

Bounce (feat. Twista & Bun B)

Tony Touch

Don't ask me what's up with the hoes, I'm still working the kinks out
Love stinks, that explains all this anger that's spillin' out
And I ain't chilling out. Got an Oscar but I'm still a grouch
I use it as a doorstep and a prop for the broken leg for the couch
Yelawolf, Shady, Tony-Touch, Slaughterhouse
Yeah the SWAT team 'bout to break them flyswatters out
Go to hell in a drought, break ice waters out
Nice try shorty wop, we can windowshop the jewelry store
But Christ for that price coulda bought a house
Besides only thing I ever had iced out was my heart since I started out
It's F.Y.I, if ya ain't knowing
What, go with you? Where? Nah, ain't going
Oh wait, you wanna date? Oh, well in that case ho, it's June 8th, oh!
And kinda like Beethoven composin' a symphony of hate
So much hate woven into these raps
He stitches a bitch, straight sewin'
Shit, I'm beginning to hate clothing
I hate overalls cause they remind me of hoes
For Christ sake, they're shaped like an H woah and
You know what else starts with H though?
Hockey, shit, thought I had the place flowing
I hate to put you on ice but
You already had 3 periods in 60 minutes, great going
Plus you remind me of cocaine, ho
You always in the mirror with your face
So, I feel an urge to put you all in a line
And chop you with a razor blade, yo wait, I'm an a-hole
Devil with a halo
Hell yeah, I'd nail J-Lo... to the railroad
Say I won't! Better hope you can stay afloat
When I take the wind out your sailboat
But, I ain't playing yo! Dope as Shady?
Don't kid yourself, bitch you ain't even a baby goat

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