

## **Luniz F/ Phats Bossalini, Poppa L.Q. % Madd Maxx**

### **"We Don't Dance We Bounce"**

Visit "[We Don't Dance We Bounce](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(\*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]

Visit [Luniz F/ Phats Bossalini, Poppa L.Q. % Madd Maxx](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.