

# Bounce (feat. Twista & Bun B)

## Tony Touch

Don't ask me what's up with the hoes, I'm still working the kinks out  
Love stinks, that explains all this anger that's spillin' out  
And I ain't chilling out. Got an Oscar but I'm still a grouch  
I use it as a doorstop and a prop for the broken leg for the couch  
Yelawolf, Shady, Tony-Touch, Slaughterhouse  
Yeah the SWAT team 'bout to break them flyswatters out  
Go to hell in a drought, break ice waters out  
Nice try shorty wop, we can windowshop the jewelry store  
But Christ for that price coulda bought a house  
Besides only thing I ever had iced out was my heart since I started out  
It's F.Y.I, if ya ain't knowing  
What, go with you? Where? Nah, ain't going  
Oh wait, you wanna date? Oh, well in that case ho, it's June 8th, oh!  
And kinda like Beethoven composin' a symphony of hate  
So much hate woven into these raps  
He stitches a bitch, straight sewin'  
Shit, I'm beginning to hate clothing  
I hate overalls cause they remind me of hoes  
For Christ sake, they're shaped like an H woah and  
You know what else starts with H though?  
Hockey, shit, thought I had the place flowing  
I hate to put you on ice but  
You already had 3 periods in 60 minutes, great going  
Plus you remind me of cocaine, ho  
You always in the mirror with your face  
So, I feel an urge to put you all in a line  
And chop you with a razor blade, yo wait, I'm an a-hole  
Devil with a halo  
Hell yeah, I'd nail J-Lo... to the railroad  
Say I won't! Better hope you can stay afloat  
When I take the wind out your sailboat  
But, I ain't playing yo! Dope as Shady?  
Don't kid yourself, bitch you ain't even a baby goat

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>