

# Rock Ya Body

## Stagga Lee

Aoww, Cool and Dre

I was the one who believed in you I 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 ride And 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 Joey 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, yes You 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 target After 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 drop Yeah, 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 nigga I 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 ride And 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 Yo, 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, nigga Yeah, 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 unconscious Been 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 dat Yeah, 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 floor I 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 ride  
And 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  
Yes, 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 bosses  
Crenshaw, 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 nigga  
New 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 ditch  
By 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 balcony  
I 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 ride  
And 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>