

More Bounce

Lil Rob

Alright

They said they wanted more bounce, so give 'em more of it
It's high (It's high...)
Know I can still bounce over it
No lie, hit the switch and I lower it
Slow it down, speed it up, that's how I'm flowin' it
Sick in the mic, come in the night when the freaks come out, I peeps 'em out
Take 'em home, do my thing, say "Goodbye," and I piece 'em out (Piece 'em out)
What you mean
PEACE OUT TIL THE NEXT TIME WE FREAKIN' OUT
I'm bouncin' lowriders, yeah, we tweak 'em out (Tweak 'em out)
Turn up the volume, disturbin' the beef and now
We gettin', loud, way louder than police allow
Break the law, make ya shake, the bass shakes the ground
Put them cracks up on the wall where cucarachas crawl
My hip hop, it don't stop, no, not at all (Not at all)
Nope
I party til I fall
Catch me boppin' my head, tapping one foot against the wall

Bumpin' more bounce
"Boun-bouncin' lowriders, yeah, we tweak 'em out"
Bumpin' more bounce
"Boun-bouncin' lowriders, yeah, we tweak 'em out"
Bumpin' more bounce
"Boun-bouncin' lowriders, yeah, we tweak 'em out"
Bumpin' more bounce, to the ounce

Give 'em a little bit, then they want all of it
It's too much to handle, homeboy, they can't swallow it (Swallow it)
Brown bandana, mic in my mano
In the other hand, got a paper bag with a bottle in it (Check it)
More bounce to the ounce as I bounce down the block
In the six-three Impala, got it locked up (Locked up...)
But there's still one more
Fact, they get to bounce off four off the floor
Scrapin' (Scrapin')
Catch me breakin' somethin'
Lowridin' like backyard parties, homey, we keep 'em jumpin'
Bouncin' like Roger Troutman or Fingazz on the talkbox
West coast hip hop pop shots (West coast)
Like a fool rack up four ton clothes in the frente
Gotta keep it bouncin' for the gente
They wanted more bounce, so give 'em more of it
It's high, but I know I can still bounce over it

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This is how I do it, grab a pen and take note

My caro's like a boat, I hit the streets and I float (And I float)
Hit the fronts, hit the backs, make it jump
Turn it up a little bit, make it bump (Make it bump)
Until I knock the fuckin' screw is loose
Brand new five twenties like a pair of new shoes
And I just got my hands on a ounce
So I'm a roll a joint, smoke it and continue to bounce (Continue to bounce)

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Bumpin' more bounce, to the ounce