

## Melanie B

### "Still More Bounce"

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[Voice Vocoder]

Rest in peace, Roger

Bounce, more bounce, more bounce (We live this shit}

Bounce, more bounce, more bounce (W-we live this  
shit)

Bounce, more bounce, more bounce (W-we live this  
shit)

Bounce, more bounce, more bounce (W-w-w-we live  
this shit)

Bounce, more bounce

[Ras Kass]

Yeah yeah, more bounce to the ounce, so keep fuck a  
ounce, nigga

It's Still More Bounce to the ounce, keep fuck a ounce,  
heh

Still More Bounce, we wanna keep fuck a ounce tho  
Yeah, Battlecat, nigga Dirty Ray listen

I'm like Terminator 2 askin where Sarah Connor is  
Two side bustas kick rocks like narcotics anonymous  
Ever since the top (ever since the top)  
I remember dudes in Karate shoes Pop Lockin to Roger  
Now it's 2000, a new world order  
The birth of G-Funk, Roger created the vocoder  
So haters slide to the side, let the riders ride  
\*Singin\* - Ooh ooh ooh, now I own mine (muthafucka)

[B-Real]

It's the track slayer, on your CD player

The Budda King, blunt smokin the weed wayer

Ridin from the EastSide of LA, who what?

You holdin my nuts, like a hicc cup runnin up

Keep yo mouth shut cos you talk too much

You cant fold, what the hell, you need the glocks too  
much (bitch!)

Rather the way bitches betta get heavy

When I hit the corner all you see is the light from the  
Chevy

[Dirty Ray]

Chevy, yo, zzp-zzp!  
Now can I bang bang? (bang bang) picture Roger &  
Zapp  
A dominatrac cat, on Purple Haze and Conynac  
Dirty Ray, fo fo fo microphones  
Wolfpac shakin ya Time Zone and fadin ya home  
(Gimme a dome) - Twenty inches hit the scene  
Smoke screen, open the do, big gold chain gleam  
We get low down and dirty fo that Triban Family  
2002, Roger R-I-P, come on

[Spice 1 - Hook]  
We pop these collars, what we bout  
Lets have all y'all falla, what we bout  
Smoke up ya whole ounce, then we bounce  
Roger Zapp Battlecat, this is Still More Bounce  
Jus bounce to this, jus bounce (Ah hah)  
Jus bounce to this, jus bounce (Yeah yeah)  
Jus bounce to this, jus bounce (Come on)  
Jus bounce to this, jus bounce (Uh)

[Kam]  
Uh check, uh uh uh  
Watch out sucker, matter of fact duck (fuck fuck fuck)  
Out the window of my Cadillac Truck, and whats up?  
We rollin paper plates, homies movin crates of tapes  
While y'all wearin captains savin no crapes on daytons  
I am one of the greats, know you might be hurt  
Baby aint nobody retire'n in my White T-Shirt  
As long as fools still feel, and trust I'm real  
Ima keep bustin big rhymes dimes nuts and steel  
(I aint that type of brother that Cs can walk wit)  
Man I aint politically correct, Ima talk shit  
About these mucic industry characters, cos there aint  
no debate'n  
These record company people be hatin, females be  
degratin their selves  
Thinkin the desk gon last  
Thats why I'm quick to put these chickens on blast  
Tryna tell me "I'm so and so, I'm this, I'm that"  
But they all jus wick-weak-wacks

\*Vocoder Solo\*

[Tash]  
Say what? uh say what? uh yo uh  
If this was '87 when bangin was at its peak  
This song woulda had em closin clubs every week  
Cos we speak the really real, speak how we really feel  
Come work for me have ya niggas stealin wheels  
Daytons, BGs, what ever rims housin

I need sum 19s fo my Benz 2000  
Work wit me homeboy, it's all luv  
I told you 19s, you came back wit dubs  
When push come to shove, Tash knocks em out the box  
You might hear me at a club or on a boom-box in Watts  
Jus swangin, raps over beats that hump  
Thats why a nigga like CaTash get it crunk from jump  
I Slam-Dunk the funk like a Alley-Loop to Shaq  
Y'all fools so wack ya proly cant rap to Zapp  
So slap yo'self, this is Wolfpac Records  
Rest In Peace Roger, your music was respected

[Spice 1 - Hook X2]

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