military mind  
I pull up to the curb  
Right to the valet  
Then I walk right in the entrance  
And the crowd is yelling "hey"  
I got paid, so lets play, send the bartender my way  
They say that money talks and I sure got a lot to say  
Ask about me in the south  
Mother nature say she proud  
I been known to make it rain  
Ben and Franklin erase the droubt  
We don't smack outside the club  
I'm the hustle poster child  
I Walk up to bank tellers  
Then I pull my pistols out  
Got so much jewelry security gon' have to search me  
Most people friendly but the ones who ain't can never  
hurt me  
A semi on the side, I'ma call it Eddie Murphy  
Bet my pockets speak another language like:  
lebadirtay  
She thought it was a salad  
She noticed all the karots  
So vegetarian, all this green and all this cabbage  
And I'm feelin' like I'm the baddest  
Get it if you wanna grab it  
No need for words cuz 'hustle' to me is automatic

#### Chorus 4x

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#### Verse 3

I hear em talking money but I ain't seen nuthin  
I'll be bumpin at the gum shoutin: 'He ain't sayin nuthin'  
First of all: I'm a ganster, I'm gon take yours  
Big Willie in the game, I'm a pimp and you're my whore  
I declare, I swear, I ain't seen nuthin hot  
They keep talkin' bout the cash, that's all these n\*\*gas  
got  
I dun told ya'll n\*\*gas: 'I'm back once again'  
Here to take all these b\*tches  
I ain't lookin for no friends  
I'm a grinder, hustler, made it, done it  
I'm the one that ain't scared  
Ya'll n\*\*gas don't want it  
Got a personal vendetta against all these mo-foes  
Mentality of a killa on all these weak ho's

Chorus 4x

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