

# Body Work

Neil Rolnick

[feat. Juicy J, Meek Mill & French Montana][Verse 1: Juicy J]I got some killers so don't push me cause Juicy J

be on some Mob shit

Waitin by your door step hot in the bullshit

If it comes down to it ain't no thang but to do it

Got a vest on, Got a gun that could really do it

You niggas is playin wid real niggas money

Get funny, one day you is the plug

Next day you're in the dumpster

Couldn't keep it one hundred

You're thirty-two percent

The police got you on a leash nigga you is a bitch

[Hook:]Give yo' ass that body work nigga we spraying

Ridin wid three K nigga I ain't talking bout the Klan

This ain't no arcade, nigga so quit playing!

It's eat time, me and my niggas buffet-ing

Give yo' ass body work that we spraying

Ridin wid three K nigga I ain't talking bout the clan

This ain't no arcade, so quit playing!

It's eat time, me and my niggas buffet-ing

[Verse 2: Pusha T]You don't know about this life nigga

Earnin all of these stripes nigga

Kilograms, Peter Pans, Pack holders on bikes nigga

Throwin bitches on flights nigga

They don't know that they're dykes nigga

'Til the money's out and the bottles pouring

They're in the mix that they like nigga

Rose gold all on my wrist

This rolex like devil piss

This daytona illuminate

Ya'll think I'm talking that devil shit

It's fifty racks no bezel shit

Like blood diamonds, it's rebel shit

It's more guns, it's more bodies

We call shots they nobody

They fuck niggas they owe proolly

Who's fuckin with me nobody!

When the guns drawn they're so sorry

Sprayin niggas now the Lord got em

Bullets out the barrel make your body jerk

Fuck Wid my money and I'll hit you that body work!

[Hook][Verse 3: Meek Mill]Bad bitches on deck nigga

Money power respect nigga

Cop, cook, collect nigga

You was never no threat nigga

Erybody be rap dissin

I catch niggas I check niggas

These goons wid me don't spit no verse

Just limo service dey stretch niggas

Black 'maro 2 S nigga

Couple birds on my neck nigga

Erytime them hoes see me

Dey like Meek Milly you a mess nigga

2 gats no vest nigga

Strapped up like I'm a cowboy

Stand tall like that Yao boy

Got a bad bitch she 5"4

This gold roley that's on my wrist

Lephreachun prolly die for

Young boys that's on my strip

Will kill anything I say ride on

Tell them niggas call us if they're out of work

Cause we lifting weights but we don't do no body work

[Verse 4: French Montana]Shout my lawyer all the crazy shit I ever did

Know we love that KK sound

You know we not backin down

100 drum like hold that doe

Diamonds flash like Kodak, though

Straight cash nigga fuck that loan

Seven digits on that phone!

Money so long smoke a whole zo'

Getting blood money tryna put my cause on!

Bitch I'm on fire, got my jaw wired

Sex, Money, Murder... Peter Rollack (Soundview waddap)

Body work, chopper work like a techno song

Twenty thou' a show, I just hope my nigga Max come home (Waveyyyy)

Money fast, diamonds flash like high beams

Make it rain in this bitch Hurricane Irene

[Hook]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>