

Timbaland, Missy Elliott & Justin Timberlake Feat. Dr. Dre "Bounce [Clean]"

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Bounce, oh, I like you
Bounce

Come here girl, come here girl, come here girl, bounce
Come here girl, come here girl, come here girl, bounce
Come here girl, come here girl, come here girl, bounce
Come here girl, come here girl, let me talk to you

Lemme see them big ****
Don't be actin' sadidy you're not pretty
Break bread if you wanna get with me
All I wanna do is dig up in them kidneys

Tell your boyfriend he better mind his business
For he end up in the trunk of my Bentley
I'm considered a boss you can't get me
He ain't got enough paper to deal with me

Baby girl wanna two step wit me
Turn around wit her **** up against me
Roll along and got tipsy
And then tonight, tomorrow you in history

All you haters on that **** miss me
I stay strapped security don't frisk me
Fed it off 'til the **** empty
I'll turn around and do the same **** next week come
on

Bounce, like your **** had the hiccups
Bounce like we was ridin' in my pickup
Bounce, why you lookin' so sad baby girl you need to
cheer up
Bounce, I got the remedy, it's you on me then me on
you

Then you on me, then me on you, then you on her
Then her on me, then her on you, and y'all on me
And me on y'all and y'all on me **** trois
**** trois

There she go, just what the doc's been lookin' for
She just what I need, lookin' Chinese like 'Sum Yung
****'

I got a bungalow we can disappear for a week or so
Yeah, I gotta stadium flow Superbowl with it like I'm
Dungy yo

Oh, yes, congratulations you've won a millionaire
invitation
Sorry I'm so demanding, sick of dancing back to
mansion and
And this money handsome, ain't that a panty anthem
I **** me just like you from the back you'll see

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And me on y'all and y'all on me, **** trois
**** trois

Hold up, hell naw like Britney Spears I wear no drawls
In the club I drink it up, goomp goomp drink it up
Got Patron sippin' in my cup, hey, where's your man
Bet that I could make him love me

When he see the jugs he will wanna rush to get a quick
touch
Of this big ole butt, big ole butt
Thick legs, big ole jugs legs stick like rims on the truck
Take 'em to the crib, yeah we gon' ****

You could call me a freak, I like to get buck
And I don't have to do much to make him get it up
'Sum Yung ****' she worth two dollars
I'm worth more dollars than make up beauty parlors

I pop collars, co-co-collars
I don't buy shots, I only buy the bottles
Only rich girls we only buy the bottles
But like a **** star I'm best when to swallow

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