

Bodysnatchers

Clipse

Yeah, yeah..
What y'all wanna do?
What y'all wanna do?
C-L, I-P, S-E, N-E-R-D
What y'all wanna do?

My coke money's in cleaners
Give it a fresh rinse
That bitch wit the tech, first line of defense
Pullin' up in the Ac' black shit wit dents
Test her aim, we'll be speaking your name in past tense
Dress have you stressed till all black the scheme
Chest poor formation when I'm wit my team
Stand on the back line, rope fit for kings
How we floss, high gloss, we livid through your dreams
Death before dishonor, cut by Kitana
Play while I lay, bathhouse Tijuana
Getting fucked by Lana, hoes in the sauna
Like I asked though, but her head was the trauma
Arrogant for a reason, sex all season
Two chicks, one dick, the odds are uneven
Niggaz die for treason, heart stop beating
Hang em from the lightpoles wintertime, when it's freezing
Take the safety off lock, forty cali' chrome cock
All I wanna hear, pows and pops
And your last two breaths fore your breathin stop
Bodysnatch you, whether it's rhythm or ones
Bodysnatch you, whether grenade or guns
Yo to all of my rivals, hold you bitches liable
When it's time I'm pulling out my nine from the Bible

I'ma catch your body tonight (tonight)
Give a fuck about the blue light (blue light)
Like you can't get debate the rhythm (can't wait to get him)
I'ma snatch your body tonight (tonight)

Yo, Hell Hath No Fury, look at my jewelry
Blew the fuck out, like Jesus gave it to me
Virginia's where my spot be, NSX car keys
Don't try to take em, I'm twin glockly
Eat you like broccoli, then spit the stems
Description, Liberace, fits the gems
Was six when I traveled, the young black Pharrell
Walk you out your crib wit your lips around the barrel
Niggaz wanna murder me, dirty me
Jesus died and rose at the age of thirty-three
Resurrection bitch, my pertection bitch
Your head's about the have Devil's numbers etched in, bitch
There's that bitch Annie, with the eyes that sandy
Girl of the supplier's brother, named Minny
Glock many tecs so security could scan me
Hit of the year, I better get a street Grammy
It's hot in this back seat, slut bitch fammy
There's that nigga, rest in Miami

The voice of Tammy Lucas means I'm gon shoot this heater
And mack entire crews like Reba
My nigga Q-Ball, got eighty rounds to do y'all
In God I wait, call em I can't wait to get to y'all
A genie is blasphemus, anthraxous
And who makes money, cleaning money, through taxes?

You can catch me in the back of the club, wit a buzz
Wilding out frivolous, it's about ten of us
Cats they envy us, wanna bust, either them or us
What a rush when they make attempts to finish us
Can't diminish us, our plan to sinister
When it's all done and said, you in the need of ministers
I'm the nigga that you feel, for wetting you up
Make you feel like everything's love and setting you up
We blown up, and these blocks got em sewn up
Niggaz talking funny on my cell, hang the phone up
Chicks wit the blunts, pull the pump shotty outta your bunk
Body in a slump, either way, making em jump
We got pretty cars, key to the city ours
We the type to get a free lap dance, in titty bars
Y'all floss, nah, we flaunt like drugs ours
Sky's the limit, so we fly and touch stars
Fuck y'all, no good full of hate niggaz
Rush up in your spot, where my where the cake niggaz
Break niggaz, wit the heat, penetrate niggaz
And move it down south like my out of state niggaz
Ill right? hit you wit two, now what it feel like?
Looking like some TV shit, but this is real life
Fuck, we got pies to slice, jewels to ice
Feel the wrath of this Clipse shit, lose your life