Rock the Body

Queen Pen & Tracey Lee

The password is party.T. Lee:
Ha, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
For the 98 this is how we do
Queen Pen ya'll, T. Lee ya'll
Rock on ya'll, D-Dot ya'll
Come On
Chorus:
Queen Pen:
For all the honeys in the ghetto that's holdin their own (rock the body)
T. Lee:
For all my puffed out dogs in the club thugged out (rock the body)
Queen Pen:
And if ya know that it's a fact that we got your back (rock the body)
T. Lee:
Ain't no doubt Queen and Tray Lee turn it out (rock the body)Tracey Lee:
Lyrically I spray ya'll it's Tray ya'll
Slay ya'll niggas it ain't hard to face me
Break ya'll niggas like A.C.
Stay armed in case these cats want to hate on me
Kill or be killed I'm God sent
My callin' make shit bounce like Spaulding
Ya'll know cuevo make Tray flow en fuego
Its T. Lee spittin' and I'm down with the Queen
Queen Pen:
Radio play just really advances my chances
With big time niggas holdin legal finances
Ghetto star just about the whole of my life
Got eyes in the back of my head like mice
With ya chat bad boy, I lived it
I figure you just wake up in the morning
And blame it on a nigga
You's the type of nigga
I leave standin' at the bar
Have your thirsty ass waitin for my car tomorrow
It's them lame chicks that fuck it up for us
Runnin around the club bein a bag of darts
A bonafide child not like years in diss
Holdin down fort real Brooklyn shit
Weed rolled in fry talon dreads swa rich

Ain't nothin changed since '86
We stopped transportin' start makin hits
Ghetto from the start Queen representChorusQueen Pen:
Niggas talk shit on the regular
And those be the ones that sweatin ya'll
Wether east or west D servin ya'll
Tray Lee and the Queen Pen murderer
If it's not real boo, why bother
Tell me why window shop with bags of copper
Jack yo ass up like my baby father
Jack yo ass up like my baby fatherTracey Lee:
When Tray Lee come through it's party time
But a party ain't a party till you spark a dime
Ya'll can hate but I'm still gonna make ass shake
Still got the steel by the waist runnin through ya'll
Me and Queen Pen find us at the bar schemin
I still owe dough
So who I gotta get to break even
RNF niggas who live for the weekend
Stil drinkin, hey! stil leavin the club with hoes
They seen us on Keenan
You dealin with pros, Goddamn
Future of the game turnin cats into "what happen to's"
Like Brains, Tray ain't change
Still spit on, still ride everything that I get on
Still be in the club with Tims on
Raw dog forever
I got somethin for all ya'll
Whatever!ChorusT. Lee:
Hey! Well alright, uh-huh
It don't stop ya'll, B-rock y'all
From Brooklyn to Philly
It's Queen Pen and T. LeeChorusRock the body rock, rock the body rock...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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