

Body Count

MAF Teeski

(Trap, you made that shit?)

Yeah, fuck you talkin' 'bout?

We can meet wherever you want and we can spark it out

Uh, nigga, tell me, what's body count?

You shot him with your eyes closed, don't think that body count

Uh, yeah, walk his dumb ass down

It's a thirty or better on me whenever I'm walkin' 'round

Yeah, bitch, and you can't talk me down

We gon' cut his tongue out, it ain't no talkin' now

Uh, yeah, my whole gang get wild

Bitch, I feel like Flocka Flame, I love them chopper sounds

Throw a bullet, catch a shot

Fell in love with headshots

Now I got diamonds in my watch

Try to run, boy, you better not

I'm the man, mm-mm-mm

Don't pop Xans, mm-mm-mm

I got bands, mm-mm-mm

Do my dance, mm-mm-mm

Can't catch him, we get his mans

You know Slick got her out her pants

Hollow tips and hollow tips

'Cause you don't wanna go band for band (Nigga)

Yeah, fuck you talkin' 'bout?

We can meet wherever you want and we can spark it out

Uh, nigga, tell me, what's body count?

You shot him with your eyes closed, don't think that body count

Uh, yeah, walk his dumb ass down

It's a thirty or better on me whenever I'm walkin' 'round

Yeah, bitch, and you can't talk me down

We gon' cut his tongue out, it ain't no talkin' now