Shake Ya Body (feat. Lil' Kim)

R. Kelly & Jay-Z

U-huh, uh-huh
U-huh, uh-huhUh-huh
(Shake ya body body, move ya body body)
Uh-huh
(Twist ya body body, switch ya body body)Uh-huh
(Dip ya body body, work ya body body)
Uh-huh
(Anybody body, everybody body)Pub-o, drank-o, 'dro plus the bev-o
Hands in the air-o, holla like echo
Tone's in the dub with, momo and poke-o
Tone be like Kujo, I be like Cecil
Fists rockin' like 'Adrian'
We come through like 'Superfriends'
Tick-tock, tick-tock, it's six o'clock
And the party won't stop, bout to hit the I-Hop
Got twenty inch mirrors rollin' under the drop
So clap that shit up y'all and make it hotUh-huh
(Shake ya body body, move ya body body)
Uh-huh
(Twist ya body body, switch ya body body)Uh-huh
(Dip ya body body, work ya body body)
Uh-huh
(Anybody body, everybody body)New York, Chicago, Atlanta, L.A.
Miami crazy like yippie-i-yae
Rude boys in the club smokin' on hay
Smoke the choker weed, Cali and the bay
Real live niggaz, put y'all hands up
Wanna get tossed, drink that liquor
Who's got the industry locked, Kelly and Jigga
Trackmasters, turn that shit upUh-huh
(Shake ya body body, move ya body body)
Uh-huh
(Twist ya body body, switch ya body body)Uh-huh
(Dip ya body body, work ya body body)
Uh-huh
(Anybody body, everybody body)We got honies everywhere
Corks off the Cris' poppin' everywhere
Partyin' hard like we just don't care
The best of both worlds, that shit ain't fairThis shit ain't fair, I am Jay, hov'

Mami shake ya body body, don't hurt nobody hottie
It's me in the god-body, R. Kelly, the John Gotti
Of R&B thug and me I would say I'm probablyThe hardest rapper to ever cop on poppy and put it in a song
Ma how could you go wrong?
Ha ha ha ha worse than a armed robbery
Know that I'm armed properly, whenever the arm's rockyYou can go on clockin' me, ain't nuttin' gon' stop me
High as Allah I be, movin' in peace but I
Move with the piece, so them, dudes in the streets
Will never remove my piece, ha ha, got meNiggaz'll never get me, I never move sloppy
Move with the Glock 50, got some Tupac with me
Let's not test my gangsta, just, raise your glasses
Mami, shake ya asses, this is a thug classicMake a hole, make a hole and let the queen come past
I come through in the speedboat, with 808's in the glass
Push big things here, bet most of y'all crash
Back to trainin' lightweights, you in the wrong weight classHaters, stay awake, fuck the Harlem shake
We 'Slam' dance like onyx, check my Ebonics
You got, heat nigga you thinkin' we won't blaze?
Gotta come hard 'cause these are the last daysWhen I do it I do's it, ain't no more to it
Ask Ice Cube I puts my back into it
From car dealers to Macy's, the cashiers embrace me
We train like the Navy for whatever the case may beI pass on the 6, they don't impress me much
I want the bulletproof 7 'cause the doors lift up
They pick the best of all girls, so how y'all sound?
I got the best of both worlds, holdin' me downUh-huh
(Shake ya body body, move ya body body)
Uh-huh
(Twist ya body body, switch ya body body)Uh-huh
(Dip ya body body, work ya body body)
Uh-huh
(Anybody body, everybody body)Uh-huh
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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