Bounce, oh, I like you Bounce

Come here girl, come here girl, come here girl, bounce Come here girl, come here girl, come here girl, bounce Come here girl, come here girl, come here girl, bounce Come here girl, come here girl, let me talk to you

Lemme see them big titties
Don't be actin' sadidy you're not pretty
Break bread if you wanna get with me
All I wanna do is dig up in them kidneys

Tell your boyfriend he better mind his business For he end up in the trunk of my Bentley I'm considered a boss you can't get me He ain't got enough paper to deal with me

Baby girl wanna two step wit me Turn around wit her ass up against me Roll along and got tipsy And then tonight, tomorrow you the mystery

All you haters on that hoe shit miss me
I stay strapped security don't frisk me
Fed it off 'til the motherfucker empty
I'll turn around and do the same shit next week come on

Bounce, like your ass had the hiccups
Bounce like we was ridin' in my pickup
Bounce, why you lookin' so sad baby girl you need to cheer up
Bounce, I got the remedy, it's you on me then me on you

Then you on me, then me on you, then you on her Then her on me, then her on you, and y'all on me And me on y'all and y'all on me menage a trois Menage a trois

There she go, just what the doc's been lookin' for She just what I need, lookin' Chinese like Sum Yung Ho I got a bungalow we can disappear for a week or so Yeah, I gotta stadium flow Superbowl with it like I'm Dungy yo

Oh, yes, congratulations you've won a millionaire invitation Sorry I'm so demanding, sick of dancing back to mansion and And this money handsome, ain't that a panty anthem I kill me just like you from the back you'll see

Bounce, like your ass had the hiccups
Bounce like we was ridin' in my pickup
Bounce, why you lookin' so sad baby girl you need to cheer up
Bounce, I got the remedy, it's you on me then me on you

Then you on me, then me on you, then you on her Then her on me, then her on you, and y'all on me And me on y'all and y'all on me menage a trois Menage a trois Hold up, hell naw like Britney Spears I wear no drawls In the club I drink it up, goomp goomp drink it up Got Patron sippin' in my cup, hey, where's your man Bet that I could make him love me

When he see the jugs he will wanna rush to get a quick touch Of this big ole butt, big ole butt
Thick legs, big ole jugs legs stick like rims on the truck
Take 'em to the crib, yeah we gon' fuck

You could call me a freak, I like to get buck And I don't have to do much to make him get it up Sum Yung Ho, she worth two dollars I'm worth more dollars than make up beauty parlors

I pop collars, co-co-collars
I don't buy shots, I only buy the bottles
Only rich girls we only buy the bottles
But like a porn star I'm best when to swallow

Bounce, like your ass had the hiccups
Bounce like we was ridin' in my pickup
Bounce, why you lookin' so sad baby girl you need to cheer up
Bounce, I got the remedy, it's you on me then me on you

Then you on me, then me on you, then you on her Then her on me, then her on you, and y'all on me And me on y'all and y'all on me menage a trois Menage a trois

Bounce Bounce Bounce