

# 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