

Body Rock Wit Me

Lil' Keke

Body rock or start rocking, if you rocking it now
Tell the DJ start mixing, if he chopping it now
Look at me, I'm so fresh so clean
Digital TV screen, got me lighting up the scene
Look at me, I'm steady running with G's
Rolling on them 21's, 22's and 3's
We got the drank the dro, plus the alcohol
For my people who be ready to ball, come on
Let's hit the flo' and let it go, 'fore I start the show
Get your back up off the wall, come on
Start club hopping, in the city where it's popping
A lot of bodies rocking, a lot of women flocking
Trying to kick it, they rolling with the niggaz with the tickets
I make my cash flow, jump up a whole digit
Look at me, I graduated a G
Now put your hands in the air, so the crowd can see

(you feeling good), then body rock with me
Go on represent your hood, and body rock with me
All the independent women, come and rock with me
Get your hands up high, so the crowd can see
(you feeling good), then body rock with me
Coming straight up off the streets, it ain't no stopping Ke'
Real G's, body rock with me
Put your sets in the air, so the crowd can see

And that's the only way to do it round here, is to have fun
Some niggaz got drank some got sweets, some have blunts
And yep I'm one of the ones, my lungs hold tons of weed
Smoking with niggaz like Snoop, Ke', Bun B
Yukmouth, D'Angelo there's more on the menu
I can keep naming people, but I'm not fin to
Cause I'm here to have a good time, body rock
I'll probably hop out on the flo', just to let you hoes know
That I can go way back, cabbage patch bitch what
I bust a windmill, backspin then get up
Start body rocking again, side to side hop and spin
That move didn't get no pussy from you, but it got your friend
Out here dancing, with her hands in the air
Waving em, like she just don't care
Yeah letting the crowd see, letting herself be free
Letting her body rock, with me

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Here comes the go-getter, yeah the quick lick hitter
The dope rhyme spitter, you wanna take a picture
Let me hit ya, sky page two way style
I'm a gangsta, that's trying to keep a low profile
With a pen and a paper, trying to pull a caper

Me and Mr. Lee, and a nice big plate of
Beats, so we keep on crushing the streets
Laid up in some'ing lovely, in a first class suite
Trying to smoke a fat sack, body rock and all that
Alert the Nextel walkie talkie, get right back
I give it to em, and at the same time do em
I mix em slow em down, so that means I'm trying to screw em
So it's lights out, baby what you tal'n bout
Bout to turn out the party, get it crunk no doubt
All the independent women, go on shake it to death
Get your hands in the sky, if you feeling yourself uh

You feeling good, say man check it out
Down here in Texas, well better yet the Dirty South
We like to say