

## Houston Whitney

### "Rock the Body"

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The password is party.

[T. Lee]

Ha, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
For the 98 this is how we do  
Queen Pen ya'll, T. Lee ya'll  
Rock on ya'll, D-Dot ya'll  
Come On

Hook:

[Queen Pen]

For all the honeys in the ghetto that's holdin their own  
(rock the body)

[T. Lee]

For all my puffed out dogs in the club thugged out  
(rock the body)

[Queen Pen]

And if ya know that it's a fact that we got your back  
(rock the body)

[T. Lee]

Ain't no doubt Queen and Tray Lee turn it out (rock the  
body)

[Tracey Lee]

Lyricaly i spray ya'll it's Tray ya'll  
Slay ya'll niggas it ain't hard to face me  
Break ya'll niggas like A.C.  
Stay armed in case these cats want to hate on me  
Kill or be killed I'm God sent  
My callin' make shit bounce like Spaulding  
Ya'll know cuevo make Tray flow en fuego  
Its T. Lee spittin' and I'm down with the Queen

[Queen Pen]

Radio play just really advances my chances  
With big time niggas holdin legal finances  
Ghetto star just about the whole of my life  
Got eyes in the back of my head like mice  
With ya chat bad boy, I lived it  
I figure you just wake up in the morning  
And blame it on a nigga

You's the type of nigga  
I leave standin' at the bar  
Have your thirsty ass waitin for my car tomorrow  
It's them lame chicks that fuck it up for us  
Runnin around the club bein a bag of darts  
A bonafide child not like years in diss  
Holdin down fort real Brooklyn shit  
Weed rolled in fry talon dreads swa rich  
Ain't nothin changed since '86  
We stopped transportin' start makin hits  
Ghetto from the start Queen represent

Hook:

[Queen Pen]

For all the honeys in the ghetto that's holdin their own  
(rock the body)

[T. Lee]

For all my puffed out dogs in the club thugged out  
(rock the body)

[Queen Pen]

And if ya know that it's a fact that we got your back  
(rock the body)

[T. Lee]

Ain't no doubt Queen and Tray Lee turn it out (rock the  
body)

[Queen Pen]

Niggas talk shit on the regular  
And those be the ones that sweatin ya'll  
Wether east or west D servin ya'll  
Tray Lee and the Queen Pen murderer  
If it's not real boo, why bother  
Tell me why window shop with bags of copper  
Jack yo ass up like my baby father  
Jack yo ass up like my baby father

[Tracey Lee]

When Tray Lee come through it's party time  
But a party ain't a party till you spark a dime  
Ya'll can hate but i'm still gonna make ass shake  
Still got the steel by the waist runnin through ya'll  
Me and Queen Pen find us at the bar schemin  
I still owe dough  
So who i gotta get to break even  
RNF niggas who live for the weekend  
Stil drinkin, hey! stil leavin the club with hoes  
They seen us on Keenan  
You dealin with pros, Goddamn  
Future of the game turnin cats into "what happen to's"  
Like Brains, Tray ain't change  
Still spit on, still ride everything that I get on

Still be in the club with Tims on  
Raw dog forever  
I got somethin for all ya'll  
Whatever!

Hook:

[Queen Pen]

For all the honeys in the ghetto that's holdin their own  
(rock the body)

[T. Lee]

For all my puffed out dogs in the club thugged out  
(rock the body)

[Queen Pen]

And if ya know that it's a fact that we got your back  
(rock the body)

[T. Lee]

Ain't no doubt Queen and Tray Lee turn it out (rock the  
body)

[T. Lee]

Hey! Well alright, uh-huh  
It don't stop ya'll, B-rock y'all  
From Brooklyn to Philly  
It's Queen Pen and T. Lee

Hook:

[Queen Pen]

For all the honeys in the ghetto that's holdin their own  
(rock the body)

[T. Lee]

For all my puffed out dogs in the club thugged out  
(rock the body)

[Queen Pen]

And if ya know that it's a fact that we got your back  
(rock the body)

[T. Lee]

Ain't no doubt Queen and Tray Lee turn it out (rock the  
body)

Rock the body rock, rock the body rock....

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