

# The Bounce (feat. Kanye West)

JAY-Z

Just point out the bounce, show me the bounce, yeah  
Just point out the bounce, yeah Timbo the King, yeah  
Young Hov' the King, yeah just point out the bounce  
Yes, just point out the bounce nigga ya, listen Rumor has it 'The Blueprint Classic'  
    Couldn't even be stopped by Bin Laden  
    So September 11th marks the era forever  
Of a revolutionary Jay Guevero Now it's a whole museum of Hov' Mcers  
    Everybody dupin' the flow you see 'em  
    Everybody loopin' up soul  
It's like you tryin' to make 'The Blueprint 2 before Hov' Shout out to Just Bleezy and Kan-Yeezy  
    See how we adjusted the game so easy  
    Chicks barely dancin', glancin' every chance they get  
    Like oh shit, he's so handsome  
    Still in demand in the longest run standin'  
    Kidnap rap seven years, no ransom  
    Can't one nigga get it back no rap  
Young Hov's goin' to Canton, I'm now eligible Point out the bounce  
    And show you how to get this dough in  
Large amounts till it's hard to count Point out the bounce  
    I turn a 8 to an ounce  
    To a whole ki to the R.O.C Point out the bounce  
    Timbo the King nigga  
    Uhh, yeah, uhh Point out the bounce  
    Yeah, Young Hov' the King nigga  
    Uhh, I got y'all  
    For those that think Hov' fingers bling blingin'  
    Even haven't heard the album or they don't know English  
    They only know what the single is and singled that out  
To be the meanin' of what he is about And bein' I'm about my business, not minglin' much  
    Runnin' my mouth that shit kept lingerin'  
    But no dummy that's the shit I'm sprinklin'  
The album width to keep the registers ringin' In real life, I'm much more distinguished  
    I'm like a bloke from London, England  
    Yeah, you jinglin' baby  
See I go right back and I bring 'em in baby Business mind of a Ross Perot  
    But never lost my soul  
    Crossed the line  
I bought pop across the row Then I walk through the hood, where they up to no good  
    Slangin' them O's like a real  
    O.G should oh, he's good, no he would  
    Never sell out he's so young Point out the bounce  
    And show you how to get this dough in

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Timbo the King nigga  
Uhh, yeah, uhh  
Point out the bounce  
Yeah, Young Hov' the King nigga  
Uhh, yeah, yeah  
Magazines call me a rock star, girls call me cock star  
Billboard, pop star, neighborhood block star  
Chi-Town go-gettin' pimps, we mobsters  
Gingerbread man even said, "You're a monster"  
Yeah, that's how I feel  
To be down, you must appeal  
To the crew, we're rated R  
O.C, O.G, Bobby Johnson's son  
Ask me, "Rey-Rey, is that yo' car?"  
I seen MTV I know who you are  
You did takeover did you got beef with Nas?"  
I did take over the game, brought back the soul  
I got tracks to go, got plaques that's gold  
Platinum to go, yeah that's the flow  
All I, know, I got's the flow  
And I don't play 'coz I'm from Chicago  
And show you how to get this dough in  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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