

# Body Parts

## Ginger Wildheart

[K RoC ]

Hoe, I gotta my Prophet Posse right behind me

Throw a chump

and run a man through da crowd

He gonna give me sumthin

Brap Rap my niggas

And step em when K- Rocin

don't fuck with dis, see

See if you wit me

if you wit me

mon

We buck em down

We buck em down

Only one

Comin out of that back door

slangin my yae-o

rollin on them po-poes

dropin that viper

smokin that indo

makin that bank roll

Stupid ass bithes

don't you know

Killa Klan Kaze playas makin them profits

Hoe

[MC Mac]

chillin down on the lower level

waitin for my time to come

with this fool

a million styles

maybe i just might make bond

release me on my own

???? bak on the streets

with no employment

no doubt

without no cheese up in my pocket

tell me how can I have enjoyment

throughout my life

say mo shit

knowin MC Mac don't love no bitch  
because if I loved them  
I can't trust em  
breakin this rocks gonna make me rich  
the Kaze  
my Klan  
my click  
must buck  
'cause there's no testin us  
pop em and drop em  
lock em and top em  
all up in my trunk

[M Child]  
dynamite I'm tossin  
hatas crossin  
its da end bitch  
you runnin into bullet proof  
hoe, we still da Triple 6  
Prophet to da P  
earsin niggas that want to skrive  
with flows of horror  
I'm droppin like Steven Speilberg  
deep into da mound  
ain't nuttin but killas up in da dark  
I'm creepin with the hatchet  
with slicin bodyparts in da park  
moon full of blood  
could it be another Jeffrey Dahmer  
I'm sneakin  
and creepin  
and blowin up shit like da Una Bomber  
BITCH

[Indo G]  
rollin wit da devil on da level  
dig yo ditch  
Bitch  
hitch  
wit da hi-ka  
on da mi-ka  
I'll make you're ass wish  
hicorky  
dickory  
dock

ass i pull out my glock  
and i'm ready to pop  
on de bitch  
sissy muthafucka  
brinin da ruckus  
i'm brinin my niggas because we don't stop dis shit  
yea do Triple 6  
brang it real  
real  
mutafuka down to pack a steal  
still i fuck a fly  
I pac a real  
real on da mic  
like Evander Holyfeild

[Crunchy Black]  
there's no cries in my life  
there's no game that i would play  
some people say that if you play a game  
then man you get em played  
back on you  
I thought you knew  
you shouldn't have neva dissed this click  
the 3 6 Mafia  
we popin  
slugs  
that got you bitches sick

[Koopsta Knicca]  
I've neva be brothin  
Koopsta stands out from the niggas  
who thinkin they hard  
I flow up to star  
bust in like you da boss  
Kaze got my back  
now watch how quickly I react wit that  
boom boom boom  
nigga  
rat-tat-tat-tat  
Juicy,Paul,and Scarecrow  
are rollin in that bucket low  
and they causin some static  
so they reached and grabbed them 44s  
fuckin wit my nigga Black  
he's stackin

plus his pimpin  
got real on da peal  
hoes gonna feel me

[Lord Infamous]  
shut the fuck up bitch  
its Infamous  
you're ass betta not scream  
don't make me hafta wipe  
urer muthafuckin brains off my sheets  
I'm gonna burn you  
watch you burning  
like my bad dreams  
give you to da beast in the pit of hades  
thunder rolls  
stormy black clouds  
I stole the 7th seal  
then the angel cried  
that's Scarecrow  
i love you  
I want to bang with you forever  
but you too evil though  
we gonna give you to the devil

[Gangsta Boo]  
what's up do you want to come against me  
do you want to get ure ass earsed off the m-a-p  
devils daughter comin out  
nigga betta watch out  
because you got the queen of sins  
nigga I'm gonna turn it out  
comin to you mean  
because its in me to fuck you up  
listen here dude  
its a ride  
so just buckle up  
smokin on a fuckin blunts  
till my minds about to blow  
motherfuck the universe  
because we brought you da end, hoe

[Juicy J]  
first I want to grab a nigga by his neck  
drag em to my fuckin set  
take the nigga blow

and his cheese  
and them cigarettes  
put my gun up to his nose  
tie em up form head to toe  
take the bitch to EverGreen  
throw em in da bayou  
call my niggas  
D and Blue  
Project Pat y'all know what to do  
creep through the streets  
with them thangs  
blast on any fool  
Triple 6 killas  
in this motherfucker runnin shit  
if you want to playa hate the click  
then you done with

[Gangsta Blac]  
gotta keep my head up  
no need for me to stop it  
get stuck  
so ruck wit luck  
as to rollin  
because Gansta Blac can't get fucked  
look fool we creepin on Ken  
from Martin Luther and we wit me  
ain't nuttin but Prophet and thugs  
and S-P-Vs all up in me  
rimie sippin  
while trippin  
while rippin coners wit Juice  
women rippin  
while dippin  
and ain't no stoppin this dude  
so if yo bank ain't on swoll  
ain't no stoppin the Prophet  
that's who was straight for the eight  
and look who in it and out it  
nigga

[DJ Paul]  
look in da eyes of a mad man  
shoot em in the head man  
level on dat coco  
Playa stata calla

da balla  
Killa Man  
fill the man with slugs  
when I'm full of drugs  
trust I'm on ya fool  
drug and a fuck em up  
can't stand  
in the first round fool  
down and what you learned to do  
but you ain't got the right tools  
clowin on ure new C.D.  
now hoe tell me what that proved  
I ain't seen shit new  
check ya bunch of bodies out of film  
hoe  
the Prophet Posse let ya live  
we'll kill ya next year

Chorusx4

kill em  
and robb em  
and beat em  
and dump all they bodyparts into my trunk  
WHOOP  
WHOOP

all the niggas that was in da shit  
just diss niggas and give shouts out to they hoods

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by ANSON WATTS, BOOKER HUNT, D. PANNELL, CEDRIC COLEMAN, DARNELL  
CARLTON, PATRICK LANSHAW, PAUL BEAUREGARD, JORDAN HOUSTON, PATRICK HOUSTON

Lyrics Â© BUG MUSIC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>