

# Body Count

DJ Mustard

I'm usually a weapon, when I use like a Wesson  
Out the Uber, take the U, that's the user interception  
Do me in the restroom, give me room without the dresser  
I'm a shooter on a section, like her shoes on a finesser  
How many licks do it take is the question  
Girl, you like bitches, you can move in my direction  
Hundreds on hundreds, all my hoes homosexual  
Got the Uzi, but I'm known for all the zippers, like Giuseppe's  
I hit you with sexy, you hit, cause I'm next  
When we fucked, I just left you asleep  
Yeah, bitch, I told you don't press me  
Don't call me, don't text me  
Didn't I say this dick ain't for free?  
Just let me breathe

I shoot the club up again, you just caught up in the crossfire  
I kill the pussy, when I'm finished, you probably got an outline  
Your body on me  
That's your body for me  
Your body on me  
That's your body for me  
And I'ma add it to my body count

I do this with no effort, and my shooters with the extras  
Flood the presidential, tell me time is of the essence  
Same hoes from before that gave me no's, give me yes's  
Now my standards way too higher, and most of them bitches got nexted  
But if she send a better promise, I can't wait to catch her on my section  
Get her home and leave that pussy on a stretcher  
She talkin' too much, sayin' how her nigga used to stress her  
That's when I'ma to the left her, cause I got no time for lectures  
Set it off, started If you want this upgrade, girl, you gots to behave  
If you really with this shit, ride this dick like a wave  
Game kickin' all 'till the day I see the grave

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Okay, the car said twirp, the bra said chirp  
The draws went for serp, cause the charm said erk  
Pull my arm out the dirt, diamonds in my shirt  
Pocket full of merch, RIP, no church  
Okay, girl, I stack trims to the rims, no Tetris  
Keep it hella boss, Body after body, ask a body like a reference  
I probably shoot the messenger, cash out no register  
Cars with no shoes  
I known to hop out and do what I do  
Should got my baby over here, where I can't be your stairway  
RJ Mr. LA, you choose  
She's coming too

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