

# Pusha T "Body Work"

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[feat. Juicy J, Meek Mill & French Montana]

[Verse 1: Juicy J]

I got some killers so don't push me cause Juicy J be on  
some Mob shit

Waitin by your door step hot in the bullshit  
If it comes down to it ain't no thang but to do it  
Got a vest on, Got a gun that could really do it  
You niggas is playin wid real niggas money  
Get funny, one day you is the plug  
Next day you're in the dumpster  
Couldn't keep it one hundred  
You're thirty-two percent  
The police got you on a leash nigga you is a bitch

[Hook:]

Give yo' ass that body work nigga we spraying  
Ridin wid three K nigga I ain't talking bout the Klan  
This ain't no arcade, nigga so quit playing!  
It's eat time, me and my niggas buffet-ing  
Give yo' ass body work that we spraying  
Ridin wid three K nigga I ain't talking bout the clan  
This ain't no arcade, so quit playing!  
It's eat time, me and my niggas buffet-ing

[Verse 2: Pusha T]

You don't know about this life nigga  
Earnin all of these stripes nigga  
Kilograms, Peter Pans, Pack holders on bikes nigga  
Throwin bitches on flights nigga  
They don't know that they're dykes nigga  
'Til the money's out and the bottles pouring  
They're in the mix that they like nigga  
Rose gold all on my wrist  
This rolex like devil piss  
This daytona illuminate  
Ya'll think I'm talking that devil shit  
It's fifty racks no bezel shit  
Like blood diamonds, it's rebel shit  
It's more guns, it's more bodies  
We call shots they nobody  
They fuck niggas they owe proolly

Who's fuckin with me nobody!  
When the guns drawn they're so sorry  
Sprayin niggas now the Lord got em  
Bullets out the barrel make your body jerk  
Fuck Wid my money and I'll hit you that body work!

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Meek Mill]

Bad bitches on deck nigga  
Money power respect nigga  
Cop, cook, collect nigga  
You was never no threat nigga  
Erybody be rap dissin  
I catch niggas I check niggas  
These goons wid me don't spit no verse  
Just limo service dey stretch niggas  
Black 'maro 2 S nigga  
Couple birds on my neck nigga  
Erytime them hoes see me  
Dey like Meek Milly you a mess nigga  
2 gats no vest nigga  
Strapped up like I'm a cowboy  
Stand tall like that Yao boy  
Got a bad bitch she 5"4  
This gold roley that's on my wrist  
Lephrachun proolly die for  
Young boys that's on my strip  
Will kill anything I say ride on  
Tell them niggas call us if they're out of work  
Cause we lifting weights but we don't do no body work

[Verse 4: French Montana]

Shout my lawyer all the crazy shit I ever did  
Know we love that KK sound  
You know we not backin down  
100 drum like hold that doe  
Diamonds flash like Kodak, though  
Straight cash nigga fuck that loan  
Seven digits on that phone!  
Money so long smoke a whole zo'  
Getting blood money tryna put my cause on!  
Bitch I'm on fire, got my jaw wired  
Sex, Money, Murder... Peter Rollack (Soundview  
waddap)  
Body work, chopper work like a techno song  
Twenty thou' a show, I just hope my nigga Max come  
home (Waveyyyy)  
Money fast, diamonds flash like high beams  
Make it rain in this bitch Hurricane Irene

[Hook]

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