

Bounce With Me

B.G.

I fuck with them junkies, killers, and car jackers
Niggas who stalk niggas with work and kidnap 'em
Them ballers with T's, stunnas and head bustas
Niggas who pimp platinum Benzes and bubble-eye Hummers
If you're ballin', then ball - you're shinin', keep shinin'
You're grindin' at the top when you get out, man, keep grindin'
See me, B.G. - original H.B.

Was taught comin' up motherfuck the police
I keep it real with the real - that's all I know, nigga
Comin' up 'round my way you couldn't be a ho, nigga
Ask Baby and Slim, they saw B.G. grow, nigga
They witnessed me slingin' that llello, my nigga
Had work and I knew it - I come in your door, nigga
Tie your family up - they all got on the floor, nigga
By all means, whatever it takes to get green
I do 'cause I wanna bling - I wanna bling bling

I got to bounce, nigga
Bounce like you just flipped two chickens, nigga
Bounce, nigga - bounce like your whip on twenty inches, nigga
Bounce, nigga - bounce like you came up on a mill, nigga
Boot up like you got platinum goin' across your grill, nigga

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I'm on probation, got me, I can't smoke no blunts
A dirty urine 'll have me baggin' up thirty-six months
Just touched down, so I gots to lay low and be cool
But I keep that heat with me because these niggas is fools
I do this for my street niggas, my thugged out
Go-and-drop-off-a-ki niggas, stackin'-that-cheese niggas
Straight-'bout-beef niggas
Dressin'-in-black-shootin'-up-the-whole-street niggas
This is for my niggas
I ain't nothin' but a lil' young Cash Money thug
Only thing I was taught comin' up was guns and drugs
So my thoughts is fucked up - I'm on some other shit
Like if-I-can't-get-you-I-kidnap-your-mother shit
Or duct-tape-your-brother shit, and turn yourself in
Turn on the weed eater and swept him 'til I get my n's
I've been affiliated with killers all my life
That's how I am 'cause all my role models weren't right, so-

It's on if it's on - I'll ride or die, don't give a fuck
Drama: I love it - I'm trigga happy, can't get enough
The streets is my home - that's all I know
I hustle to beat ya outshinin' - drive off the showroom floor
Baby, Beatrice, my nigga, Bryan, and Bubba
Taught me how to rep - taught me how to be a lil' stunna
He told me don't worry 'bout nothin', get my grind on
Let my paper stack, let it be known I got my grind on
Gotta have platinum chain, platinum watch, platinum ring
It's the year 2G - a nigga like me gotta have things
Ain't no nigga gon' cross me 'cause I'm made

No busta gon' stop my bounce or attempt to stop my bling
If you really try me then I bring out my choppy
'Cause I know if I hold 'em right then that nigga got me
From the east, to the west, up north, and down south, nigga
Got twenty 'round your neck, poke your chest out and bounce, nigga
From the east, to the west, up north, and down south, nigga
Got twenties on your whip, poke your chest out and bounce, nigga
From the east, the west, up north, and down south, nigga
Got twenty on your wrist, throw your hand out and bounce, nigga

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