

# Body Rock

## Chamillionaire

Hol' Up  
Chamillitary mayne  
All pussy niggaz make your way  
To the exit right now  
It's finna' go downHow you up on the East and West and you ain't heard about me  
That's like claimin' you a boxer and ain't heard of Ali  
Breakin' off pussy niggaz saying words about me  
Definition of a real nigga is a certified meI'm passin' through customs with American I.D.  
Puerto Rican at the gate tellin' me, "Hurry Papi"  
Southwestern Airlines with the burner, I'll be  
Lettin' one off in the air, the other sure to fly freeIf you hatin', tough nigga, turn that dude to a stuttera  
Govern like I'm a Governor, from the South, I'm a Southerna  
I'm never lovin' her, I just put rubber gloves in her  
And I go get another hoe when her lover discovers herYou niggaz know you in trouble  
I'm more trouble if you don't know what the hell you in trouble for  
But please, please, don't make the punisher punish ya  
If you gotta girl, then don't get a beat down because of herYo metal, metal, hit yo head with the barrel  
Make yo head cave in, have yo head lookin' narrow  
Then I head to the ghetto, to get rid of my metal  
Vehicle changin' orange, to the red, to the yellowOne Chamillionaire, one of the south's harders lyricist  
Now you pussy's hearin' this, salute the color changin' pyramid  
Other boys is trouble, other boys is gimmicks kid  
If you speak up for 'em, then yo career disappear with hisSouthern niggaz don't dance  
We be saggin' our pants  
So low you could see our boxers mayne  
We body rock, we body rock  
(What else?)  
We body rock, we body rock  
(Fa' sho')Southern niggaz don't dance  
We be saggin' our pants  
So low you could see our boxers mayne  
We body rock, we body rock  
(What else?)  
We body rock, body rock, body rock  
Mayne!Only imagine how close, all the diamonds in the jewel sit  
Invisable set, canary yellow as a tulip  
I could spit some calm words to you through my two lips  
Or I could have them hollow tips, poppin' out them two clipsYou pick, don't run up on me with your tool slick  
I be damned if I get jacked with a strap up under my blue knit

Don't do nothing foolish, 'cause I'll completely lose it  
Give a player a new breathin' hole with a pool stick I got hoes, square rooted, doubles and cubics  
They be come in groups of two or more  
And they be wantin' to do it  
Got females that do lick  
(What else?)  
And some that strictly do dick  
And if your freaky prove it, I'll go get the cool whip  
(Yeah) If you love yourself so much that you don't want to prove it  
You can get up outta here and you could get excluded  
Don't know what click that you with, I'm king of the new click  
(What click?)  
Click color change clack, rap, I plan to rule this Southern niggaz don't dance  
We be saggin' our pants  
So low you could see our boxers mayne  
We body rock, we body rock  
(What else?)  
We body rock, we body rock  
(Fa' sho') Southern niggaz don't dance  
We be saggin' our pants  
So low you could see our boxers mayne  
We body rock, we body rock  
(What else?)  
We body rock, body rock, body rock  
Mayne!

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