

Memphis Bleek, Bounce Bitch

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Huh, huh
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Y'all ain't ready for this shit
Y'all ain't ready
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Let's go, yo

You ho's know I stay jig
ROC wear sweat suits
Type to pull up on your block
2G benz coupe and you know
I ain't even got to spit no game
I just show you the chain
Then I'm getting some brain
Hit it left, right, left
Like I'm bouncing with drama
Just light up a light
Put that glow on the arm
I let you sip Don
If the Cris' too strong
Once the bitch drunk
Then she showing that thong
As we proceed
Got her rolling the weed
Hydro eyes low on our way to the p's
Ya'll know I go I be nervy than deez
Niggas who scheme
Niggas who be trying to get Bleek
So you know I keep the heat
I be ready to creep
Nine low, bright though
Get a quick thirteen
Violate you'll see
You can die this week
Motherfucker I don't play
I get this cream, jigga

[1] - Bounce bitch
Let's get it poppin'
You fucking with this thug
Who love to go shopping
Love to cop jewels to light up my crew
So bitch act right
You could light up to, but
Bounce bitch
Let's get it poppin'
You fucking with this thug
Who know when they're watching
You know I aint frontin'
Show me something
Bitch, you act right
I might buy you you something

Ayo you know the wife
She the type you aint seen duke
She love a thug
When he dressed in them jean suits
Wifebeaters
With that ice that bling duke
She know the Memph
Get deep in her spleen duke
I keep her jig
Cause I send her through Nine West

Your bitch bad but I keep mine dressed nigga
Gucci shoes, Fendi bags and shit
Princess cut's bridgets all that classy shit
And you know next step
Now she giving me head
6a.m fuck it we could do it again
And I'm a Juvenile bitch
So back that ass up
You drink, I'ma Cognac your ass up
What's your life like
I'm about my ends so get your peeps, I got a couple of friends
And I'ma tear it up shit
Smoke an ounce and I'm gone
If the cat tight
Fuck it Memph leaving tomorrow

[Repeat 1]