

Bounce

Timbaland, Missy Elliott & Justin Timberlake

Huh... bounce... ooh I like you... bounce...C'mere girl, c'mere girl, c'mere girl, bounce
C'mere girl, c'mere girl, c'mere girl, bounce
C'mere girl, c'mere girl, c'mere girl, bounce
C'mere girl, c'mere girl, let me talk to youLet me see them big titties, don't act saddity you ain't
pretty
Break bread if you wanna get wit' me, all I wanna do is dig off in them kidneys
Tell ya boyfriend he better mind his business, 'fore he end up in the trunk of my Bentley
I am still a boss, he can't hit me, he ain't got enough paper to deal wit' me
Baby girl wanna two step wit' me, turn around rub ya ass up against me
Whoa, lil' mama done got tipsy, and then tonight, tomorrow you're history
All you haters wit' that hoe sh*t miss me, I stay strapped security don't frisk me
Set it off 'til this muthafu*ka empty, I turn around do the same sh*t next week
Come on
Bounce (like yo' ass had the hiccups)
Bounce (like we was ridin' in my pick-up)
Bounce (why you lookin' so sad? baby girl you need to cheer up)
Bounce (I got the remedy, it's you on me and me on you
And you on me and me on you and you on her
Then her on me and her on you and y'all on me
Then me on y'all and y'all on me
Menage a trois, menage a tr-uh-uh)OOH! There she go, just what the Doc's been lookin' fo'
She just what I need, black and Chinese like Sum Yung Ho
I got a bungalow, we can disappear for a week or so (yeah)
I got a steady young flow, super bowl wit' it like I'm Dungy yo (oh)
Yes, congratulations, you won a millionaire invitation
Sorry I'm so demandin', but save the dancin', for back at the mansion and
Ain't, this money handsome? Ain't, that a panty anthem?
I kill me, just like you, from the back you'll see
Bounce (like yo' ass had the hiccups)
Bounce (like we was ridin' in my pick-up)
Bounce (why you lookin' so sad? baby girl you need to cheer up)
Bounce (I got the remedy, it's you on me and me on you
And you on me and me on you and you on her
Then her on me and her on you and y'all on me
Then me on y'all and y'all on me
Menage a trois, menage a tr-uh-uh)Hold up! Hell naw! Like Britney Spears I wear no draws
In the club I drink it up, gulp gulp drink it up
Got Patron sippin' in my cup, that's ya man I bet I can make him look
When he see the jugs he wanna rush and get a quick touch of the big ol' butt
Mmhmm big ol' butt, thick legs, big ol' jugs, legs stick like rims on the truck
Take him to the crib, yep, we gon' fu*k, you can call me a freak I like to get buck
I don't have to do much to make you get it up

Some young hoe she worth two dollars, I'm worth more dollars that make a beauty parlors
I pop collars, c-c-c-collars, I don't buy shots I only buy the bottles
Only rich girls, we only buy the bottles
And like a porn star I'm best when I swallow Bounce (like yo' ass had the hiccups)
Bounce (like we was ridin' in my pick-up)
Bounce (why you lookin' so sad? baby girl you need to cheer up)
Bounce (I got the remedy, it's you on me and me on you
And you on me and me on you and you on her
Then her on me and her on you and y'all on me
Then me on y'all and y'all on me
Menage a trois, menage a tr-uh-uh)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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