

Lil' Keke, Bounce and Turn

Everybody knows that Bounce & Turn
Everybody know that Bounce & Turn, yeah
Everybody knows that Bounce & Turn
That Bounce & Turn, yeah, that Bounce & Turn

We're bouncin', 'n everybody knows that Bounce & Turn
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For the early my concernin', Yokohamas we're burnin'
Rippin' woodgrain, stunnin', while we're flossin' and turnin'
Yo body got me yearnin' as we floss away together
Anytime, any weather, watching screens on the leather
Wherever you are, and whoever ya be
There'll be a fucking and a sucking, same time blowin' trees
Can you see what I see, let your soul be free
Killuminati to the body, try to feel Keke
I'm on switches for the riches as I sit sideways
Put your body in a phase and your mind in a maze
You finish your part, made you scream and shout
Your rapture I caught, now you drank the dripped out
Let it begin before it end with your beautiful skin
It don't stop, drop the top, put your hair in the wind
You lookin' you listen, and a lesson you will learn
Puffin' weed puffin' sherm as we flossin' we turn, we're bouncin'

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Well Chef Boyardee, is through cookin' ounces
Lyrical thesis side pieces sittin' crooked on my posses
It's a hot summer day, no time to play
Mix the serve with Alize now the business on its way
Of the strip, chrome blaze I'ma tip
Big o' mothership on a Southside flip
Let's rip, the streets, and then rip the sheets
In between I'ma be when I'm gone off them sweets
That's me, a kunda, keep it on the under
Body shake like thunder, I know your brain cells wonder
Why we rollin' and strollin', no more in I'm holdin'
Big paper I'm foldin', ain't a damn thang stolen
You're showin' your love, cause you know what it's made of
Rubber doves, full shrub, from the back and the tub
We can play parlay, cause this lesson will be learn
And Herschelwood Texas is still bouncin' and turnin'

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Our weather's a river, and weather's so late
No mistakes I ain't a fake, watch the front-end break
Trunk pop it don't stop, rollin' round make it hop
3-wheel and kill when you come out to shop
Cause the serve got my thirsty, niggas wanna verse me
Raise up I'm on buck, and the place eh Hersche'
We was lost, now we found, thanks to Jam Down
Watch the whole click clown representin' H-Town
Together foreva, we be swatchin' chit chat
Breakin' niggas hats same time going plat'

So whether haters hate I got my papers I'm earnin'
Fuck 'em all, we gone ball, while we flossin' and turnin',
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