

## **R. Kelly**

# **"Shake Ya Body"**

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U-huh, uh-huh  
U-huh, uh-huh

Uh-huh  
(Shake ya body body, move ya body body)  
Uh-huh  
(Twist ya body body, switch ya body body)

Uh-huh  
(Dip ya body body, work ya body body)  
Uh-huh  
(Anybody body, everybody body)

Pub-o, drank-o, 'dro plus the bev-o  
Hands in the air-o, holla like echo  
Tone's in the dub with, momo and poke-o  
Tone be like Kujo, I be like Cecil

Fists rockin' like 'Adrian'  
We come through like 'Superfriends'  
Tick-tock, tick-tock, it's six o'clock  
And the party won't stop, bout to hit the I-Hop  
Got twenty inch mirrors rollin' under the drop  
So clap that shit up y'all and make it hot

Uh-huh  
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Uh-huh  
(Twist ya body body, switch ya body body)

Uh-huh  
(Dip ya body body, work ya body body)  
Uh-huh  
(Anybody body, everybody body)

New York, Chicago, Atlanta, L.A.  
Miami crazy like yippie-i-yae  
Rude boys in the club smokin' on hay  
Smoke the choker weed, Cali and the bay

Real live niggaz, put y'all hands up  
Wanna get tossed, drink that liquor

Who's got the industry locked, Kelly and Jigga  
Trackmasters, turn that shit up

Uh-huh  
(Shake ya body body, move ya body body)  
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(Twist ya body body, switch ya body body)

Uh-huh  
(Dip ya body body, work ya body body)  
Uh-huh  
(Anybody body, everybody body)

We got honies everywhere  
Corks off the Cris' poppin' everywhere  
Partyin' hard like we just don't care  
The best of both worlds, that shit ain't fair

This shit ain't fair, I am Jay, hov'  
Mami shake ya body body, don't hurt nobody hottie  
It's me in the god-body, R. Kelly, the John Gotti  
Of R&B thug and me I would say I'm probably

The hardest rapper to ever cop on poppy and put it in a  
song  
Ma how could you go wrong?  
Ha ha ha ha worse than a armed robbery  
Know that I'm armed properly, whenever the arm's  
rocky

You can go on clockin' me, ain't nuttin' gon' stop me  
High as Allah I be, movin' in peace but I  
Move with the piece, so them, dudes in the streets  
Will never remove my piece, ha ha, got me

Niggaz'll never get me, I never move sloppy  
Move with the Glock 50, got some Tupac with me  
Let's not test my gangsta, just, raise your glasses  
Mami, shake ya asses, this is a thug classic

Make a hole, make a hole and let the queen come past  
I come through in the speedboat, with 808's in the  
glass  
Push big things here, bet most of y'all crash  
Back to trainin' lightweights, you in the wrong weight  
class

Haters, stay awake, fuck the Harlem shake  
We 'Slam' dance like onyx, check my Ebonics  
You got, heat nigga you thinkin' we won't blaze?  
Gotta come hard 'cause these are the last days

When I do it I do's it, ain't no more to it  
Ask Ice Cube I puts my back into it  
From car dealers to Macy's, the cashiers embrace me  
We train like the Navy for whatever the case may be

I pass on the 6, they don't impress me much  
I want the bulletproof 7 'cause the doors lift up  
They pick the best of all girls, so how y'all sound?  
I got the best of both worlds, holdin' me down

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Uh-huh

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