

Jay-Z F/ Amil, Beanie Sigel, Memphis Bleek

"Bounce Back"

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[Chorus: Juvenile]

I'm about to bounce back b-bounce bounce back
I'm about to bounce back b-bounce bounce back
Bounce back bounce back b-bounce back
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I'm about to bounce back b-bounce bounce back
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[Verse 1: Juvenile]

You ever had corns on your fingers from squeezing the
mack to much
Nigga be rhymin' the dice game where me and lil
wack grew up
Tripping stolen strip cars for a living
Stayed away from home when ever they was bitchin
We used to rush the customers for sales when they pull
up in cars
Until undercovers started putting us behind bars
Menace to society is all we watch
In the back seat strapped with the throw away glocks
I got some partners in the business never seeing the
light
Your people would got a cocking if your cheese be right
You know I've been holding it down playa you a dog
I'm a real nigga I ain't gonna stop accepting your
phone call
I'm a blow and toss a hoe for you, like I'm supposed to
do
I'm serious and focused to you, know I am over do
The first nigga to park a Rolls Royce in the bricks
While I fly private jet out of town by a bitch

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Juvenile]

Tryin to be here to see my seeds, when they have they
seeds
Long as I breathe ain't nothin in this world that they
can't be

Yeah I done fucked up, slipped and sniffed that coke
Started tweakin and broke in them people house next
do'
Shot a nigga for smokin rocks on my mom back porch
Damn near graduated and got on that dope
My, work is an art, I am better than smart
Homey I hustle with a strategy that's never been taught
I can make the coke flip, I can make a hoe strip, I can
spray the whole clip,
I take nothing from no bitch
I got the money in the case, 45 in the waist
Pitbulls in the yard so stay away from my gate
Could you believe a nigga feelin like he still ain't ate?
Huh, y'all don't understand you shoulda seen my plate
Would love to give you some credit, but even you said
it
Be serious about your money and right now I'm tryin to
get it

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Baby]

I'm on a mission lil' daddy
Put this paint on the caddy
Nigga ridin threw the hood and we blowing on candy
Stay G'd up from my head to my feet
I was raised in the 3rd that's the heart of the streets
Saw death and crime for the first same time
Them rims don't shine just a vision of mine
Put this shit back together cause I stay on the grind
Nigga know I gets me I stunt all the time
For the dead and the gone, the young and the grown
O.G. mother fuckers who be getting it on
Niggaz stunting and they shining bling blingin all the
timin
I hold my hood down for the shit that I'm driving
Nigga thug to death, remember the projects
Juve came back now you bitches upset
Nigga know how we getting it cause we getting it on
Keep it coming, keep it getting, bitch my money is long

[Chorus]

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