

Bodies Fall

Prozak

You motherf*ckers is still talkin' shit like Tech Nina ain't breezy right?
I got a host of motherf*ckers to let you know that the bodies will fall nigg
a
Kutt Calhoun, Prozak, The R.O.C., Blaze Ya Dead Homie
From my town and your town nigga goes down e'ry day, all day
Ayy Kutt nigga, kill

I done told you niggas time after time, Blood, the feeling is mutual
What I could do to you, what tip of the bullet would prove to you
Boy period I've furious styles, and you're little no Boyz n the Hood
Acting like you Top Ramen ain't noodle fool
AK automatics passing like auto through traffic
Break way, from the traffic acting as nothing had happen
KC, I'm the drama soldier, the KC mosiah dope
Boy now turn your punk ass over, motherf*cker

The R.O.C. take your life then leave f*ck some with me
Pipe bomb in every word so follow my lead
I destroy any I come across so very fabric
Knitted into something I said it I Lotus smoke it then pivot
Right into your fast lane I want you observe
The way my complex flows submerge then damage your verse
I'm a mad man and any think they're worse than this
Grab your dick and bring you A-game 'cause I'm the shit

Hey mayne let me tell you something
Better watch your backpack, we bustin'
When you hear that clack clack concussion
We made bodies fall
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The name is Blaze, still rollin' with Smith & Wesson
The caliber is 45 for a motherf*cker who pressing his luck
Homie my niggas get stuck lights off arms a
by they neck of the
Shit is real deep, bustin' out the seven three cali'
R.O.C. and Prozak, who your bitch ass gon' tell that?
The 45 is locked and loaded, take a picture or quote it
"'Cause every where I go, a motherf*cker tote it"

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Tecca Nina sit bustin', put you in my world
Afterbirth and blood of a virgin I threw in my curl
With the smell of lusting and of human eyed swirl
Nuts in the back of the bus 'cause I'm f*ckin' them Suicide Girls
Sorry and shit, I'm a player's what I told the bitch

f*ck her I was trippin' and didn't notice it
I comfort the chick and then watch her corrode the brick
When watchin' Resident Evil and jackin' off to Milla Jovovich

I be merged through the screen of smoke, my vision's blurred
From this herb disturb it's Bobby swing from ropes
I cling to hopes I try to hide from things I think most
Concealed like cloaks you wear your coat, you might just get soaked
And shit it ain't no joke I warned you man, we straight to the throat
From SAG to Detroit, we thankful for them things that we chose
So don't provoke or get close, so Smith & Wesson folks
And know that'll get broke, and choke like thick smoke

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