

Silkk The Shocker**"We Don't Dance We Bounce"**

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(*talking*)

P we got the streets, you ain't
Gotta ask me nothing, you know what I'm bout

[Hook - 2x]

We don't dance, we bounce
We don't dance, we bounce
We don't dance, we bounce
Throw your hands in the air, and put that boot in your
mouth

[Silkk]

See I ain't came for romance, like my plans something
to do
And I ain't trying to dance, my hands on something
new
But this nigga mad, cause his old lady she wan' do me
I whoop his ass, but he ain't gon take me to court and
try to sue me
This nigga he better calm down, cause I hit you in both
your shoulders
You ain't know the tre, keep both your arms down
When it comes to this shit, nigga I'm never scared
I make a nigga lose weight, without going to Jenny
Craig
I'm from the South, and I don't know where y'all from
shit
You from where I'm from, you don't play by no dumb
shit
I tell a nigga fresh off the bat, I'm a skinny nigga
I ain't good with lifting weights, but I could lift up a gat
Lift up your hat, this just ain't rap
This is not speculation my nigga look, this is a fact
Every chick you try to get, I done already bagged
And every whip you trying to get, I done already
crashed
And all them niggaz that you with, I mean all of 'em
fags
Tell your mom I got something, don't be calling me dad
I rep the tank, like United States rep the flag
I'm a good dude, but it's just my rep that's bad now

bounce with me

[Hook - 2x]

[Silkk]

See I don't dance, but I know how to bounce
And um I wasn't good with math, but I know how to
count
And um I knew of a bird, before I know the amount
I don't know a lot of shit, but I know how to bag up a
ounce
See I look good in a Ferrari, but look better in a
Roadster
I'm good with my hands, but even better with the
toaster
I've been bout stacking, was before I been rapping
If the money right I go to Iraq, and bring back Bin
Laden
See I lay you down, like you bout to take a nap
I changed since I rap, it's enough for me to take it back
P, that boy got a chick I like
That boy, got a chick I like
I told him look let her go (let her go), let her go (let her
go)
Don't handcuff her whodi, let your girl work the flo'
She can get ride of real playa, I be chilling in my Lac
Only wanna fuck you, when I'm through I'll give her
back

[Hook - 2x]

[Master P]

I'm a vet like Warren Sapp, and y'all boys rookies
I can't walk a straight line, cause I was born to be
crooked
My daddy sold dope, and my mama bagged it up
And I'm in the middle of the hood, screaming I don't
give a fuck
I'm wild like a monkey, I carry two bananas
I jacked Nickelodeon, cause I ain't Nick Cannon
Set it off, and break bread with me
Find you on the back of a milk carton, cause you
shouldn't of played with me
I live like Richard Hamilton, when I fucking mask up
I roll with a squad of killas, so y'all better back up
Take a bow to the sky, bout to take 'em outside
We act a fool in the club, got some spinners on the ride
We don't dance, we bounce
A bunch of country motherfuckers, with them golds in
our mouth
Throw your hood up and bounce, throw your hood up

and bounce
You know you balling, if you slanging by the ounce

[Hook - 2x]

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