

Body Snatchers

Clipse

Yeah, yeah..

What y'all wanna do?

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C-L, I-P, S-E, N-E-R-D

What y'all wanna do?

My coke money's in cleaners

Give it a fresh rinse

That bitch wit the tech, first line of defense

Pullin' up in the Ac' black shit wit dents

Test her aim, we'll be speaking your name in past tense

Dress have you stressed till all black the scheme

Chest poor formation when I'm wit my team

Stand on the back line, rope fit for kings

How we floss, high gloss, we livid through your dreams

Death before dishonor, cut by Kitana

Play while I lay, bathhouse Tijuana

Getting fucked by Lana, hoes in the sauna

Like I asked though, but her head was the trauma

Arrogant for a reason, sex all season

Two chicks, one dick, the odds are uneven

Niggaz die for treason, heart stop beating

Hang em from the lightpoles wintertime, when it's freezing

Take the safety off lock, forty cali' chrome cock

All I wanna hear, pows and pops

And your last two breaths fore your breathin stop

Bodysnatch you, whether it's rhythm or ones

Bodysnatch you, whether grenade or guns

Yo to all of my rivals, hold you bitches liable

When it's time I'm pulling out my nine from the Bible