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Cassidy "Body Bags"

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[Cory Gunz]

Get Ready. Get setted Steady. Bloody Spaghetti Shredded. Heavy debted. Credently For bludging get jelly-spread. The melody let me let it. go medly Lindsey at it. coke addicts with envy. n nicole richie n britneys habit. cass, a lotta rappers seem militant, n be itchin' addicts

puttin nuthin but wood on da shelves like a kitchen

if i feel da static. i peel the matic. yall gets the static. the cal. will go sporedic. (bling), thats not so radical come to no compatible establishment. U broke-nose, for tryin' to mike jones my Ozone. behold embarrassment shit im *heared* as an Afghani terrorist im poppa's tool when im trying to bring yall Hailly Marias

Take a risk *eating brew fever*, stare at dis. u dont live M.O.B. . . u nuthin but a queer therapist. N*** my M.O.B. get that money. even no T. no penalty. when no C. that dinero B. That all i see mentally. i shift yall from manual to automatic physically. chemistry cant infiltrate my men in street. we in da street - you industry. LARCENY, militia N****. march wit us. if not, cass put em on sum whole nother chart from us. Body Bags.

[Cassidy]

Yeah, That's What I'm Talkin' Bout Cory Gunz, We Gotta Refresh These Niggas Memories, I Guess They Got Amnesia And Forgot That We Bout Our Business. Lets Get Em'

I got my hand on my damn cock/ And i coped a gun so big it could probubly kill handcock/

I aint a rat, me talkin to the damn cops/
Is like lewis Fericon eatin hamhocks/
Imma gorilla but im slicker than a damn fox/
Been cool since pre-school playin in the sand box/

Imma hustla i used to hand tha gram na'
I can stand on the corner sellin gram after gram ha'/
And no im not from japan ha'/
It just look like its asian in me/ cuz i keep the hasian in
me/

I been in jail, I got a couple 100 dayz ^ n me/
But i still keep the ak and the razor wit me/
I ball hard so other ballers is afraid to stick me/
Cuz if i get fouled ill probubly shoot the teck/
And you can be the next nigga ill shoot to def/
I wild-out, But if i foul out ill shoot the ref/
Im happy when im in the coupe' but the roof
depressed/

Cuz i always put them down the trunk is where i put them now/

I got doe, ever since 0 put a pound in my hand/
I been the man, you should put the crown on my dome/
im on the phone havin conference callz/ wit millionare
"yeah" looked what i accomplished ya'll/
And i aint tryna take a life i got a contience ya'll/
Plus the cops send you ^ north like the compass ya'll/
I was 17 living out in yanker ya'll/
Signed to RuffRiders wit a flow that was bonkers ya'll/
I can even lie, you can BMY, you can ask swiss too, SB
and kiss too/

you can ask DMX, the female Pitt 2/ and they'll let you know all the battles i had to get threw/
You can ask dragon sheek about how i had to eat/
thousands of muffuckaz, YUP, man i had the streets/
But aint no money in battlin'/
And i had to eat/

I can spit reckless but i had to make a hit record/
And now i make hit record after hit record/ And i make
chicks get naked like this check it/
I juss lick my lips on some LL shit/
and make em' laugh on some david chappelle shit/
and they be on some lets go to the hotel shit/
and i give em' hard dick on some just got out of jail
shit/

The innocent man, been in the Can/
And i neva made a statement never been on the stand/
And its all about the benjamins man...real talk/
and you dude cant walk in my timbalands man/
and m y sneeks dont fit you/ the streets dont fuck wit
you/

And i sip champain/
And i throw back shots/
and smoke pot the color of a Apple Jacks box/
I rap but i sold crack rocks/
And had the block jumpin like the frogs on the honey
smacks box/
YOU DIGG EM"....BODY BAGS!!!!!!!!!

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