

Rock Ya Body

R.F.O.

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

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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

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