Bounce

3 chainz, owww Caught up in my bullshit, put your head on backwards And skate off after, engage in laughter 'bout what just happened Fingers in napkins get sent to mammies; is that too graphic? Catch you in traffic, you sitting daffy like stealing candy My ceiling's absent, my wheels are massive, my friends assassins All of us bastards, our mothers queens and our women dancers My rivers rapid, my fins are splashin', my gills are flappin' I bit some matches, then sip some gas and went kissed a dragon

I'm really rappin', no finger snappin', I'm pistol packin' Y'all niggas slippin', my swag is drippin', so here's a napkin What's really happnin' bro? Verbal attackin', I'm showing passion Know what I mean, see I'm the king like I'm from Akron I'm going overboard, somebody call the captain And when it come to getting checks, I always want the fat ones I'm so high I can sing to a chandelier My flow a glass of Ace of Spade and yours a can of beer

Too many bitches, too many blunts, too many buttons Not enough bullets, them niggas buggin', the swat is comin' AK on shoulder, no shoulder shruggin', aim at ya nugget My weed sticky like acupuncture and magnets honey Knock on the side door three times and have your money Or get to steppin' like Kappas stompin', I'll slap a junkie I'm having lunch with Italian Sonny, don't ask the subject Lord why you took Rabbit from me, he say don't ask me nothing Too many bodies, too many bangers, too many bundles Not enough bullets, these niggas buggin', I heard they stung you It's gon' be trouble, we come through and catch you while you cuddle Them shotgun barrels like tunnels nigga, don't even mumble

I'm back to ballin', I'm in the back full of magnums only Pull on the scene and I fuck your queen playing Pastor Troy Our weed ready, turkey spaghetti and caster oil That's codeine turn your guillotine to a fashion show In 4 minutes I'll turn this into forensics in a foreign car with a foreign b road That's long winded, paper long, and you taking long, you just don't get it Hung the phone up on Satan, told me he want a song with me Hotter than Mississippi in summer of 1950s In a van full of some niggas and white bitches Get pulled over for swervin' like "Hi, officer," When he ask me why I was swerving, "I'm high, officer."

I can make it bounce by myself I can make it bounce by myself

Got a mansion, a condo, a cabin, I sleep in my Phantom So high dancing with the stars to the Star Spangled Banner

2 Chainz

I change your channel, I change your pattern, I ring your Saturn I bang your madam, she get on top and I shake the ladder I make her straddle then gather and calculate the data I listen up for the snakes or the baby rattle I play the shadows, don't play no games, I straight get at 'em I'm on the chronic all day like it's my favorite album

A plate of salmon, the Cayman Islands, a stripper dancer If I don't get the car first, I'll have a temper tantrum I'm innovative, I demonstrated, this nickle plated I don't care if you owe me a nick, nigga you need to pay me I kiss ya lady, eat her pussy, then kiss the baby Get situated, get keys off table, then leave her 80 I really made it, get it maid, Schwarzenegger Won't wrestle niggas, I spatula all you action figures

I'm so high the blunt feel like a dumbbell These niggas tiny like a spider on a Spud Webb I got some upscale cocaine on my thumbnail I feed it to my fun girls, they say fuck yeah

I'm doing this shit like whatever When I go I'mma leave for the better I told her you dig like a shovel I want a Ferrari in yellow Just so I can match all my yellow bitches I been a playa since elementary I got more bars than a penitentiary I got a clip that hang several inches

I can make it bounce by myself I can make it bounce by myself