

## Chris Rock

### "Bounce"

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[Busta Talking]

Bounce, Bounce, Bounce niggas  
Come on bounce, come on bounce, bounce  
Come on bounce bitches, come on bounce  
Come on bounce, come on bounce  
Everybody bounce niggas, come on bounce  
What come on, come on  
I'm sayin bounce bitches, come on bounce now

[Verse 1]

Yes, yes yall, you know we talkin it all  
See how we bringin the street corner to Cargenie Hall  
It be so funny to see how badly they want it  
The fall, fuckin up somethin me and my niggas is  
ready to brawl (ha!)  
Now I'm ready to call my niggas get off of the wall  
I run up in the club like how these bitches will run in the  
mall  
While we poppin the collar holla you need to folla the  
scholar (aiyyoo!)  
Hustle for dollas and rock it until manana  
My niggas, KNOW HOW WE DO IT  
I do it for the love and the riches, my niggas hittin them  
switches  
I got the rent from my bitches  
(You fuck around, youse a goner!); Put this shit back in  
order  
And keep in mind that I might be fuckin somebodys  
daughter  
My niggas that be keepin it gully and hang on the  
corner  
Bitches get the strippin and shakin they shit how they  
wanna  
Let me see it mama, and start showin ya shit  
I love the way you make it bounce and get the throw on  
ya shit

[Chorus]

Bounce, represent where you from (Bounce)  
Let me see ya throw it (bounce), Let me see ya throw it  
(bounce)

To all my ladies (bounce), I love the way you make it  
(bounce)  
Let me see ya throw it (bounce), Let me see ya throw it  
(bounce)  
EAST COAST NIGGAZ! (bounce); Now let me see ya  
throw it (bounce)  
WEST COAST NIGGAZ! (bounce); Now let me see ya  
throw it (bounce)  
MY DIRTY SOUTH NIGGAZ! (bounce); Now let me see ya  
throw it (bounce)  
MY MIDWEST NIGGAZ! (bounce); Now let me see ya  
throw it (bounce)

[Verse 2]

Now let me warn ya (bounce)  
The way we comin you we bringin the storm ya'll  
Pack the garden up watchin all of my niggas form ya'll  
The way we always do it, you sayin we wrong ya'll (ah-  
roo)  
You still be lovin the way we put it on ya'll  
OH BABY! I know you know I really mean well  
Mizzy givin me head all up inside of my V-12  
Female bitches throwin they pussy at retail  
All up in ya face seein every intricate detail (ah-hah!)  
Now we rollin wit bigger money we foldin (ah-hah!)  
Crackin (?) in the safe in money we holdin (ah-hah!)  
Hold on, pause, these bitches be droppin they drawers  
Layin flat on they stomache and poppin it all on the  
floor  
Comin to get us, we tossin ya niggaz like lettuce (uh-  
auh)  
Leavin you beat up regrettin the moment you met us  
Bitches open for bonin' and fuckin they starvin the let  
us  
Sweatin and drippin on niggaz and startin to wet us  
(so!)  
Check out the way that we reppin we comin to get it (ah-  
roo!)  
Get the fuck out the club if you aint rollin wit it  
I be givin you bitches some shit you be wontin to  
goggle  
Hittin these bitches that focus on wantin' to model  
Wether you whippin up in the truck or you revin' the  
trottle  
Or you wlyin up in the club or you throwin the bottle  
Just let me see it mama! and start showin ya shit  
I love the way you make it bounce and get the throw on  
ya shit

[Chorus]

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