Bounce

Cuban Doll

It's time to make the broke boys bounce
Why you standing here if you ain't fuckin with the count?
Aye, It's time to make the broke boys bounce
Why you standing here if you ain't fuckin with the count
Now bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce

First things first
Ya nigga on my skirt
If I don't give him back, a couple bitches gon be hurt
I just make it work
Count them hundreds first
Only money talk, homie I ain't come to flirt (aye)
Balenciaga stepping, this is not an effort
I can get some bands outta goofy
I ain't gotta fuck em
I see these hoes doing bad, I ain't gotta press em
World cold I wouldn't know in my designer sweater
Got some Gucci on these hoes, yea that snake holla
From a mile away I could spot a fake dolla
Them lil dusty ass hoes no we don't follow
I got bitches watching me a whole role model
Barely in the club and it's gold bottles
Young bitch ballin, shoulda been a fuckin balla
All this Fendi, Chanel, and that old Prada
Got us slaying one time make these hoes holla
These broke bitches in the club like 'bro got us'
Came out with a pocketbook and no dollas
Not the squad we get bands on the regular
Got my bitches in the club we'll 'fuck it up'
Fuck it up, Fuck it up, gimmie my check and stuff
Young bitch ballin, now turnin my music up

Young bitch poppin, money in my pocket
Pull up to the bank, I'm bout to make a new deposit
Ballin ain't no option, bitches barely got it
Walk up in the party get it poppin like hydraulics
Now bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce
Young bitch poppin, money in my pocket
Pull up to the bank, I'm bout to make a new deposit
Ballin ain't no option, bitches barely got it
Walk up in the party get it poppin like hydraulics
Now bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce

Man you bitches knew what the fuck it was
Imma keep talking my shit and you ain't gon shut me up bitch
Yea, Cuban Doll, Cuban Savage
Whatever the fuck you wanna call me
You know who this is

I see these hoes hatin, through my Louis shades
I could cut your life short, this is not a game
I see what bitches doing for some clout and fame
If you ain't fuck with me before then don't shout my name
Run up on me bitch, better be an autograph

Got my dad attitude, don't you make his daughter mad
223s, yea they all [?] you see all of them
Once you get to coming at your purse
Bitches falling back
Bitches call em wack, that's a fact, I need all my racks
Got my hair flowing to the back, bitch I see your tracks
Brace yourself, little girl you can't fuck with me
I know i'm pretty, but in a minute it get ugly
Now run my money all hundreds, ain't no ducking me
Boss bitch, I don't tolerate no fuckery

Young bitch poppin, money in my pocket
Pull up to the bank, I'm bout to make a new deposit
Ballin ain't no option, bitches barely got it
Walk up in the party get it poppin like hydraulics
Now bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce
Young bitch poppin, money in my pocket
Pull up to the bank, I'm bout to make a new deposit
Ballin ain't no option, bitches barely got it
Walk up in the party get it poppin like hydraulics
Now bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce

Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!