

Jay-Z, The Bounce

Uhh, just point out the bounce
Uh-huh, 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
Yo, listen

[Jay-Z]

Rumor has it "The Blueprint" classic
Couldn't even be stopped by Bin Laden
So September 11th marks the era forever
of a revolutionary Che Gueverra
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

[Chorus]

Point out the bounce - and show you how to get this dough in
large amounts 'til 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 - jeah, Young Hov' the king nigga

Uhh, I got y'all..

[Jay-Z]

For those that think Hov' fingers bling bling'n
Either 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 meaning 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
Jeah, 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

[Chorus]

[Kanye West]

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 son
Ask me, "Rey-Rey, is that yo' car?"
I seen MTV, I know who you are
You did "Takeover," do you got beef with Nas?
I did take over the game, brought back the soul
Got tracks to go, got plaques that's gold
Platinum to go, yeah that's the flow
All I, know, I gots the flow
And I don't play cause I'm from Chicago

[Chorus]

Point out the bounce [repeat 5X]