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Jazz Butcher "Bounce to This"

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[Mr. Cee] Well, here's a little dose From the half of the group you like the most Straight from the Frisco City, West Coast With somethin up my sleeve It's just my pep talk about these niggas who be trippin About these niggas who be trippin about these niggas, oh my God, they done failed Each one of them's some victims with some jaws that qot swelled With a hard blow from the steel-toed boots Cause mama always said, "Boy, put them feet to use" And don't get mad cause we won't flip-flop Cause RBL's just like a truck with no brakes, punk, it don't stop Like Tony the Tiger you know our shit is like great Cause we ain't comin corny like some of you Frosted Flakes [Black C] So meenie-meenie-meenie-moe Should a nigga pick a hoe? I think I squat to the house for the gat, I bring us back some indo Pretend tho, if you wanna, I think I'm gonna Step to the back and bust a cap And watch yo 'real-ass' niggas scat See, it be on on my block We poppin a cop with a glock Even them young niggas givin shots We gives a fuck about a copper, gettin our propers By burnin cops like ???? chopper So ah - you can smoke an ounce to this (biatch) While my niggas on the run smoke a stog and all

bounce to this

[CHORUS]

We go front, back, side to side "While you muthafuckas bounce to this" (Snoop Doggy Doggy)

[Black C]

So knick-knack-patty-wack, give a bitch a crack sack And a fat smack with the muthafuckin nut sack And bust back in a battle I'm like a rattle snake, I don't fake Bust one cap out the eight in my gun Run, you get stunned, I'm shootin for fun I'm like a warrant havin niggas on the run It's the B-I-a to the c to the k A nigga from that there city by the Bay A nigga who gets his mug on and mack on, but anyway On any day we can get em up or shoot em up Havin that ass bounce three times while my nigga's schoolin ya

[Mr. Cee]

It's like 3 and to the 2 and 2 and to the 1 with a bang It was 'a lesson to be learned,' but that's a known thang But niggas still ain't learned they lesson So we continue to make hits while you suckers keep guessin Our style, our muthafuckin flavor But don't you even trip if you can't cater To the needs of party people, makin em movin, gettin em groovin But 2 niggas in Frisco hats and Nike shoes can And no one told me but I know I'm goin major Cause all these punk hoes that's for callin on my pager

But I just sit back and chop my beats like a ounce And make yo trunk like a trampoline and watch my song bounce

[CHORUS]

[Cellski] Yeah, it's '94 and I'm back on the spot 72 class 455 block Straight mashin down the [street name] windows up, full of contact Me and my niggas just got through burnin a twamp sack I'm rollin around high as fuck gurpin off some right I hit the liquor store to get a 40 of St. Ides Forty ounces, I bounce back to the [street name] Hella took already and a nigga fit to be mo' off I hit a cut and parked in some shade Seen my nigga Baldhead walkin down the street, he said, "I got a fade" He jumped in with fo' sacks of indo He twisted up the dank as I hit the 4-0 He said, "Let's ride and get up out the View

Because in the View really ain't nothin to do" Off to the O, see some hoes before we hit the freeway 5 deep in a 5 Ac, see where we stay I said, "Baby, I'm from the Lunatic village In Frisco where the gold thangs keep spinnin" You got niggas from Fillmore and Hunters Point Who quick to smoke that ass just like a joint But niggas ain't set-trippin, just keep on dippin Stand away from player-haters who save bitches Cause niggas where I come from don't save hoes If you ain't givin no ass up, well, bounce yo ass on Biatch

[CHORUS]

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