

Bounce

grouptherapy.

I'm a rust, no floss
Stay strapped in
Tighter than a sprint sports bra
Turn you to some slauce
Skins is in the animal mo' country than Tim McGraw
Somehow still got the Range Rover car-ess
Head on straight, prolly coulda passed the bar-ess
Better than whoever you bet was gettin' farest
Started from the bottom, stealing cookies out the jar-ess
Now she gettin' older, supernova, she a star-ess
Bitch
Someone call Wade for the sitch
Kim got braids in this bitch, no shade in this bitch
But most niggas can't say shit to a bitch like me
3-2-3, zip
Head, shoulders, knees, drip
THC, my tea sip
You ain't' even in

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To it, wit it, get it
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I'm saucy, guess the ingredients
Lookin', this incredible
For me, simple, it's breathin' this
Said he can't believe it, I said "seein' is believin'"
But you really missed your window
Bitch, it's too late if you readin' this
More life to ya
I got too many messages, I'll get right to ya
Bitch barkin', no bite to ya
I could never sugarcoat, cap, or lie to ya
My criteria, much higher
Much like my range, Mariah
Call Carey, referee, umpire
Empire, no Cookie, all fire
No Omarosa, I'm hot as a fuckin' toaster
I want a Bugatti poster, y'all gotta go by the poster
I pull up, pose, click, dip
When the check hit, I'm lit but it better not

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