

Lisa Lopes**"Bounce"**

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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

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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

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