

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)

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