

# 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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