

Body Rock (Chopped & Screwed)

Chamillionaire

Hol' Up
Chamillitary mayne
All pussy niggaz make your way
To the exit right now
It's finna' go downHow you up on the East and West and you ain't heard about me
That's like claimin' you a boxer and ain't heard of Ali
Breakin' off pussy niggaz saying words about me
Definition of a real nigga is a certified meI'm passin' through customs with American I.D.
Puerto Rican at the gate tellin' me, "Hurry Papi"
Southwestern Airlines with the burner, I'll be
Lettin' one off in the air, the other sure to fly freeIf you hatin', tough nigga, turn that dude to a stuttera
Govern like I'm a Governor, from the South, I'm a Southerna
I'm never lovin' her, I just put rubber gloves in her
And I go get another hoe when her lover discovers herYou niggaz know you in trouble
I'm more trouble if you don't know what the hell you in trouble for
But please, please, don't make the punisher punish ya
If you gotta girl, then don't get a beat down because of herYo metal, metal, hit yo head with the barrel
Make yo head cave in, have yo head lookin' narrow
Then I head to the ghetto, to get rid of my metal
Vehicle changin' orange, to the red, to the yellowOne Chamillionaire, one of the south's harders lyricist
Now you pussy's hearin' this, salute the color changin' pyramid
Other boys is trouble, other boys is gimmicks kid
If you speak up for 'em, then yo career disappear with hisSouthern niggaz don't dance
We be saggin' our pants
So low you could see our boxers mayne
We body rock, we body rock
(What else?)
We body rock, we body rock
(Fa' sho')Southern niggaz don't dance
We be saggin' our pants
So low you could see our boxers mayne
We body rock, we body rock
(What else?)
We body rock, body rock, body rock
Mayne!Only imagine how close, all the diamonds in the jewel sit
Invisable set, canary yellow as a tulip
I could spit some calm words to you through my two lips
Or I could have them hollow tips, poppin' out them two clipsYou pick, don't run up on me with your tool slick
I be damned if I get jacked with a strap up under my blue knit

Don't do nothing foolish, 'cause I'll completely lose it
Give a player a new breathin' hole with a pool stick I got hoes, square rooted, doubles and cubics
They be come in groups of two or more
And they be wantin' to do it
Got females that do lick
(What else?)
And some that strictly do dick
And if your freaky prove it, I'll go get the cool whip
(Yeah) If you love yourself so much that you don't want to prove it
You can get up outta here and you could get excluded
Don't know what click that you with, I'm king of the new click
(What click?)
Click color change clack, rap, I plan to rule this Southern niggaz don't dance
We be saggin' our pants
So low you could see our boxers mayne
We body rock, we body rock
(What else?)
We body rock, we body rock
(Fa' sho') Southern niggaz don't dance
We be saggin' our pants
So low you could see our boxers mayne
We body rock, we body rock
(What else?)
We body rock, body rock, body rock
Mayne!

Songwriters

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