

Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim

"Body Rott"

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[Chorus 2X]

I say the war shouldn't stop
Until these playa-hatin niggas body rott (body rott)
Nigga the war shouldn't stop
Until these motherfuckin cops body rott (body rott)

[Krayzie]

We paper chasers, smokin blunts
You'll never find a thuggish bunch of niggas like us
(like us)
Don't be so quick to test us
I'll be annoyed and might bust
I'ma have to talk to Eazy through the Ouija
So I can see
If maybe he can tell me
Why you're hatin on me, bitin on me
Why you want me
To show a nigga Leather Face, and he
Don't fuck around nigga
He's a real buck 'em down nigga
Motherfuck rappin', how 'bout fuckin wit me now nigga
Nigga get ya checks from ya broads, get high
Then your broads sneak ya keys from ya niggas and
ride
Everybody wanna party, even the niggas with a
problem
Made-nigga, we done solve 'em
Cause, bitch we'll squash 'em
Don't know me, fuck you when you got beef
But you also got to clone styles, and no motif
See me rappin' on yo TV actin
And it's a fact that when you see us in person
Think we gon flex, or show you no action
Down for mine, got to show a nigga time to time
So I figure I'll slow down the rhyme
So they can understand I'm filled with so much anger
and pain
And if I drop, then I'll explode like a fuckin grenade
nigga
Fuck calm, time to ring the alarm
Breakin' niggas out of prison killin all the guards

(Woo!)

Power to the people, givin people the power
To put it down in your city
And fuck them hillbillies
Nigga, I can't stand no
Motherfuckin po-po
When will we start killin these bitches and takin no mo'?
Yeah, Mo Thug, the only clique that I claim
Although we all beyond the bangin
You can say I roll wit-a-gang
And dissin chin checkers in the making
So nigga continue with the rotatation (rotation, rotation,
rotation)

[Chorus]

[Bizzy]

I heard. I murdered.
I heard. I murdered. I heard (heard)
Yeah nigga, we holler about all of the murders
Look what they did to Tyrone
Flippin the flow and let it burn
Without pistols, the police ain't strong
Finna bomb, bitch, you fuckin wit all the black gat
peeps
And in the 1999 when ya meet up in the end
Be it be no peace for the police
The (Biz!) here to rip the (streets!)
And get 'em all (pissed!)
Get ???
We dont take (defeat!)
Me steppin (retreat!)
You can lose yo arms, better use yo feet
Jus pick up my cannon, nigga, yeah yeah
Hear the pump, it erupt
We're corrupt as the four, down to buck
Come and get fucked up
And get up outta the county, nigga get rowdy
(duck into battle)
Disappear-pear, in a ally
Reappear-pear, off in Cali
Can you feel me, daddy?
Proudly handle stuff like a man
And went through shit in Cleveland
With the band
Now look at me platinum
Fuck the rap, and corner bitch made hation nation
Nowadays an occupation
So why you hate me? Still can't fade me away
Go on, be gone
The point of view was made with the song

And while they pop, I'm ready to bomb (bomb bomb bomb)

[Chorus]

[Layzie]

How do you see me when you see me?
Drinkin' on Hennessy and Remy
Look into my eyes, my shit is dreamy
Beggin to Scotty, "Won't you beam me up?"
I buck, 12 gauge erupt, disrupt your order, infantry
Ya'll better expect annihilation fuckin' around with the
SCT
And I better be a souljah organizer, but they're lovin
just us
Army see, full of harmony, and nigga 'In Thugs We
Trust'
So nigga I bust, so back up off me
Givin' no mercy, shit is critical
Killin' you individual with a Ouija type ritual
I'm diggin a ditch for all you po-po who felt you could
come & raid me
Ain't no way to be safe
Nigga, this the army brigade
So listen up and hear what's spoken
As I start this locomotion
Retaliate because we chosen
Open showin the Lord his devotion

[Chorus]

[Wish]

Now when you're fuckin' with me
Make sure you know what you're doin
Got niggas knowin, rollin with me
Infra red to yo head, don't beg, you dead, we fled
Gotta get away
Gotta make sure I'm free so when you need me I can
buck another day
It's a Bone thing, better ride ride
Cause when you fuckin wit
You gon' die die
Don't be surprised, Bone want yo presidents, wanna
run it all
Run all of it (all of it)
Fuck that dog, fuck that dog
Cause niggas is superstitious
Nigga don't pull no gun if you ain't gon spit
Click clack clack be the sound
These police and haters is wrong, oh
We buckin em down

Trust in me, in harmony, I try peace
Eternally bless my soul, Lord
And everybody that rides with me:
It's from me to you.
It's from me to you (me to you)
It's just my point of view
It's just our point of view (point of view, point of view)
Yeah, and that's why I stay high
So high, so high like ladi-da-da-da
Ladi-da-da-da, so high, so high

[Chorus]

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