

# Miracle, Bounce (Remix)

(feat. Pastor Troy)

What, what, what, what, what, what  
what, what, what,  
What, what, what, what, what

[Hook:]

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

[Pastor Troy:]

What's up, Big mouth, Big talk, Big game  
Teacher's pet, takin' aim, pop the Tech, I'm takin' aim  
Plenty range, plenty shot  
Plenty change, plenty glock  
Pack the heat and I'ma keep em' hot  
And I'ma take my cut straight off the top  
Cuz I'm not, nothing like  
Anyone, once on the mic  
Wish you might, show ya right  
Have ya'll thinking I'm Barry White  
In the night, pack em' tight, call a fight, T.K.O.  
We got mo', you ain't know, numero, uno,  
Keep a O we burnin slow, we optimo, y'all swisher sweets  
And don't compete, I'm too unique, sit back be quiet when the Pastor preach  
I made the beat, you beat your meat, yeah punk you touch yourself  
It be Pastor Troy, D.S.G.B, represent until my death  
And anyone else, that want us, you can trust, it aint no fear  
You can talk that in my ear, but it aint shit, 'til you come down here  
And anyone else, that want us, you can trust, it aint no fear  
You can talk that in my ear, but it aint shit, 'til you come down here

[Hook:]

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

[Miracle]

Been here, been real, know the facts, seen the deal  
My only goal, to rip a mill', my only fear is when 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, will destroy  
Ain't no stopping me, the only way, kill me  
And either way, best to believe, every real nigga gonna feel me  
Bump this shit when they bury me, 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 just came out the south, had my back againt the wall  
Fuck the buck, a hundred fall, shot this nigga in his ball  
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  
Pounds is what I'm all about, fuck a quarter, fuck a ounce  
750 all day, ain't got it, bitch bounce

[Hook:]

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

[Pastor Troy: "Well Uh Huh!" in background for last 8 lines]

I make the ghetto my lobby, make they habit my hobby,

Bought a little Arm & Hammer, cook it, then sell the copy,  
Got me watchin for coppers, all I want is to prosper,  
Niggaz clowning with me, don't know they claimin they "G"  
So bump this beat cuz it's real, just change your air change the station  
Watch the story bout hatin', then another bout bassin'  
I'm takin' riches to get it, but now I'm sick of this shit  
So with these last couple of dollars, we gone flip it legit  
I bought this beat machine, bout big as a calculator  
Who would have ever dreamed we hit the studio later,  
Its like I owe them bassers, for making me take this serious  
Wasn't for the struggle cuz, you would not be hearin' this  
In the mist I'm frisked bout three times a day,  
What I'm doing down here, nigga this where I stay  
I just pray, that I relay, a message to some  
And let them know, goddamn, ain't no more play where I'm from  
FUCK PLAYIN!!!

[Hook:]  
Bounce, bounce, bounce if you're with me nigga  
[Until fade]