

# Bounce That

Yo Gotti

(Denaro Love)  
(Pigott, bend that ass over and make that ass run)  
(Load me up, IV)  
Ayy (Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up), look  
Bitch, I got a pocket full of hundreds, I don't do cards (Do cards)  
Yard full of foreigners, we don't rent cars (Skrrt-skrrt)  
Ass lookin' fat, she been to DR (Yayo)  
(BlaqNMild, you a genius, you diggin' me?) (Let's go)

Bounce that shit, now roll with it (Roll)  
Bounce that shit, touch your toes with it (Come on)  
Shake that shit, girl, you're cold with it (Cold)  
Bounce that shit, touch the pole with it (Let's go)  
Take your time with it, take your time with it  
Girl, you're fine with it, use your mind with it  
Take your time with it, take your time with it  
Girl, you're fine with it, use your mind with it

I ain't givin' the bitch one dollar (Dollar)  
Hit her from the back, make her holler (Oh)  
I don't want the bitch if she model  
I don't want the bitch if she don't swallow  
Told her everything Gucci, but I'm Prada  
All on her page, but I don't follow her (Likes)  
DM that bitch, fuck tomorrow (Flights)  
Pussy good, she gon' be a problem (Sike)  
I got the bag and the dope dick (Yup)  
She got a tongue ring and the glowstick  
Bounce that shit, make it drip (Drip)  
Make a nigga send that ho a check for a trip  
You want Chanel? Oh, well  
You want lobster? (Lobster) I want the tail  
Is you gon' write a nigga if I go to jail?  
Is you gon' fight a bitch about a nigga? Yeah (Let's go)

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I took your baby mama to Bahamas (Come on)  
Fucked her once and told her, "Lose the number" (Get you outta here)  
You ain't Nobu type, you Benihanas (Bitch, you fried rice)  
You don't get a Benz, you get a Honda  
Your ex wasn't gettin' the pack, he was a runner  
Bitch, since I was sixteen, I had the top dropped every summer  
Yeah, I had a hundred and my mama  
Nigga bought a brick and I might front him one  
My homie down bad, you know I throw him somethin'  
Niggas disrespectin' me, you know I done him somethin'  
She's like, "Gotti, you drip hard", I said, "That's Gunna's song"  
Bitch, I've been a millionaire since twenty-one  
Savage (Savage), whole hood ratchet (Ratchet)

First hundred thou' under my grandmama mattress (Reach your hands, nigga)  
I swear to God, no cappin', ask my auntie'nem (No cap)  
They only dated dope boys, why I'm one of them (I am)  
My role models gangstas, guess it's safe to say  
I ain't knockin' tricks, but I ain't the one to pay  
Safe sex, no checks, that's my practice  
Bitch, I'm in a whole 'nother bracket (Yup)

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Girl, you're fine with it, use your mind with it (Let's go)

(Uh-oh, uh-oh)  
(Pigott, bend that ass over and make that ass run)  
Bounce that, bounce that, bounce-bounce that shit (Ayy)  
B-b-b-bounce that, bounce that, bounce-bounce that shit (Come on)  
B-b-b-bounce, b-b-bounce, b-b-bounce  
B-b-b-b-b-b-bounce that, bounce that, bounce-bounce that shit (Let's go)  
B-b-b-bounce it, bounce it, bounce it, b-b-bounce it  
Bounce it, bounce it, b-b-bounce it, b-b-bounce it  
B-b-bounce it, bounce it, bounce it, bounce  
Bounce it, bounce it, bounce it, b-b-bounce it  
Bounce it, bounce it, b-b-bounce it, b-b-bounce it  
Bounce it, bounce it, bounce it, bounce (Let's go)