

Rock Ya Body

Fat Joe

Aowwwwwwwww! Cool & Dre
I was the one who believed in you!
Hahahaha

I got one bad chick, she by my side
About two more wait-in 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, nowwww

Joey see/C-Murder like five-oh-fo'
Better have my money cause I knock on do's
Better yet I leave 17 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 & Wessun
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

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 'sposed to be, nigga!
Yeah the Bronx is back
It's my niggaz Cool & Dre on this monster track
(What they do Fat?) Yeah we been on some Don shit
Been stompin niggaz unconcious
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

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 'til they vision turn pitch
Pawn you out of Vegas butt-naked in a ditch
(That's right) 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