

Bounce To This

RBL Posse

Well, here's a little dose
From the half of the group you like the most
Straight from the Frisco City, West Coast
With somethin up my sleeve
It's just my pep talk about these niggas who be trippin
About these niggas who be trippin about these niggas, oh my God, they done failed
Each one of them's some victims with some jaws that got swelled
With a hard blow from the steel-toed boots
Cause mama always said, "Boy, put them feet to use"
And don't get mad cause we won't flip-flop
Cause RBL's just like a truck with no brakes, punk, it don't stop
Like Tony the Tiger you know our shit is like great
Cause we ain't comin corny like some of you Frosted Flakes

So meenie-meenie-meenie-moe
Should a nigga pick a hoe?
I think I squat to the house for the gat, I bring us back some indo
Pretend tho, if you wanna, I think I'm gonna
Step to the back and bust a cap
And watch yo 'real-ass' niggas scat
See, it be on on my block
We poppin a cop with a glock
Even them young niggas givin shots
We gives a fuck about a copper, gettin our props
By burnin cops like ???? chopper
So ah - you can smoke an ounce to this (biatch)
While my niggas on the run smoke a stog and all bounce to this

We go front, back, side to side
"While you muthafuckas bounce to this" (Snoop Doggy Doggy)

So knick-knack-patty-wack, give a bitch a crack sack
And a fat smack with the muthafuckin nut sack
And bust back in a battle
I'm like a rattle snake, I don't fake
Bust one cap out the eight in my gun
Run, you get stunned, I'm shootin for fun
I'm like a warrant havin niggas on the run
It's the B-l-a to the c to the k
A nigga from that there city by the Bay
A nigga who gets his mug on and mack on, but anyway
On any day we can get em up or shoot em up
Havin that ass bounce three times while my nigga's schoolin ya

It's like 3 and to the 2 and 2 and to the 1 with a bang
It was 'a lesson to be learned,' but that's a known thang
But niggas still ain't learned they lesson
So we continue to make hits while you suckers keep guessin
Our style, our muthafuckin flavor
But don't you even trip if you can't cater
To the needs of party people, makin em movin, gettin em groovin
But 2 niggas in Frisco hats and Nike shoes can
And no one told me but I know I'm goin major
Cause all these punk hoes that's for callin on my pager
But I just sit back and chop my beats like a ounce
And make yo trunk like a trampoline and watch my song bounce

Yeah, it's '94 and I'm back on the spot
72 class 455 block
Straight mashin down the windows up, full of contact
Me and my niggas just got through burnin a twamp sack
I'm rollin around high as fuck gurpin off some right
I hit the liquor store to get a 40 of St. Ides
Forty ounces, I bounce back to the Hella took already and a nigga fit to be
mo' off
I hit a cut and parked in some shade
Seen my nigga Baldhead walkin down the street, he said, "I got a fade"
He jumped in with fo' sacks of indo
He twisted up the dank as I hit the 4-0
He said, "Let's ride and get up out the View
Because in the View really ain't nothin to do"
Off to the O, see some hoes before we hit the freeway
5 deep in a 5 Ac, see where we stay
I said, "Baby, I'm from the Lunatic village
In Frisco where the gold thangs keep spinnin"
You got niggas from Fillmore and Hunters Point
Who quick to smoke that ass just like a joint
But niggas ain't set-trippin, just keep on dippin
Stand away from player-haters who save bitches
Cause niggas where I come from don't save hoes
If you ain't givin no ass up, well, bounce yo ass on
Biatch