Body Work (feat. French Montana & Meek Mill)

Pusha T

[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 prolly
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
Lephrachun 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]

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