

Body In The Trunk

N.O.R.E.

Got out the mall, yo
This weeded cat rockin' a fade
In my face askin' can he see the grenade
I woulda? let him see it
The way he came across I said nah beat it
Steph told me buck him
When I reacted will said chill fuck him
Yo it?s a small world ya know that we?ll see him again
He said fuck you
I said what repeat it again
Chill son you're weeded again
Slow down god you're speedin' again
Face lookin' like you're fiendin' for hen
Who that wit you, hide the gat yo nigga come here
You got a pistol that must mean you slingin' again
Hey yo fuck it yo, I bucked him son
'Cause he was on some stupid shit
Thinking he the real thing
When he was just a duplicate
Saying that he hate our clique hate our shit
Hate the firm album and the see N N clique
He said he hate you and wish you ain't have a six
He had coliseum jewelry no tito tricks
that's what he supposed to get nigga play you close he gets hit
Laying in dirt for something you say you get hurt
Fuck around though, probably with some old school shit
How bad you hit him up god? You, he's ghost and shit?
Yo it?s a body in the trunk son
So what's it gonna be?
A nigga layin' dead 'cause he came for me
Yo it?s a body in the trunk son
So what's it gonna be
A nigga layin' dead 'cause he came for me
I had the Queens hoodie on wit the blood on my sleeve
Gave that nigga one offer he could take or he leave
But it?s a body in the trunk son it?s getting scary
What if police pull us over and smell that corpse?
Yo send it, go in the trunk light an incense
Spray the lysol all over the car
I know you wasn't dead then but you're hear now paul
Yo it happened like an hour or two
I showered wit boo
Wasted a little time
Didn't want to disturb you
For some reason yo, I couldn't sleep
Yo slept with my heat
Yo you think you in some movie shit son?
I think you're losing it
Pop the trunk who's the kid?
You really had to buck him?
You couldn't just snuff him?
Yo he had to lose his wig?
Fuck you bring him here for?
What you think I could do?
Somebody could've followed you
Fuck it nigga I'll ride wit you
Some real niggas gonna do what we gotta do

Slide in this wip and we out
Empty the clip in his mouth fuck it
That's how we move in this game
Rulin' this game niggas stayin' true to this game
Yo it's a body in the trunk son
So what's it gonna be
A nigga layin' dead 'cause he came for me
Yo it's a body in the trunk son
So what's it gonna be
A nigga layin' dead 'cause he came for me
Yo son I shot him in the parking lot
Right in the mall
If I would have left the body
The police would have crawled
Yo, I did that chopped the body up
Fuck the chit chat kick back
I just lit up so here hit that
Pull over somewhere god
Where I could piss at
Pop the trunk let a nigga see who it is
Not now son maintain and stick to the biz
Yo you hidin' it, let a nigga know what he ridin' wit
Aight son, calm down calm down chill
(Let me see the nigga)
I'm a let you see the nigga man
(Turn him around)
Turn him over ya know what I'm sayin'
(Oh yeah, oh yeah I know that man)
Word?
Nigga name known
Just came home
Thought he cut his shit
Stiarwaves on nigga kept it on some rugged shit
Yo son the way you're talking make it sound like why?all cool
Like you and this nigga used to go to school
Back in 204 son tell me it's not
Yo pop chill the way he had his soul on the rock
He was on top
Locked from the bottom to top
Now this nigga just layin' our trunk straight popped
We need a spot where we can dump him
Without no noise
My niggas ain't tryin' to alert no boys
This ain't no game god
Dump his body in the train yard
Under the seven line
We couldn't have picked a better time
The way he actin' he acting like he dead
Yo it's a body in the trunk son
So what's it gonna be
A nigga layin' dead 'cause he came for me
Yo it's a body in the trunk son
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A nigga layin' dead 'cause he came for me