

Still More Bounce

B-Real

(feat. Dirty Ray, Kam, Ras Kass, Spice 1, Tash)

Rest in peace, Roger
Bounce, more bounce, more bounce (We live this shit)
Bounce, more bounce, more bounce (W-we live this shit)
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Bounce, more bounce, more bounce (W-w-w-we live this shit)
Bounce, more bounce

Yeah yeah, more bounce to the ounce, so keep fuck a ounce, nigga
It's Still More Bounce to the ounce, keep fuck a ounce, heh
Still More Bounce, we wanna keep fuck a ounce tho
Yeah, Battlecat, nigga Dirty Ray listen

I'm like Terminator 2 askin where Sarah Connor is
Two side bustas kick rocks like narcotics anonymous
Ever since the top (ever since the top)
I remember dudes in Karate shoes Pop Lockin to Roger
Now it's 2000, a new world order
The birth of G-Funk, Roger created the vocoder
So haters slide to the side, let the riders ride
[Singin] Ooh ooh ooh, now I own mine (muthafucka)

It's the track slayer, on your CD player
The Budda King, blunt smokin the weed wayer
Ridin from the EastSide of LA, who what?
You holdin my nuts, like a hice cup runnin up
Keep yo mouth shut cos you talk too much
You cant fold, what the hell, you need the glocks too much (bitch!)
Rather the way bitches betta get heavy
When I hit the corner all you see is the light from the Chevy

Chevy, yo, zzp-zzp!
Now can I bang bang? (bang bang) picture Roger & Zapp
A dominatrac cat, on Purple Haze and Conynac
Dirty Ray, fo fo fo microphones
Wolfpac shakin ya Time Zone and fadin ya home
(Gimme a dome) - Twenty inches hit the scene
Smoke screen, open the do, big gold chain gleam
We get low down and dirty fo that Triban Family
2002, Roger R-I-P, come on

We pop these collars, what we bout
Lets have all y'all falla, what we bout
Smoke up ya whole ounce, then we bounce
Roger Zapp Battlecat, this is Still More Bounce
Jus bounce to this, jus bounce (Ah hah)
Jus bounce to this, jus bounce (Yeah yeah)
Jus bounce to this, jus bounce (Come on)
Jus bounce to this, jus bounce (Uh)

Uh check, uh uh uh
Watch out sucker, matter of fact duck (fuck fuck fuck)
Out the window of my Cadillac Truck, and whats up?
We rollin paper plates, homies movin crates of tapes
While y'all wearin captains savin no crapes on daytons
I am one of the greats, know you might be hurt

Baby aint nobody retire'n in my White T-Shirt
As long as fools still feel, and trust I'm real
Ima keep bustin big rhymes dimes nuts and steel
(I aint that type of brother that Cs can walk wit)
Man I aint politically correct, Ima talk shit
About these mucic industry characters, cos there aint no debate'n
These record company people be hatin, females be degratin their selves
Thinkin the desk gon last
Thats why I'm quick to put these chickens on blast
Tryna tell me "I'm so and so, I'm this, I'm that"
But they all jus wick-weak-wacks

Say what? uh say what? uh yo uh
If this was '87 when bangin was at its peak
This song woulda had em closin clubs every week
Cos we speak the really real, speak how we really feel
Come work for me have ya niggas stealin wheels
Daytons, BGs, what ever rims housin
I need sum 19s fo my Benz 2000
Work wit me homeboy, it's all luv
I told you 19s, you came back wit dubs
When push come to shove, Tash knocks em out the box
You might hear me at a club or on a boom-box in Watts
Jus swangin, raps over beats that hump
Thats why a nigga like CaTash get it crunk from jump
I Slam-Dunk the funk like a Alley-Loop to Shaq
Y'all fools so wack ya prolly cant rap to Zapp
So slap yo'self, this is Wolfpac Records
Rest In Peace Roger, your music was respected

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