

Queen

"Rock The Body"

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(Tracey Lee):

Ha, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
For the '98 this is how we do
Queen Pen y'all, Tray Lee y'all
Rock on y'all, D-dot y'all
Come on

(Queen Pen):

For all the honeys in the ghetto
That's holdin' there own
Rock the body

(Tracey Lee):

For all my puffed out
Dogs in the club thugged out
Rock the body

(Queen Pen):

And if you know that it's a fact
That we got your back
Rock the body

(Tracey Lee):

Ain't no doubt
Queen and Tray Lee turn it out
Rock the body

:

(Tracey Lee):

Lyricaly I spray y'all, it's Tray y'all
Slay y'all niggaz it ain't hard to face me
Break y'all niggaz like A.C.
Stay armed in case these cats want to hate on me
Kill or be killed, I'm God-sent
My calling making shit bounce like Spaulding
Y'all know cuevo mke Tray flow en fuego
Its T. Lee spitting and I'm down with the Queen

(Queen Pen):

Radio play just really advances my chances
With big time niggaz holdin' legal finances
Ghetto star just about the whole of my life
Got eyes in the back of my head like mice
With ya chat bat boy, I lived it

I figure you just wake up in the morning
And blamed it on a nigga, you's the type of nigga
I leave standing at the bar
Have your thirsty ass waiting for my car tomorrow
It's them lame chicks that fuck it up for us
Runnin' around the club being a bag of darts
A bonafide child I got years in this
Holding down fort, real Brooklyn shit
Weed rolled in fry talon dreads was rich
Ain't nothing changed since '86
We stopped transportin', start making hits
Ghetto from the start, Queen represent

(Queen Pen):

For all the honeys in the ghetto
That's holdin' there own
Rock the body, rock the body, rock

(Tracey Lee):

For all my puffed out
Dogs in the club thugged out
Rock the body, rock the body, rock

(Queen Pen):

And if you know that it's a fact
That we got your back
Rock the body, rock the body, rock

(Tracey Lee):

Ain't no doubt
Queen and Tray Lee turn it out
Rock the body, rock the body, rock

(Queen Pen):

Niggaz talk shit on the regular
And those be the one's that's sweatin' y'all
Whether east or west D servin' ya
Tray Lee and the Queen Pen murderer
If it's not real boo then why bother
Tell me why windows shot wit bags of copper
Jack yo ass up like my baby father
I said jack your ass up like my baby father

(Tracey Lee):

When Tray Lee come through it's party time
But a party ain't a party till you spark a dime
Y'all can hate but I'm a still make ass shake
Still got the steel by the waist runnin' through y'all
Me and Queen Pen find us at the bar schemin'
I still owe dough, so who I gotta get to break even
RNF niggaz who live for the weekend
Still drinkin', hey still leaving the club with hoes
They seen us on Keenan
You dealin' with pros, goddamn

Future of the game turning cats into "what happen to's"
Like Brains, Tray ain't change
Still spit on, still ride everything that I get on
Still be in the club with Timbs on
Raw dog forever, I got something for all y'all
Whatever

(Repeat Chorus 2 til end)

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