

# Juicy J, Bounce It

Intro: Juicy J]

Yeah... yeah, we gon' stay trippy for life, mane

Yeah... I'm 'bout to take yo' girl (bounce it)

Check it...

[Hook: Trey Songz] + (Juicy J)

Bounce it (bounce it), bounce it (bounce it)

I'm about to throw a couple thousand (bounce it)

Bounce it (bounce it), bounce it (bounce it)

I'm about to throw a couple thousand

(Ones, fives, tens, twenties)

(Work your way up to them big face hundreds - just bounce it)

Bounce it (bounce it), bounce it (bounce it)

I'm about to throw a couple thousand

[Verse 1: Juicy J]

Yessir...

I love the way she slow dance, she make me throw more bands

Grabbin' ass with both hands, she in love with the dope man

She wanna be my main chick, I was thinking different (different)

Clap that ass, light our blunt, baby, let's get ig'nant (ig'nant)

She's strips for the Gs, rake cash like leaves, she got double Ds, and ain't shit free

Came with my goons 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, give me 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

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Wale]

Wale though, le'go...

Hands is on her you know what, 'cause bandz a 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 breezies 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 tatted

Bald-headed scallywags, 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

Ralph!

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Juicy J]

Turn up...

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 asian

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

[Hook]

[Outro: Trey Songz]

...I'm about to throw a couple thousand  
...I'm about to throw a couple thousand