

## Stagga Lee

# "Rock Ya Body (Mic Check 1, 2)"

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Rock ya body mic check one, two  
'Cause it aint a party 'till the crew run through  
Shake some body show me whatchu can do like Oh, Oh  
Rock your body, mic check one, two  
DJ spin the needle, rock into the groove  
Bump it louder so the crowd wanna move  
Like Oh, Oh

Yo, I blaze the illest  
So much skill, it's impossible for you not to feel us  
The realest, Emcee that you ever met in your life  
I'm tryin to see you work  
Put a little sweat in your life  
I got an idea, and it might sound silly  
But I wanna roll your body in a tight brown Philly  
Crack it, lick it up, seal it, air tight  
Get a light, because you know we gonna burn it all  
night  
And I just might, double the ice on dental  
And if you double the price, Me and Vice rock in c'mon!

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Like BOOM!  
I be at the hotel soon  
We gonna put the lens on zoom, Benz on vroom  
As long as you got the right perfume  
Aint no body checkin' out the telly 'till noon  
You should get a Stag top, on the backbone  
Stag rap, I'm peelin off them tight Sassoon's  
Honeys stop breathin' when I step in the room  
And ain't nobody leavin when I set it with the boom

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I like it when you work it for me, lemme see you do that,  
boom boom!

I like the way you work that for me  
If you wanna party baby, we can get together, boom  
boom!

'Cause you know you make me so horny  
Maybe you a hottie when you get up on the floor and  
boom boom!

Never wanted someone so badly  
We can leave the club, and hit the telly, get a room,  
boom boom!

Lets go! all my ladies sing along! C'mon!

We can party 'till the night is through  
So baby tell me what you wanna do  
Got the keys to the hotel room  
You know I got my eyes on you  
Hand rubbin' up and down my thighs  
I'm starin' at you with my bedroom eyes  
The way I'm lookin', boy your so, so fine  
So we can get it on tonight!

Kid, now, this rhyme is for the masters  
In schools that use Tupac poems to teach classes  
Yo, try to follow when the turn table spinnin'  
The sound is leakin' out on the crowd, gettin' up in it  
See me coastin'

The scene gettin' frozen  
He sound dope when, the words are composin  
D-Boys, break down, and flow like a slow jam  
I be so damn ill, 'till I'm an old man  
Stop...

Ya makin it hot when y'all move  
Stagg

I bleach the top cause I choose  
Bruise

Tracks like the cat, Lang Hughes  
In fact

I'm nice with the rap, can't lose

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