

The Lost Prophets

"Big Body"

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[Chorus: Beelow]

Big bodies, them big bodies
What you playin in, them big bodies
Them big bodies
What you flossin in, them big bodies
Them big bodies
What you thuggin in, them big bodies
Them big bodies

[Beelow]

You like them woodgrain Suburbans on them 20 inch
mo's
Say you ballin out of control and you be shinin like gold
Like a fresh 9-9 on some Lorenzo's
Candy paint with the kit behind the mirror gettin blowed
How you do it my niggas out the B.R.C.
Pushin weight, makin cake, takin over the street
Got a Rolie on my wrist that'll blind ya fawl
For everyday of the week I got a brand new car
Drop it all and run and tell yo bitch what you saw
Beelow layin it down like a superstar
Clown nigga, grab yo piece and I'll be quicker to draw
Ballin clique thugged out and we be bout to go off
In them

[Chorus]

[Juvenile]

What was you thinkin bout my nigga when you say what
you said
You must feel like that you a dog and I cant touch yo
head
It ain't nothin you can say to me that'll make me afraid
I done fought wit niggas like you, everyone of 'em
dead
I done fucked some of the baddest hoes shawty done
made
Put the dick on the bitch like I can't just walk on away
Can you picture a nigga holdin my dick on the cover of
Blaze
Number one spotted on your radio for 70 days

Throw a concert in the SuperDome and pack it like
MAZE
Cash Money put it together so I'm finally paid
We was tied up in the ???, now we runnin away
Niggas aint gon' shut us up wit gatlin guns in our face
And we gon' keep these bitches asses shakin up in the
place
Drink everything we pay for 'cause aint nothin to waste
Oh, ya'll niggas 'bout ya issue, I know ya'll can relate
I'm tryin to lace you wit this game so that all of ya'll can
be straight

[Chorus]

[Beelow]

Now I'ma run it for my playas in that BRC
Thugged out, straight flossin in them big bodies
We paper chasers, slangin weighters , all we want is
the cheese
Down south takin over is off the heezie
I say black Navies, Suburbans, LX450's
Leather seats, V.C.'s, wit 4 TV's
Layin it down when I clown and I hit yo street
Yo baby mama and yo kids payin 'tention to me
Beelow ak'n bad, layin it down, flossed up
Straight ridin through the ward in a fresh Lexus truck
I'm ak'n bad like I told ya
And if you don't have a big body then pullover
20 inch shells on the bird, that's how we roll brah
My ballin clique is layin it down like some soljas
Now talk that shit and bring the heat if you got beef
And you will find that you never gonna cross me
I'm tearin it down wit a rush when I come through
And if you not flossin big bodies then it's on you

[Chorus]

[Beelow]

Now I'ma run it for my playas in that BRC
Thugged out, straight flossin in them big bodies
Paper chasers, slangin weight, all we want is the
cheese
Down south takin over is off the heezie
I'ma run in it for my playas in that BRC
Thugged out, straight flossin in them big bodies
Paper chasers, slangin weight, all we want is the
cheese
Down south takin over is off the heezie

[Juvenile 'til fade]

Niggas ridin big bodies

We done did that

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