

# Bodies

## Chinx Drugz

[Hook - Chinx]

I ride on them pussys, I'm talking Ducatti  
I been with them niggas that's jacking through Raris  
Keep fucking around you gon make this a hobby  
I been with them niggas that's jacking through Raris  
None of my niggas ain't scared to catch no bodies  
Pussys talking all that shit, can't hear nobody  
None of my niggas ain't scared to catch nobody  
None of my niggas ain't scared to catch nobody[Verse 1 - Chinx]  
Since I got the rock I been hard in the paint  
I be with them killers, them niggas that talk at your face  
Post on the block and them pistols is loaded  
Ducking them cops, shaking them rodents  
We started from that floor up  
You talking money then show some  
When I rose up, my dough's up like yay  
When it's war time then them niggas gon miss you  
Been a long time, now the money ain't an issue  
Court side seat, nigga brought his own whistle  
Pushing that rock, running the floor  
Killing em, that was my aim from the door  
Most of my niggas they ducking parole  
We keep it quiet, you making it show  
These niggas wired, I don't want to talk  
Them niggas lying, they ain't got no dope  
They be complying, they side with the law  
Stand with iron, I ride with the four[Hook]  
[Verse 2 - Bobby Shmurda]  
My niggas [?], head tops  
Everybody catching headshots when we bend blocks  
Fuck around and get your friend popped when we send shots  
Do you really want to test hot, I'm a ten top  
Imma hit you with a chest shot to your vest pop  
Hit you with the best Glock in your tank top  
Shots falling like a rain drop in the same spot  
Everybody want to bang hot till the gang hot  
Bodies  
None of my niggas ain't scared to catch no bodies  
None of my niggas ain't scared to catch no bodies

None of my niggas ain't scared to catch no bodies  
Monte with me got about four bodies  
Mitch is with me got about six bodies  
Jaba with me got about two bodies  
Me I got about 12 or ten bodies  
Or ten bodies  
Bodies[Hook]  
[Verse 3 - Rowdy Rebel]  
(Bow) Pull a car in that pussy then pop out  
Hop out, the youngin blow his top out  
We drop out when that nigga pull his Glock out  
When the Tommy get [?] get [?] out  
Drop a dime on my nigga, I'll block out  
Put them bands on your head and your man's gone be dead  
Cause none of my niggas can't top out  
I roll with them niggas that ride for me  
Shoot at a nigga and die for me  
Homie take over your property  
And all of my niggas so proud of me  
And all of my niggas still different, there's levels to shit  
And I know that I'm shitting  
Plus there's money they're getting  
You fuck with their money, they load up that Smith (Blaow!)

[Hook]

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