

T-bone "Bounce"

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Verse 1

This is strictly for them low low's, el Camino and Chevrolet Impalas, bouncing from California all the way to Nicaragua, sixteen switches, rides is vicious, bouncing like bad checks, candy apple, liquorish, twirling a hundred spokes, this one's for my folks, Black's Philipinos, Caucasians, Latinos, gotta know the rules when you up in this game, if you want a piece of the street, fast and furious fame, then yo, mira bro, first of pinta lo, see them windows dogg, tinta lo, juice it up wit hydraulics then brinca lo, blast this in the fogsate and let the speakers blow, in the, Escalade, then escapade, like Janet, to the car show, pump the breaks, take first place, smile, then collect the cake, call up the hommi E-Dogg, then It's time to shake.

Hook

Bounce, Bounce, Cadillac trucks and jeeps, from the Bronx to the Compton streets, for the clubs, mix shows and my peeps, ahhhh, now everybody bounce, bounce.

Verse 2

I been know to bring the heat to the instrumental, check the credentials, my fundamentals essential for reaching killas and thug generals, in the streets where they packing the heat, creep, throw up em gang signs and C-walk to the beat, strictly, taking the preaching the word to those smoking the herb, sharing the real for em dealers serving crack on the curb, swerve, to the left then I scrape my plates, now I'm dipping hopping initiating sparks on the interstate, feels so great in the golden state, cool breeze from the ocean on the golden gate, I can't wait for the weekend we can make it a date, Motorola 2 way the hommies tell em meet me at eight, at the studio so we can blaze the track, like Kobe and Shaq, wit back to back platinum tracks, we aint quitting yall yo we bringing the heat, like Pacino and Luchiano for the thugs in the streets.

Verse 3

Now if ya feeling what I'm saying throw ya hands in the sky, party people from California all the way to Hawaii,

ATL and South Beach where the mamis look fine, to the streets of Spanish Harlem for my peeps in NY, Mexicano o Cubano, Panameno, Columbiano, Argentino, Chileno, Nicoya o Puerto Riceno, yo it don't really matter this a T-Bone party, so throw ya hands up in the sky mama move ya body, no Bacardi, Hennessey, Chronic, beer or Chocolate tie, Why? Cuz this is how we do it when we naturally high, now watch me rock like Nirvana, what up mama I'm the don dada known to mix it up like Santana.

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