Rock Ya Body

M.V.P. ft. Stagga Lee

Aoww, Cool and Dre
I was the one who believed in youI got one bad chick, she by my side
About two more waitin' outside
Pull out the red carpet, walk past the line
Pass the keys, tell 'em please valet my rideAnd just rock ya body, body, rock ya body, body
Rock, ya body, body, rock ya body
Just rock, who the fuck you know like Cook?
Kill a nigga on a verse, make 'em dance on a hookJoey C Murder like five-oh-fo'
Better have my money, 'cause I knock on do's
Better yet I leave seventeen peepholes, squeeze with the eagle
Bet I murder like five-oh-fo', crack, yesYou gon' need protection
This dude mad nice with the Smith & Wesson
You know, automatic, stick shift revolver
Find me in the attic, long dist' the targetAfter that, do the walk-through like phone booths
What'chu gon' do when them dudes run up on you
And rock ya body, body, catch somebody
Gon' park, the black Denali, watch his body just dropYeah, I'm street like that
Pull off the Benny Blanco, yeah, it beez like that
Your whole crew boomerang, they ain't G's like that
'Cause when it's time to shoot
They quick to point the heat right back niggaI got one bad chick, she by my side
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Pull out the red carpet, walk past the line
Pass the keys, tell 'em please valet my rideAnd just rock ya body, body, rock ya body, body
Rock ya body, body, rock ya body
Just rock, who the fuck you know like Cook?
Kill a nigga on a verse, make 'em dance on a hookYo, if Suge rapped how hard would it be
But he don't, so the closest thing you got is me
Ain't no damn near a rapper this loc' as me
Cook Coke on top is how it's s'posed to be, niggaYeah, the Bronx is back
It's my niggaz Cool and Dre on this monster track
What they do Fat? Yeah we been on some Don shit
Been stompin' niggaz unconsciousBeen sendin' niggaz to trauma, I bet now you wish
The only beef that you had is wit'cha baby's momma
You best to wear your vest as a doo-rag
'Cause I'ma headbussa, you don't want me to do datYeah, I need a new muh'fucker to shoot at
More Bin Laden talk, disappearin' like Pookie from New Jack
Said it, yeah it's all out war
So do your jumpin' jacks nigga, make you hit the floorI got one bad chick, she by my side

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Rock ya body, body, rock ya body
Just rock, who the fuck you know like Cook?
Kill a nigga on a verse, make 'em dance on a hookYes, please believe she gorgeous
And she ain't gon' leave once she see the fortress
The blood red G-T'll leave ya nauseous
And as for the wife, mami please, we're bossesCrenshaw, you can find me on the strip
Black Ferrari, nine milli' on the hip
You in South Beach, wet willies on the strip
Shit, I'm in Dade County, smokin' Phillies, bumpin' trick niggaNew York y'all know what it is
Got a hundred guns, got a hundred clips
Niggaz never listen till they vision turn pitch
Pawn you out of Vegas butt-naked in a ditchBy now you can see that I'm global
Slappin' MC's for the dreams that they sold you
And all the false prophecies of niggaz takin' shots at me
Find yourself hangin' from your feet off the balconyI got one bad chick, she by my side
About two more waitin' outside
Pull out the red carpet, walk past the line
Pass the keys, tell 'em please valet my rideAnd just rock ya body, body, rock ya body, body
Rock ya body, body, rock ya body
Just rock, who the fuck you know like Cook?
Kill a nigga on a verse, make 'em dance on a hook now

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