

# Bounce

## Flatbush Zombies

YSL pants with the zippers, yikes  
Met her this evenin' already hit it, twice  
Tag on your soul everybody got a price  
Acid, Acid change your life...???  
I'm faded like???

She call Meechy over, I slide in that coochie  
Nosedive in that coochie  
My dick is big, it should be wearin' a Coogie  
Imma need some friends  
Tied down, my lifestyle  
Even bleached the pants  
Next week Japan???

Flatbush, Brooklyn, from the County of Kings, ah  
Run up on me like I'm some hippie, nigga???

Ooh, damn, that punchline delivers  
Hold up wait a minute, moment of silence  
Hm, Fuck it  
Let's get back to wylin'

Blood on your Timbs, Shoot Shoot??????

Ambidextrous, I shoot with two hands  
Even got blood on your friends  
I think I just flooded the Benz  
Damn it, baby, Meechy's at it again  
M-M-Murder, murder, murder  
Capital M with two gats in my hand

Everyday a nigga wake up got to blaze a little chronic  
Thank the universe, I'm blessing, new day a new dollar  
Middle finger to my niggas and my bitches two times  
Representing for my niggas in the hood it's no ceiling  
Sellin', trappin' like a villain, cold  
Should've made a killing, go  
Finger played with it, yo  
Nigga stay with it  
Hate a nigga, fade a???

Dum diddy dumb  
I, I, I, I, I high like the sun  
Fetch a frequency, this ain't shit to me  
She said she got a friend, then let my nigga beat  
Meech, Roll em, Bust em, cannons, wooh  
Spliff long looking like a Manson  
I'm on acid feeling like the Gamptons  
She feeling freaky beat the pussy like a champion

Young nigga but I'm still O.G  
Supreme team like 1993  
Triple 6 on my coffin, I dance with the devil  
Came back with a vengeance, Christ off the hinges  
I'm nice with this picket, twice as much vicious  
Psych-active, I'm on a mission  
Electric Kool-aide, Make your decision  
You want it, I get you  
These niggas ain't right, they can't write they own shit  
But they smile in your face, and they claim they the shit  
But to me a disgrace  
Trying to keep stuff in hand like you running a race  
Got an ounce to burn, got a trip to make  
Free my niggas lawd, made it right today  
Got an ounce to burn, got a trip to make  
Not a thug but niggas know how I keep mine  
Call her up or quick to throw up the peace sign  
Girl, that pussy let me hit it  
Girl, I got to get it  
Saying she got a feeling, she let a young nigga hit it  
Back and forth cause we smoke them seven grams  
Billboard shit I don't expect you to understand  
My performance, dreams at 14  
Now I hear them calling???  
Won't slip away this is serious business  
Voided in mischief while spending these Benjamins  
Open the potential pussy to me  
Brought to you by the ungrateful police  
Conscious keep telling me, beautiful melody  
Will exhibit if I trip on the L.S.D  
Nah,??? for money and dro  
Some people think I spend money, for sure  
Spend us your money  
Flip like a Rolex  
Components will kill my opponents  
I sit on my throne, it's enormous  
Composed with the???  
My karma is good, dog, and y'all need supportin'  
My bitch is so gorgeous, I cannot afford  
Juice spend time with her when chasin' these whores  
Money, keep countin'  
She strip like??? Mountains  
My passport is packed  
How I travel, astoundin' (Yeah)  
Thug Waffle did that  
Now we comin' back for the killer contract  
Pull up on your pampers  
Three man army  
Don't talkin' to me less you talkin' bout a profit

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

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