Uhh, just point out the bounce
Uh-huh, show me the bounce, yeah
Just point out the bounce, yeah
Timbo the king, yeah
Young Hov' the king, yeah
Just point out the bounce..
Yes, just point out the bounce nigga
Yo, listen

[Jay-Z]

Rumor has it "The Blueprint" classic Couldn't even be stopped by Bin Laden So September 11th marks the era forever of a revolutionary Che Gueverra Now it's a whole museum of, Hov' MCers Everybody dupin the flow, you see 'em Everybody loopin up soul It's like you tryin to make "The Blueprint 2" before Hov' Shout out to Just Bleezy and, Kan-yeezy See how we adjusted the game so easy Chicks barely dancin, glancin every chance they get Like - oh shit, he's so handsome Still in demand in the longest run standin Kidnap rap seven years, no ransom Can't one nigga get it back no rap Young Hov's goin to Canton, I'm now eligible

[Chorus]

Point out the bounce - and show you how to get this dough in large amounts 'til it's hard to count

Point out the bounce - I turn a 8 to an ounce
to a whole ki to the R.O.C.

Point out the bounce - Timbo the king nigga

Uhh, yeah, uhh

Point out the bounce - jeah, Young Hov' the king nigga

Uhh, I got y'all..

[Jav-Z]

For those that think Hov' fingers bling bling'n Either haven't heard the album or they don't know english They only know what the single is, and singled that out to be the meaning of what he is about And bein I'm about my business, not minglin much runnin my mouth, that shit kept lingerin But no dummy, that's the shit I'm sprinklin The album width to keep the registers ringin In real life, I'm much more distinguished I'm like a bloke from London, England Jeah, you jinglin baby See I go right back and I bring 'em in baby Business mind of a Ross Perot, but never lost my soul Crossed the line, I bought pop across the row Then I walk through the hood, where they up to no good Slangin them O's like a real O.G. should Oh, he's good, no he would never sell out he's so young

[Chorus]

[Kanye West] Magazines call me a rock star, girls call me cock star Billboard, pop star, neighborhood block star Chi-Town go-gettin pimps, we mobsters Gingerbread Man even said, "You're a monster!" Yeah, that's how I feel To be down, you must appeal To the crew, we're rated R O.C., O.G., Bobby Johnson son Ask me, "Rey-Rey, is that yo' car?" I seen MTV, I know who you are You did "Takeover," do you got beef with Nas? I did take over the game, brought back the soul Got tracks to go, got plaques that's gold Platinum to go, yeah that's the flow All I, know, I gots the flow And I don't play cause I'm from Chicago

[Chorus]

Point out the bounce [repeat 5x]