

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)