

Mystikal

"Never Gonna Bounce"

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Y'all bitches
Get ya' mind right
Get'cha, get'cha mind right
Get'cha, get'cha mind right
Get'cha, get'cha mind right

I'm tryin' to do my thang like a rap star tryin' to stay
clean
Ache my hands and avoid the game but it's hard
'Cuz I can ball dope and get paid like a muthafucker
Gotta be another way to pay T. Tucker
Used to roll twenties by the ounce
My papa got a brand new mag it's called bounce

Crackers wanna label me a nigga man but I'm a bigga
man
I said fuck that or do go to trigga man
It's the new somethin' cream goin' 'round
It started in the saint town and now it move to ghost
town

Said tonight was time but where your gat?
Niggas get wild when they hear botty-at, booty-at
You bitches tryin' to pussy-pop
Dealin' herb, slung tapes ten dollas a rock

Ya gotta take what you need, take what you want
Slingin' tapes out the club and tapes out the trunk
When the trigga man bails soft
Take 'em to the saint tell him rock another block

Party. DJ Irv had that shit bumpin'
T.T. Tucker had the dance floor jumpin'
The whole project full of hoes
(Come on, go T.T. go T.T. go)
But if a nigga jumps stupid I'm blast ya'
(Who put this fuckin' thing together?)
Me, that's me that's who, I told you don't fuck with me

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Ooh, see I'm the one that you talkin' 'bout
Drop a little red tape and a stone in the sword
And my pocket got swoll from insurance
I bought a little more gold and fucked a lotta' more
hoes

All them bitches know what's up
(How they know, how they know?)
They heard me on the radio buddah I set up
Where-he-at hittin' dead home if it wasn't bumpin'
In your ride it was bumpin' in your headphones

No it ain't gone to my head, 'cuz I ain't gon' let it
Damn it feel good gettin' sweated, huh, huh, huh
Uptown, downtown, cross the river, don't matter
I'm the nigga, the nigga nigga, the nigga nigga

One brick object
Couldn't keep my muthafuckin' ass out that project
Shit, that's when it, 5-0 busted in
There was a raid and I was captured

Alright, all you niggas on the floor right now
Down, get out the way
Ay man, why you fuckin' wit' me?
I'm the fuckin' boss, I put this shit together
I tol' you that shut the fuck up
I don't give a fuck who you are
Get your ass down on the floor

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Man calm down, calm down
Yo T.T. don't trip, 'cuz when them laws let you loose
Boy we gon' handle this, see you gonna get your shot
at limelight

But in the meantime in between time keep your mind
right

(But man they said that I was wanted)
For what?
(Narcotics, Homicide, shoplifting warrant
(So much shit, I can't finish)
This call concludes this minute
(Hello? Hello? Bitch, you gon' hang up on me)

Alright, alright, alright
Alright, alright, alright
Alright, alright, alright

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