

Body for Body

The Game

Body for body, I smell a homi'
You on the top floor, we got killers in the lobby
Body for body, pull around, got 'em
Point-blank range with a twelve-gauge shotty
R-E-D R-U-M, murder
I kill for the thrill, I body niggas at will
R-E-D R-U-M, murder
A pussy nigga won't, but a real nigga will

Ayy, Hit
I'm pressin' niggas like khakis
I'm active with ratchets, attack you
Pull up yellin' "What's brackin', nigga?"
I'm back with the ruckus
You silly motherfuckas thought it was over 'til that red Rover slid with the
slimes in it
All this madness 'cause your mouth had a dime in it
Long as my Rollie got time in it
I'ma spin the block, Draco whistlin' like it got wind chimes in it
Body outside of his car, but his mind in it
I ain't scared of jail, nigga, I done did some time in it
My cousin got twenty-five to life and lost his mind in it
Solitary do that to niggas, so I'ma go out
A hundred round drums, if I'm surrounded, I'ma show out
Impala with the top back, Desert Eagles cocked back
Throwin' shots back 'til my 'nati fitted drop back
M12, if it's a vest on earth that can stop that
Bury me a G, put me where my opps at
We goin'—

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I'm just a street dog, I could kill an alley cat
I smell you alley rats, shit your draws when you felt that cap
I'm full speed ahead when I'm after that bread
When I throw that lead, know I'm after your head
Better duck when I dump, blood, you'll end up slumped
Have your noodles messed up with somethin' like big chunks
Niggas always run they mouth 'til I run in they house
Turn that yapper to a fan, start airin' it out
While you sittin' on the couch, I redecorate
In 3D, watch your body separate
Have your hands on the floor, your legs on the glass
Have your face on the wall like an African mask
All the pistol grip pumps with the fifty-round drum
Shit'll split ya wig, have ya screamin', squealin' like pigs
Ain't no peace, I'm killin' all corrupt police
Murkin' everything movin', snitches, weirdos and freaks

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