

## Timbaland

### "Bounce (feat. Dr. Dre, Justin Timberlake and Missy Elliott)"

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Tempo has reached critical level  
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Huh  
Bounce  
Ooh I like you...  
Bounce

C'mere girl, c'mere girl, c'mere girl, bounce  
C'mere girl, c'mere girl, c'mere girl, bounce  
C'mere girl, c'mere girl, c'mere girl, bounce  
C'mere girl, c'mere girl, let me talk to you

[Verse 1 - Timbaland]  
Let me see them big titties  
Don't act saddity you're not pretty  
Break bread if you wanna get wit' me  
All I wanna do is dig off in them kidneys  
Tell ya boyfriend he better mind his business  
'Fore he end up in the trunk of my Bentley  
I am still a boss, he can't hit me  
He ain't got enough paper to deal wit' me

Baby girl wanna two step wit' me  
Turn around rub ya ass up against me  
Whoa, lil' mama done got tipsy  
Hit it tonight, tomorrow you're history  
All you haters wit' that hoe shit miss me  
I stay strapped security don't frisk me  
Set it off 'til this muthafucka empty  
I turn around do the same shit next week  
Come on

[Chorus] - Timbaland & (Justin Timberlake)  
Bounce (Like yo' ass had the hiccups)  
Bounce (Like we was ridin' in my pick-up)  
Bounce (Why you lookin' so sad? baby girl you need to cheer up)  
Bounce (I got the remedy, it's you on me and me on you  
And you on me and me on you and you on her

Then her on me and her on you and y'all on me  
Then me on y'all and y'all on me  
Menage a trois, menage a tr-uh-uh)

[Verse 2 - Dr. Dre]  
OOH! There she go  
Just what the Doc's been lookin' fo'  
She just what I need  
Black and Chinese like Sum Yung Ho  
I got a bungalow  
We can disappear for a week or so (Yeah)  
I got a stadium flow  
Super bowl wit' it like I'm Dungy yo (Oh)

Yes, congratulations, you won a millionaire invitation  
Sorry I'm so demandin'  
But save the dancin', for back at the mansion and  
Ain't, this money handsome?  
Ain't, that a panty anthem?  
I kill me, just like you, from the back you'll see

[Chorus] - Timbaland & (Justin Timberlake)

[Verse 3 - Missy Elliott]  
Hold up! Hell naw! Like Britney Spears I wear no draws  
In the club I drink it up, gulp gulp drink it up  
Got Patron sippin' in my cup, that's ya man I bet I can  
make him look  
When he see the jugs he wanna rush and get a quick  
touch of the big ol' butt  
Mmhmm big ol' butt, thick legs, big ol' jugs, legs stick  
like rims on the truck  
Take him to the crib, yep, we gon' fuck,  
You can call me a freak I like to get buck  
I don't have to do much to make you get it up  
Some young hoe she worth two dollars  
I'm worth more dollars that make a beauty parlors  
I pop collars, c-c-c-collars, I don't buy shots I only buy  
the bottles  
Only rich girls, we only buy the bottles  
And like a porn star I'm best when I swallow

[Chorus] - Timbaland & (Justin Timberlake)

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