

# 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