

# Bodies Fall

Prozak

You motherf\*ckers is still talkin' shit like Tech Nina ain't breezy right?  
I got a host of motherf\*ckers to let you know that the bodies will fall nigg  
a  
Kutt Calhoun, Prozak, The R.O.C., Blaze Ya Dead Homie  
From my town and your town nigga goes down e'ry day, all day  
Ayy Kutt nigga, kill

I done told you niggas time after time, Blood, the feeling is mutual  
What I could do to you, what tip of the bullet would prove to you  
Boy period I've furious styles, and you're little no Boyz n the Hood  
Acting like you Top Ramen ain't noodle fool  
AK automatics passing like auto through traffic  
Break way, from the traffic acting as nothing had happen  
KC, I'm the drama soldier, the KC mosiah dope  
Boy now turn your punk ass over, motherf\*cker

The R.O.C. take your life then leave f\*ck some with me  
Pipe bomb in every word so follow my lead  
I destroy any I come across so very fabric  
Knitted into something I said it I Lotus smoke it then pivot  
Right into your fast lane I want you observe  
The way my complex flows submerge then damage your verse  
I'm a mad man and any think they're worse than this  
Grab your dick and bring you A-game 'cause I'm the shit

Hey mayne let me tell you something  
Better watch your backpack, we bustin'  
When you hear that clack clack concussion  
We made bodies fall  
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The name is Blaze, still rollin' with Smith & Wesson  
The caliber is 45 for a motherf\*cker who pressing his luck  
Homie my niggas get stuck lights off arms a  
by they neck of the  
Shit is real deep, bustin' out the seven three cali'  
R.O.C. and Prozak, who your bitch ass gon' tell that?  
The 45 is locked and loaded, take a picture or quote it  
"'Cause every where I go, a motherf\*cker tote it"

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Tecca Nina sit bustin', put you in my world  
Afterbirth and blood of a virgin I threw in my curl  
With the smell of lusting and of human eyed swirl  
Nuts in the back of the bus 'cause I'm f\*ckin' them Suicide Girls  
Sorry and shit, I'm a player's what I told the bitch

f\*ck her I was trippin' and didn't notice it  
I comfort the chick and then watch her corrode the brick  
When watchin' Resident Evil and jackin' off to Milla Jovovich

I be merged through the screen of smoke, my vision's blurred  
From this herb disturb it's Bobby swing from ropes  
I cling to hopes I try to hide from things I think most  
Concealed like cloaks you wear your coat, you might just get soaked  
And shit it ain't no joke I warned you man, we straight to the throat  
From SAG to Detroit, we thankful for them things that we chose  
So don't provoke or get close, so Smith & Wesson folks  
And know that'll get broke, and choke like thick smoke

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