

Body Count

Fabulous

I see dead people
I see dead people
I look in my pocket and I see dead people
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One, two, three, body count
One, two, three, everybody count
One, two, three, body count
I check my other pocket more bodies found

More bodies I'm back for more bodies
The competition is a skinny bitch nobody
I'm running and I know's it
That's why I'm so snotty
You little boys sit yo ass down, no potty

Let's keep it a hundred
That's word to Ben Frank's
Money's what you can count on when your friends ain't
Grass green over here
Green like the kushes
I got presidents in my jeans like the Bushes
We don't chase money we chase dreams
Rub this money in your face, face cream
Doctors say I have a problem
I see nothing but the bread
Told me close my eyes "what you see"
You know what I said!

And if I go make sure the family gets the cash
And at my funeral there's only 1 wish I ask
Give the haters one last chance to see me cause this they last
Turn me over one by one let them kiss my ass
I see dead people
I see dead people
Pocket full of ego, big head people
One two three body count rising
And everybody got their hand out fucking Heisman
Your boy just convinced her that she gorgeous
Must have took a couple thousand of them Georges
They call me funeral they call us [?]
Face on point they should call us swordfish
He got a gang of money
You can't stop his drive
He in the blue six screaming out stop it five
Black out jewelry, you still see it though
I make a movie in the club, you still see it though