

Chris Roberts**"Body Roc"**

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[Intro]

They done done the wrong thing, and leave us two
alone

Leave us with the pen and paper, make a drastic song
We party all night long, we party all night long
Cause it just don't stop, until the break of dawn

Body rock, body rock (bou-bounce to this) - 4x

[Fat Pat]

Go on shake it go on break it, body rock with me
It's the F-A to the T, call me the sugar daddy
With the Grand Papi, on a Southside flip
Big blades wood strip, candy coated mothership
Don't trip we in the club, body rocking fa sho
All my hoes on the flo', bou-bounce real low
While I lead the crowd, how you do that there
One foot up in the front, rock it like you don't care
All my playas you can do it, cause it's thoed in the
game
Piece and chain diamond ring, go on let your Rolly
swang
All my gangstas do this thang, throw your set up in the
air
Body rock-body rock, body rock we don't care
Got the roof on fire, cause we crunk in this bitch
Everybody getting live, on this Southside shit
Grab your bitch big pimps, in the do' for real
Fat Pat and Big Steve, got the trick up our sleeve

[Hook - 2x]

Body rock, body rock (bou-bounce to this)
Body rock, body rock (bou-bounce to this)
Body rock, body rock (bou-bounce to this)
Bou-bounce to this, bou-bounce to this

[Big Steve]

Shit done get heavy in the game, plus it's drastic
Rolling with my motherfucking partna, Fat Pat trick
Niggaz know we popped up twice, ain't tripping
Playa points given, Grand Papi still sipping

Now as we flipping through these H-Town streets, two
deep
Looking for the boppers as we creep-creep-creep, now
peep
What's the deal, hoes gotta toss it up
From the head to the toes, that's the way the game go
Fa sho we in the do', body rocking and shocking
Affiliated to the playas, cause the tops be dropping
I thought I told you once before, that this here ain't
stoppin
Baguettes and bezeltynes, plus a million dolla dream
Do it how you want it, put your hands to the sky
Woss Ness and Wreckshop, gon be keeping it live
Taking a motherfucking ride, to the T-O-P
Now everybody in the place, body rock with me
Now see the party ain't over, cause this shit don't stop
And if you flipping in the drop, make your ass-end hop
Now put your left foot in, and your right foot out
Body rock with your bitch, like it ain't no doubt
Southside for life, you gotta feel that baby
Steady pumping and grinding, I need's my feddy
Sharper than a mechetti, the blades be chopping
Down the Boulevard, watch how the hoes be bopping

[Hook - 2x]

[Fat Pat]

And I know what you saying, playas don't dance
But we boogie every chance, like ants in our pants
Put your mind in a trance, break it if you can
Bou-bounce drop that ass, hit the front smash the gas
Roll right pass them haters, when we stroll
Body rocking nonstop, balling out of control
Crawling down on 4's, tipping real slow
Freestyling on a track, that I got from Platinum Soul
Noke and Double D, we screaming Wreckshop
And it won't stop, till we make em body rock
Can you feel me now, as we put it down
H-Town to Louisiana, let me see you bounce
Connect with Austin Texas, flossing in a Lexus
Bout it-bout it now, who's next with the plexes
Don't mess with Texas, that's what we said
Cause you see us crawling down, flossing turning
heads

[Hook - 4x]

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