Dead Bodies (Ft. The Game & Prodigy)

Alchemist

We out in this...P and Game, we'll blow that bitch up
From the world's most infamous, 1st Infantry
(Alchemist, this shit raw like fresh beef playa
We boyz in da hood...wanna see a dead body)Sittin' in a lowrider, murda on my mind
'Cause I had too many dead homies in my lifetime
That's why I ride wit a nine and dem hollow tips
Lift niggaz like a chrome hydraulic switch
Wit a hood rat in the car that swallow dicks
So good that I got P on that six-four Impala shit
She from Compton just like me
Caramel wit extensions just like Eve
She want to go to a Knicks game, sit next to Spike Lee
Well do the right thing, blow a nigga out his Nikes
She married to The Game, that's wifey
Ask Gotti get them blood stains out your white tee
P in the backseat finger fuckin' her girlfriend
That'll put a golf ball hole in your right cheek
Start trippin' over colors like Ice-T
And you can watch your life slip away through an I.VWe out in Cali, P and Game straight blow that bitch up
We out in New York, P and Game we blow that bitch up
You can't stop us, we gettin' this money its not bangin'
You can't pull that shit this way, we head bangin'
Wit dem glocks and dem oo-ops
Me and my fools shoot, wutchu tryin' do that
I suggest you do not
My chain is hot, what's more hot than that
That's how I murda music, that's why your broads on my back
Got two birds on my shoulders, they all over me
And ready to fuck Game and whoever else roll wit me
My presence is strong, I have a bitch seein' dollar
Signs spots stare at me too long
Have you seein' that white light you come at me wrong
Or any one of my dawgs, I'll be settin' it off
You was raised on beef and live real drama
Don't let the coupes twist you, we lettin' o's offWe out in this...P and Game, we'll blow that bitch up
(P and Game rollin' the Dutch)
P and Game, we'll blow that bitch up, mixed with the A L see
NYC to LA we do our sweepWe out in Compton, P and Game lacin' Chucks
We out in QB, P and Game rollin' a Dutch

Dumpin' ashes out the windshield
Haze got my head spinnin like dem 24 inch wheels
Ridin' to Suga Hill bangin' shook ones
On the westside highway, hand on the steel
If I like your chain then blood spill
'Cause I ain't getta million dollars when I signed my dealNigga I'll tie your wife to a chair and blow that bitch up
You better fire proof your crib, I'll blow that shit up
I'm all about this crime shit for real, this rap shit is luck
Try to score points on me, I'll fasten you up
In that smelly proof bag, real real fast
Shoot the deuce under my arm, I'm real real slick
Can't put a tail on me, I drive too fast
Can't put tag on me, I smoke people assIf you from the westside, nigga throw that shit up
If you bang to eastside, nigga throw that shit up
I ain't tryna be in The Source or Double X L
I'm just tryna fuck Trina 'cause Dre said sex sells
And it was either this or jail
Imagine tryna fit birds in a Honda Accel
And they caught up on the Fed Ex mail
So we stopped doin' business and chirpin' on Nextels
We gangstasI fold people in half, I tore people ass
But they still want to ride out as long as we see death
I get money, and I don't need your help or friendship
But love, I'ma survive just how I been
I'ma stay alive till the day I die
But right now I'm healthy, niggaz betta get up off my
A bitch is nuttin' we easily fuck it
And we possessed by the cash and these guns we bustin'...

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