

Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud

"Bodyparts 2"

Visit "[Bodyparts 2](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(DJ Paul)

Yeah, we back up in this mothafucka
Prophet motherfuckin' Posse hoe
Three 6 mafia, M-Child
A whole bunch of mothafuckas
And ready to do this shit
You wanna fuck a hoe
Then Wait until you're back
When the war's gone bitch
You better recognize you motherfuckin' suckas
Thinkin' that I'm for the 9-7
Once again, it's on
Bout to pull yo' motherfuckin' ass in bitch
Woow, woow, woow woow woow woo

(DJ Paul)

Now when they comes to the hood
I be like black in my zone
Now when it comes to parts of the body
I got more (??)
In the middle of fashion I got to keep it like rockin'
And people callin' it green
That smoke how much I like it
Again it's up to him
I need to let some shots off
And Dj Paul with Teflon also take that bulletproof off
But when they jump, I pump
To put some murderin' punks
And then I dump all his bodyparts into my trunk

Scarecrow

Play

I'ma terror from The End
I'll watch that body explode
If they retaliate I blast
I think about you won't find them bloody clothes
Kill 'em though
Don't you know
I want to get rid of those faked up hoes
It's the city of Memphis
Watch me witness how this nigga unload

Rage make me regularly, force me blood
I feed ya' hot lead slugs and watch you drip like fudge
I'm nuts
You got no crips
You got no heart
you niggas from the start
I want to fill my fucking backyard with your bodyparts

(Gangsta Boo)
Wussup mista trick
Do you wanna get with this
Pimp type ass bitch down with the Triple 6
My Lexus trunk or Viper
Prophet Posse nothin' nicer
In this fuckin' body parts through the air
Cause we come to get it crunk
Several bodies in my trunk
Never denyin', always highin'
Fuck you playa hatin punks
Always stayin' on the top
Look at the Billboard Charts
Prophet Posse takin' over
Nigga now we got you high

(M-Child)
I don't know you
Why the fuck you all in my grill
I'm stackin' buck on you niggas, stay so so trill
You ain't no killa
My niggas leave a schedule
Go to sleep
Sleepin' with the lights on, hoe you caustious of me
Me and about 80 mo' motherfuckas who comin'
Throwin' 5 billion (??)
While your bitch ass runnin'
We be the Prophet definition meanin' click so tight
M-Child, Orange Mound, smokin' out every night,
BITCH!!!!

(Juicy J)
I met this fool last week
Who said he slangin' double keys
Also had a group of bustin' all tall and some like, green
ink
What you think
I was tryin' to plan a robbin' spree
So I drove a low key car
Tryin' to fool the streets
Curve after curve
I return tryin' not to swerve
Knowin' by the hour I be chippin' up my bag of herbs

(??) herb AK's all kinds a guns
Till the nigga pulled his car to the side and stopped the
run

(Scanman)
Please don't test these murderers
Slugs I will pump at your gut
Scan from the Killa Klan Kaze
I will dump your bodyparts into my trunk
Let's go ride then play a game
What's the game
The game of names
Now which, which one would you choose
Which ever you choose you lose, you lose

(Droopy Drew Dog)
First Time on the maximum, don't be a trick
To see them hatas talk shit but they don't know the deal
Dope sella
BHZ's where I dwell-ah
They looked into the barrel of my chin black Barretta
Ratta Tatta is all you heard
To see you niggas comin' up
In the (???)
But watch the game
Cause you don't got no friends
Droopy Drew Dog self made to the end

(Crunchy Blac)
Check this here
Niggas will, rob and steal, mob and kill
And it feel
They don't feel
What I feel, then I fill
Them buck will
Bullet lead two to the head
Then I lay them in graves
That I dig
Just for them
Yes it is

(Project Pat)
Slammin' bones, throwin' leaks
Puttin' bitches in there clicks
Kaze in this motherfuck
Down we Prophet click
Clack boom doom for you hatas and you realas
Mossberg slug to your grill
You can feel this
Trigger happy, nappy headed, set it don't you see me
Project Pat is down

But ain't no fuckin' damn fool
We ridin' drinkin' dankin' bodies stankin' I can smell
them well
And if the police pull us over
I'm the first to bail

(Indo G)
Jackin' and packin' and takin' those fakin' ass bitches
That thinkin' that all of us is red instead
While I drop this track
I flack (??) I'm straight from very bone
To the motherfucka filin' out
I'm the first
See Triple 6, It's on
Bitch every mud up in a source bone
I don't wanna kill a motha, betta get a motherfucker for
talkin' that
shit
Huh, I don't wanna kill a motherfucker, betta get a
motherfucker for
crossin' my click bitch
Boogety boogety bang bang nigga blew your brains
On the motherfuckin' wood grain nigga
Pullin' the trigga like uhh die nigga uhh die nigga

(K Roc)
Motherfucker
K Roc I dump but what I see in my trunk
See me after Killa Klan
Seein' that K Roc solo burn
Makin' up in my green
Prophet Posse my niggas
Gimme that forty glock
In my (??) pullin' that trigga
I see traitors lookin' at playa hatas
Fakin' while we blast our gat
I don't know where you're at
But hata I better witness a (??)
If a nigga don't believe me, tricks afraid in front of the
car
To that ditch
I dumped all his bodyparts into my trunk

Visit [Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.