

Body Count

Grey

Yeah

Body, body, body, body...

Did Grand Theft Auto really teach you how to shoot down helicopters, dude?

Yeah, yeah... you just... X, A... right trigger

I got a hunger

I got a fever

And it just won't quit

I got a temper

I got a bullet

With your name on it

Everybody wonders what it's like on top

I don't gotta wonder 'cause I call the shots

I got a hunger

I got a fever

I got a fresh hitlist

My blood runs cold

And my feet run faster

I still got heart

I hear a heart don't matter

Say what you want

And it'll be your last words

It ain't a secret

I got a hit list

And baby you're up next

Stack 'em up

Stack 'em up

Teach 'em not to fuck with me

Bag 'em up

Bag 'em up

Let 'em know who runs these streets

Take 'em down

Take 'em down

Count 'em up like one, two, three

Add a-na-na-na-na-na-na-nother one (yeah, yeah-yeah-yeah)

(Woop, woop, yeah)

To the body count (yeah, yeah)

You think you can stop me, eh

Oh man, that so funny, eh

I pull out the Uzi, blow your brains out, then I'm runnin', yeah

This is not a game, eh

This is not for fame, yeah

Maybe I'm deranged, but fuck it, I can't complain, yeah

Psycho in my vein (aye)

Shootin' with no aim (aye)

Cleanin' out my chopper (aye) bring it out, and let it bang

I might be insane (aye)

My past is to blame (aye)

I been hurt many times, now you gotta feel my pain

I see bodies on bodies

Bodies on bodies

Bodies on bodies, mmh-hm

Go in through the lobby

Leave in a Audi
Hands all bloody, mmh-hm
Ridin' with the top off
Roof look like it's chopped off
Grand Theft Auto taught me how to shoot down helicopters
Bullet with your name on it
Spray it, let it rain on 'em
Told you not to fuck with me
That [?] is all the same to me
I got so much rage in me
Told you not to fuck with me (yeah)

I got a sickness (got a sickness)
You wouldn't want this (nah)
It's comin' down real bad (real bad, real bad)
You brought a dull knife (yeah)
Into a gunfight (woo)
You better watch your back (watch your back, boy)
Don't you ever wonder what it's like on top? (yeah)
I don't gotta wonder 'cause I'm never not
I got a sickness (got a sickness)
I got a hitlist (got a hitlist)
And, baby, you're up next (yeah, yeah, yeah)

My blood runs cold (runs cold)
And my feet run faster (runnin', baby, runnin')
I still (uh) got heart (yeah)
I hear a don't matter (it don't matter, no)
Say what you want (what you want, yeah)
And it'll be your last words (yeah)
It ain't a secret (yeah)
I got a hitlist (prap)
And baby you're up next (whoa, whoa, yeah)

Stack 'em up (stack 'em up)
Stack 'em up (stack 'em up, yeah)
Teach 'em not to fuck with me (fuck)
Bag 'em up (bag 'em up)
Bag 'em up (bag 'em up, yeah)
Let 'em know who runs these streets (yeah)
Take 'em down
Take 'em down (take 'em down, down)
Count 'em up like one, two, three (yeah)
Add a-na-na-na-na-na-na-nother one (another one)
To the body count