

2Pac F/ Mac Mall, Quincy Jones

"Body MC's"

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HOOK

I body emcees
Whether they John Gotti emcees
Or party emcees
Snotty emcees
Or naughty emcees
Gulls too: shawty emcess
There's no comeback
You ain't Rocky emcees
You sorry emcees

Ya'll got me mad like Yosemite-Samâ€!
Rappers act hard like nipples--but they soft as
mammary-glands
Man-to-manâ€! I'll cuss you out like bitches-you-call
Steal ya equipment in an inconspicuous-U-Haul
And you won't do shit-you "just lookin'"--like chicks-do-
in-mallsâ€!
Huggin' on my nuts like my britches-too-small
I'm dissin'-you-all-Mary Jane's keepin'-me-sane...
I'm so nasty...radio even be bleepin'-my-name!
These emcees-is-lameâ€! fukk what-your-crew-did
Broke ballersâ€! askin' how much-for-too-ribs
I Puff-more-than-BIGâ€! gettin' the munchies-serious
So no matter what I'll always be a hungry-lyricist
Got every emcee in this country-fearin'-this
Ya whole crew 'just sucks' like freak honeys-on-they-
periods
I'll put cyanide-in-ya-cup...my car's like a hearse
Cuz so many emcees died-in-my-trunk...

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I slam rappers like white folk-in-mosh-pits
Whatever ya'll spoke that was dope-ya-squad-bit...
All I need is one quote-to-drop-kids
Cuz they top heavy like chicks I stroke-with-large-tits
Everything you wrote's-garbage...like Roc's-diary
I'm like volcanos....everything I bust is hot-and-fiery
You mad cuz every kid on ya block-admires-me
And every dame say " I want JUGGA's rock-inside-of-

me"

I got society-twisted--smokin lah-to-be-twisted
Prolly in need of intense psychiatry-visits
Ya'll do the same shit--I try-to-be-different
And I don't even have to get high-to-be-lifted
My lyrics transcend tangible time-and-space
One bar's worth more than ya Rolex diamond-face
You versus me? I don't have lines-to-waste
That's like Webster and Michael Johnson try'n-to-race
Lopsided--you can purchase my shit or not-buy-it
I'm still slick like any set of lips where my cock-glided
Known to let almost any chick who's hot-ride-it
I start-riots...so why the fukk would I try to stop-
violence?
I drop-science like I'm flunking-at-midterms
Got niggas shook like they owe something-to-Big-
Worm
Bitch-learn you'll get-burned like scratched scalps
That get-permed...so sick I season my food with-germs

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I'm beatin' niggas down...makin' their-bitch-watch-it
Make emcees disappear like Blair-Witch-Projects
Rip-optics make ya bitch throw-a-fit like she tossed-her-
clothes
Got you scared like claustrophobes in a box-that's-
closed
Rockin'-shows stuff them Optimo-Sports...I'm the shit
like the turd
I just made ya ass drop-in-yo-shorts
Blockin'-yo-thoughts like The Roots played-tackle
The only chance you got to be ill is win an AIDS-raffle
I Rhymed-tight Blaze-Battles Unsigned-Hype
Take emcees out in two sets of twenty like hind-sight
The only lime-light I need is for trees in natural-leaves
From the South but don't confuse me with these
Master-P's
I smash-emcees-- rip ya tongue-outâ€!
You must be constipated...cuz ya shit won't ever come-
out
My rhymes are like a good baby dad-I never run-out
Indie nowâ€!but I'll get picked up like I got my thumb-
out

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