

## Beat Dat Body

King Von

Ay, King Von. What's up, gang?  
You already know how we coming, member  
Zoo. What you on, broski? We finna tear the streets up on Tooka  
soul  
Shout out GetBackGang, man. Them GetBacks  
You know what the fuck going on. That's us, dummy

Beat the body. Now the trenches call me "Rocky"  
Shout out them members, them, my motherfucking partners  
We gon' high speed. Ain't no fucking pulling over  
Pull up on 55th. We catch and scan and poke 'em

O'Boy, what the fuck I'm known for?  
Caught a body, beat that body, catch some more  
Little savage in me. I ain't never fucking going  
Mask up. They can't tell who fucking scoring

I know I beat it, when they took away my bond  
The opps be tweaking when they see me. They just run  
Get off the DOT. We slide the city with them drums  
Lay in the cut and then we pop out, when they come

See, I'm still blasting. Ain't no passes, bullets ever-lasting  
You want that smoke, then you can have it. I ain't never stingy  
We keep them glizzies. Ain't no Hi-  
Points, 'cause they're always jamming  
The opps be friendly. They're some groupies. Them little niggas  
fanning

"Rest in peace" to Chino Dolla. Do hits in Impalas  
If we spot 'em, then we got 'em. He won't see tomorrow  
Why he talking out his neck like 46 ain't a problem?  
You talk to opps, we do you dirty. Ain't no feeling sorry

King Von, take Duke on a hit. He like King Kong  
Draco shells. I was selling, dog. I got three phones  
Street nigga. I been off the drugs. They took T home  
SnitchK, I just talked to DeDe. He gon' be home, gang (Gang, ga  
ng, gang)