# Outkast (feat. Ty Dolla $ign)

## Belly

Gain the world or lose it all
Gain it back again
Bounce backBounce that, bounce that, bounce that, bounce that, bounce that, bounce back
Bitch I run the whole check up then I bounce back
My lil' baby like to get on top and bounce it
Run it back up on that ass when she bounce it
You know I brought a whole pound
Bitch I'm the man in my town
Bitch I spent that whole check and then I bounce back
I run this back up on that ass
All we had was thorns in the rose garden
No calm before the storm warning
Cold mornings made us cold hearted
My dawg could whip a fuckin' brick on a George Foreman
The shit that drives me would drive you crazy don't try to save me
Rock fly Versace and drive Mercedes the modern '80s
I'm kinda crazy, paranoid my driver shady
I'm at the lowest and my highest lately
I was dodgin' evictions
Couldn't afford my addictions
With my father in prison
Family poverty stricken
Felt like we all got convicted
No one bothered to visit
Livin' in awful conditions
Still put my dawgs in position, like woah woah
We worship money like this shit was religion but no no
'Cause once I got it felt like something was missin' my whole soul
Three stacks for a loud pack
No bad for a outkast
Pulled up in that big boy
Never thought I would bounce back
Bounce that, bounce that, bounce that, bounce that, bounce that, bounce back
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My lil' baby like to get on top and bounce it
Run it back up on that ass when she bounce it
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Bitch I'm the man in my town
Bitch I spent that whole check and then I bounce back
I run this back up on that assMy bitch pull up like Joan of Arc, the coldest heart
Belly Bonaparte my dawgs'll pick your fuckin' bones apart
To ride this wave you need Noah's Ark and his golden heart

Wait, I bear the holy mark although my soul is dark
A sleepless night for every promise I would never keep
Ten thousand on sheets although I never sleep
I'm havin' day dreams of eatin' you out
My face is the best fuckin' seat in the house
Wait, no sympathy we take it religiously
I took your bitch to Tiffany she had an epiphany
Trips to Tripoli don't trip we do this shit differently
The sound of victory, I almost drowned in the symphony
Now tell these fuckin' house rats, me I got the mouse trap
Load and cock it back and tell 'em all to meet me out back
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Bitch I spent that whole check then I bounce back
I run this back up on that ass

Lyrics provided by https://www.songarea.com/