

Never Gonna Bounce (The Dream)

Mystikal

Neva gon' bounce, neva, neva gon' bounce
(Never.... say never)

Y'all bitches...
Get ya' mind right
Get'cha, Get'cha mind right

I'm tryin' to do my thang like a rap star tryin' to
stay clean, ache my hands, and avoid the game
but it's hard. Cuz I can ball dope and get paid
like a muthafucker gotta be another way to pay
T. Tucker, used to roll twenties by the ounce (ounce)
My papa got a brand new mag it's called bounce.
Crackers wanna label me a nigga man but I'm
a bigga man, I said fuck that or do go to trigga
man. It's the new somethin' cream goin' round,
it started in the saint town and now it move to
ghost town. Said tonight was time but where
your gat? Niggas get WILD when they hear
Botty-at, Booty-at. You bitches tryin' to pussy-pop
dealin' herb, slung tapes ten dollas a rock.
Ya gotta take what you NEED, take what you
WANT, slingin' tapes out the CLUB and tapes
out the TRUNK. When the trigga man bails soft,
take'em to the saint tell him rock another block
party. DJ Irv had that shit bumpin', T.T. Tucker
had the dance floor jumpin', whole project
full of hoes (Come on, go T.T., go T.T., go). But
if a nigga jumps stupid i'm blast ya' (Who put this
fuckin' thing together?) ME, that's ME that's who
I told you don't fuck with me.

Oooh, see I'm the one that you talkin' bout. Drop
a little red tape and a stone in the sword, and my
pocket got swoll from insurance. I bought a
little more gold and fucked a lotta' more hoes!
All them bitches know what's up (How they know,
How they know?) They heard me on the radio
buddah I set up. Where-he-at hittin' dead home
if it wasn't bumpin' in your ride it was bumpin' in
your headphones. No it ain't gone to my head
cuz I ain't gon' let it, damn it feel good gettin'
sweated, huh, huh, huh. Uptown, downtown,
cross the river, don't matter cuz I'm the nigga,
the nigga nigga, the nigga nigga. One brick
object (What happened?) couldn't keep my
muthafuckin' ass out that project. Shit, that's
when it happened (What up?) 5-0 busted in
there was a raid and I was captured.

Alright, all you niggas on the floor right now,
DOWN! Get out the way!
Ay man, why you fuckin' wit' me?
I'm the fuckin' boss, I put this shit together,

I tol' you that [punch], shut the fuck up, I
don't give a fuck who you are get your ass
down on the floor!

Man calm down, calm down.

Yo T.T. don't trip (For Real?), cuz when them
laws let you loose boy we gon' handle this,
see you gonna get your shot at limelight, but
in the meantime in between time keep your
mind right. (But man they said that I was
wanted) For What? (Narcotics, Homicide,
shoplifting warrant, so much shit I can't finish.)
This call concludes this minute. [dial tone]
(Hello?, Hello? BITCH, you gon' hang up on
ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!)
Alright

Shake that ass, never gonna....