

Stagga Lee "Rock Your Body (Mic Check 1, 2)"

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(feat. Vice Verse)

[Chorus: Vice Verse]

Rock your body, mic check 1, 2
Beucase it ain't a party til my crew run through
Shake some body, show me what you can do - like
Ohhh, Ohhh
Rock your body, mic check 1, 2
DJ spin the needle, rock into the groove
Bump it louder so the crowd wanna move - like Ohhh,
Ohhh

[Stagga Lee]

Yo, I blaze the illest
So much skill, its impossible for you not to feel us
The realest, MC that you ever met in your life
I'm tryna 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

[Chorus]

[Stagga Lee]

Like BOOM! I be at the hotel soon
We gonna put the lens on zoom, Benz on VROOOM!
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!

[Chorus]

[Vice Verse]

I like it when you work it for me lady, 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!

Cuz 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

BOO-BOOM! BOOM!

[Stagga Lee] Leave the club, get a telly, BOOM! BOOM!

[claps]

[Vice Verse] Let's go! All my ladies.. sing along, C'MON!

[Maxine]

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 bumpin 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

[Stagga Lee]

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 yall 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

[Chorus]

[Vice Verse]

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Ohhh

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