

# Bounce It (feat. Trey Songz & Wale)

## Juicy J

Yeah, yeah  
We gon' stay trippy for life man  
Yeah, I'm 'bout to take your girl Bounce it, bounce it  
I'm about to throw a couple thousand  
Bounce it, bounce it  
I'm about to throw a couple thousand  
Ones, fives, tens, twenties  
Work your way up to the big face hundreds, just bounce  
Bounce it, bounce it  
I'm about to throw a couple thousand I love the way she slow dance  
She make me throw more bands  
Grabbing ass with both hands  
She in luv with the dope man  
She wanna be my main chick  
I was thinking different  
Clap that ass, light that blunt  
Baby, let's get ignant  
She strips for the G's, break cash lightly  
She got double Ds, and ain't shit free  
Came with my goon but I'm leaving with a diva  
With an ass like Serena and a face like Aaliyah Redbone in some red bottoms  
She ain't finished college, she a head doctor  
Bouncing ass while I'm getting high  
As propellers on a helicopter  
Let's do it again, me, you and your friend  
We don't even need a room, gimme head up in my Benz  
Where my double cup, time to pour it up Got a bitch so bad you can't afford to fuck  
Bounce it, bounce it  
I'm about to throw a couple thousand Bounce it, bounce it  
I'm about to throw a couple thousand  
Ones, fives, tens, twenties  
Work your way up to the big face hundreds, just bounce  
Bounce it, bounce it  
I'm about to throw a couple thousand  
Hands is on her you know what  
'Cause bands'll make her you know what  
And I can make a girl break fast  
My pants be on that too much lust And I'm bout whatever baby  
Take a photo, I'm looking good  
And these breezes are so beneath you  
Understand you're misunderstood Premium leather goods, we pay whatever for it  
All of these pussy niggas, only under influenced

Throw a block up then I back out, like that  
Roll a pack out, took a light hit, might nap  
Got a thick bitch with a trip stick I'ma smack  
And a bucket but we nothing but pack  
Bald-headed scallywag, real niggas salute me  
Catch me at that Memphis game, seats saved by Rudy  
Or Marc Gasol, or Selby do, that's plenty  
dough  
That's Juicy J, Folarin, got it then get me those  
Bounce it, bounce it  
I'm about to throw a couple thousand  
Bounce it, bounce it  
I'm about to throw a couple thousand  
Ones, fives, tens, twenties  
Work your way up to the big face hundreds, just bounce  
Bounce it, bounce it  
I'm about to throw a couple thousand  
Juicy be trippy and paid up like Diddy  
Toss up that cash and she show me her kitty  
Got some white girl and a white girl  
Do Montana line off of her titty  
Ain't tryna fuck, I just found a replacement  
Feelin' so global, I  
think I need agent  
Ratchet on deck and they know I'm gon' stunt  
I'm tryna get head while smoking a blunt  
Take her to my hotel, beat the pussy up  
I don't know her name, but I wanna fuck  
Along came Molly, then came Doobie  
Then codeine in a styrofoam cup  
See me in the club, bands pop, they poppin'  
Do it real good, might take you shoppin'  
All these racks can't fit in my pocket  
Keep that stack, hundred K in the stocking  
Then it's back to my room, she come out her dress  
Slob on my knob, think you know the rest  
I don't buy these broads Nike  
But I keep these girls in check  
Working for that money  
Bitch, you gon' have to break a sweat  
Bounce it sweat  
Bounce it, bounce it  
I'm about to throw a couple thousand  
Bounce it, bounce it  
I'm about to throw a couple thousand  
Ones, fives, tens, twenties  
Work your way up to the big face hundreds  
Bounce it, bounce it  
I'm about to throw a couple thousand  
I'm about to throw a couple thousand

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>