

Body Snatchers

Rare Essence

[Verse 1] I'm on a rampage been forced to look at darkness
Brought up being heartless and with a gauge is how I'll guard this

Quietly I sit plottin hits like a lunatic

Waitin for a bitch to start some shit so I can hit'em

With a string of bullets comin from a tech 9 warned you

Not to test mine, and if you make it you'll know next time

That if you fuck with me I'm gonna get ya and when I catch ya

You'll be a victim of the one they call the body snatcher

[Verse 2] Many claim to be a gangster but that gangster aint a gangster

That gangter is a prankster, yeah, a prankster's how I rank ya

At the sight of blood, you hold your stomach then you're runnin

Hands over your eyes and like a ho you start to vomit

See I ain't never backed up Rack up as they sack up

And giggle at the niggas when they die while bodies stack up

Like I said before The DJ Akshen's my identity

A homicidal maniac with suicidal tendencies

The judge'll try to sentence me to 10 I'll never blink

He'll change it say I'm psycho And just send me to a shrink

20 months I'm in seclusion and my heads filled with confusion

Got a feelin that I'm losin so I've come to this conclusion

I gotta gets the fuck out I can't take it anymore

Caught a watchman at his post so I rushed him to the floor

I was thinkin to myself what if his posse comes to get me

I know if I will die I gotta take some niggas with me

Put my hands around his neck began to choke him

Grabbed his pistol out his holster then I smoke him

waited a second I heard motherfuckers comin

Grabbed an extra box of shells and started runnin

Now I'm the nigga cops are runnin after

It's time to snatch some bodies cuz im the body snatcher

[Verse 3] Runnin through the waitin room motherfuckers chasin me

Judges wait to face me, coppers wanna waste me, erase me

But I ain't goin out like a sucker

Ready, aim, fire. I shot a motherfucker

Continued through the parking lot a lot of lights were flashing

Some homey's must've seen me cuz I heard someone yell Akshen

Headed for the vehicle my posse from the Park

Some brothers from the Clark and my family from the Ward

Bushwick, Red, Will, and Shop
No questions asked, they pulled out their shit and shot
You hoes should've got back on the bus wet
Cuz I aint that nigga to be fucked wit
Caught up with the punk-ass shrink who sent me
Put my pistol point blank, and popped till it was empty
One bad motherfucker comin at ya
Peace, from the body snatcher

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