

# Bounce To This

RBL Posse

Well, here's a little dose  
From the half of the group you like the most  
Straight from the Frisco City, West Coast  
With somethin up my sleeve  
It's just my pep talk about these niggas who be trippin  
About these niggas who be trippin about these niggas, oh my God, they done failed  
Each one of them's some victims with some jaws that got swelled  
With a hard blow from the steel-toed boots  
Cause mama always said, "Boy, put them feet to use"  
And don't get mad cause we won't flip-flop  
Cause RBL's just like a truck with no brakes, punk, it don't stop  
Like Tony the Tiger you know our shit is like great  
Cause we ain't comin corny like some of you Frosted Flakes

So meenie-meenie-meenie-moe  
Should a nigga pick a hoe?  
I think I squat to the house for the gat, I bring us back some indo  
Pretend tho, if you wanna, I think I'm gonna  
Step to the back and bust a cap  
And watch yo 'real-ass' niggas scat  
See, it be on on my block  
We poppin a cop with a glock  
Even them young niggas givin shots  
We gives a fuck about a copper, gettin our propers  
By burnin cops like ???? chopper  
So ah - you can smoke an ounce to this (biatch)  
While my niggas on the run smoke a stog and all bounce to this

We go front, back, side to side  
"While you muthafuckas bounce to this" (Snoop Doggy Doggy)

So knick-knack-patty-wack, give a bitch a crack sack  
And a fat smack with the muthafuckin nut sack  
And bust back in a battle  
I'm like a rattle snake, I don't fake  
Bust one cap out the eight in my gun  
Run, you get stunned, I'm shootin for fun  
I'm like a warrant havin niggas on the run  
It's the B-l-a to the c to the k  
A nigga from that there city by the Bay  
A nigga who gets his mug on and mack on, but anyway  
On any day we can get em up or shoot em up  
Havin that ass bounce three times while my nigga's schoolin ya

It's like 3 and to the 2 and 2 and to the 1 with a bang  
It was 'a lesson to be learned,' but that's a known thang  
But niggas still ain't learned they lesson  
So we continue to make hits while you suckers keep guessin  
Our style, our muthafuckin flavor  
But don't you even trip if you can't cater  
To the needs of party people, makin em movin, gettin em groovin  
But 2 niggas in Frisco hats and Nike shoes can  
And no one told me but I know I'm goin major  
Cause all these punk hoes that's for callin on my pager  
But I just sit back and chop my beats like a ounce  
And make yo trunk like a trampoline and watch my song bounce

Yeah, it's '94 and I'm back on the spot  
72 class 455 block  
Straight mashin down the windows up, full of contact  
Me and my niggas just got through burnin a twamp sack  
I'm rollin around high as fuck gurpin off some right  
I hit the liquor store to get a 40 of St. Ides  
Forty ounces, I bounce back to the Hella took already and a nigga fit to be  
mo' off  
I hit a cut and parked in some shade  
Seen my nigga Baldhead walkin down the street, he said, "I got a fade"  
He jumped in with fo' sacks of indo  
He twisted up the dank as I hit the 4-0  
He said, "Let's ride and get up out the View  
Because in the View really ain't nothin to do"  
Off to the O, see some hoes before we hit the freeway  
5 deep in a 5 Ac, see where we stay  
I said, "Baby, I'm from the Lunatic village  
In Frisco where the gold thangs keep spinnin"  
You got niggas from Fillmore and Hunters Point  
Who quick to smoke that ass just like a joint  
But niggas ain't set-trippin, just keep on dippin  
Stand away from player-haters who save bitches  
Cause niggas where I come from don't save hoes  
If you ain't givin no ass up, well, bounce yo ass on  
Biatch