

Miracle, Bounce (Album Version)

What, what, what, what, come on, what, what
Ah come on, what, what, what, ah come on
What, what, ah come on, what, what, ah come on, what
We finna do this

[hook]

Bounce, bounce, bounce if you're with me nigga [x4]

Okay, okay
Want war, what's up?
Want to fight, nigga what?
Niggas like y'all talk too much, scared to buck, like to fuck
Here I am, here I go, defeat me, hell no
Try though, watch yo', you'll see, die slow
Give a fuck what you know, who you know, how you know
I do though want to know, do you got it, where it grow
I stay blowed, Optimo, Elbro, (?), dry bud, pepper weed
And I'm crunk, hydro
Shit, give me a leaf, fuck swisher sweet
Your Louisi-Anna, I'm Texas Pete
Fuck obsolete, nigga too discrete
Sit back and pastor when the 'Port chief
Nigga fuck peace, love beef, dinner time, let's eat
I'm the only one on the seat, ohh no that's me
Who dare test me, show yourself, be ready to bleed
I hope your strapped, I hope your deep, I taste sweet, I spell defeat
Freak chicks love this, more than stiff dick
This here my shit, my advice, fuck this
Motherfucker

[hook]

Been here, been real, know the facts, see the deal
My only goal, to rip a mill', my only fear is what I kill
Thou who test me, please Lord, keep blessin' me
Never forsake me, deliver thee from the thy enemies
Help me, misery, nightmares, agony
This the pain I see, make it stop, make it leave
Georgia Boys, Real McCoy, Miracle with Pastor Troy
Ain't no Tonka toy, nuclear, we'll destroy
Ain't no stopping me, the only way, kill me
And either way, best to believe, every nigga gonna feel me
Bump this shit when they bury, and leave the funeral smokin' weed
That's how we mourn in the A-U-G, oh no it's DSGB
A nigga like me love to ball, never fall, stand tall
I done came out the south, had my back against the wall
Fuck the buck, a hundred fall, shot this nigga in the fall
Label me above the law, money is my only cause
Yeah, I'm a real nigga, fuck the Tommy Hilfiger
Glen Hill made nigga, red eyed dope dealer
Punk me out, bitch I stick this pistol in your mouth
Beat you 'till you pass out, kick your fucking grill out
Violence what I'm all about, fuck a quarter, fuck a ounce
750 all day, ain't got it, bitch bounce

[hook]

I'm a Cougar not Puma
Fucking mice and not nice
I blazed my motherfucking writing so they couldn't read my mind
I was bad as a kid, thank the Lord for filthy kids
And I never got the thanking for shit that I did
I was more than willing unfortunantly not that able

Y'all niggas sporting that Polo, I sport that Knight Of The Round Table
Took my partner in school, ran that bitch up my sleeve
Told the teacher "Bitch, fuck you, I'll listen when I please!"
A nigga can't bother flexin', ain't nothin' but shit in my hood
I push a motherfucking Honda, but that bitch run good
My Ho' takes me where I need to go, rain, sleet, hail, snow
In the winter, see the bed, in the summer slow hoe
What you know about them gold triple D's hundred spoke
Window down, system pumping, puffin' on an Optimo
Hell, I'm blowed, head to toe, 'bout to let y'all niggas know
Sitting up in the studio, fuck that shit, lets start the show
Hell, I got to let it go, we ain't playing
WE AIN'T PLAYING

[hook]