

Brooklyn Academy

"New York Bounce"

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[Intro]

Ohhh! {*each line echoes*}

This big Kron

Some Dirty South shit

It's easy ahh

Some New York shit

Kron hit, on that Dirty South tip (a lil' diddy bop)

Kron hit (word, word, word, word)

[Verse 1]

Kron livin it up, sippin it up

Smokin it up, O's in the trunk

Otch{?} in the cup, rollin it up

Fuck hoes made 'em nuts

Scared 'em away like lunch from puppy mutts

Some things luck, but this ain't that

But load a verse, flip a cat

My dogs on post, I ain't gotta say

Sick that cat, we live like that

We suh-suh-stackin it up like that

Click-clak-clap ended up on track

Shit so fat make her bounce in the back

Stay with an ounce of black optimo and 'gnac

What'chu know 'bout that?

Flow like that, sip a Barcardi and 'dro like that

Pill in the party Eddie Mo like that

Old as Atari don't show like that

Know you hardly get dough like that

Said it before this chosen rap

is better than y'all lil' homo rap

Nigga been gone for a minute and back

Damn it feel good when the beef is back

Nigga in the hood and leanin back

Nigga shoulda known not to sleep like that

Not knowin a nigga pack heat like that

Cream in the bag and we eat like that

This is that and that is this

Trickin a hoe but not on this

It's butter flows but not yo' shit

Hit 'em with those they hollow tips

Leave you just feelin like a hollow pit

Yeah! (Fuck up outta here boy)
Like that niggaz, what'chu want?

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