

T-bone

"Shake Ya Body"

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Verse 1

All you rappers gonna wish I never got in the game, cuz when I get my first hit, everything fina change, the whips and slang, medallions on yo platinum chains, from the art of spitting to darn near everything in between, move around now, get up and dance now, get out ya chair, get on the floor, go on and bounce now, I move crowds like security guards, plus I'm hard as it gets, even when I'm reppin my God, so everybody in the building wave ya hands and get down, from the inner city's and suburbs to them country cow towns, I'm stacking chips like Doritos and casino tables, and pushing whips like em valet's at them record label's, move around now, get up and dance now, get out ya chair, get on the floor now, go on and bounce now, Life is good when ya blessed wit all the finer things, got piece of mind, from the grind, plus em diamond rings!

Hook

Shake ya body like ya got the holy ghost now, Shake ya body like your shivering cuz It's cold out, shake ya body got the wiggle in your soul now, Shake ya body what, Shake ya body what.

Verse 2

Who could it be, on the M I C yall aint gotta tell me, everybody in the club is fond of me, cuz how I rock em beats, I aint R&B, and all of you haters just a bunch of punk wanna be's, I don't, pack a piece, cuz I'm bout the peace, even though you suckahs wanna try to pull and squeeze, well goin release, I aint scared, I'm on my knees, I'm a really keep it real with the Jesus piece, I got yall tripping pimping, by the way that I be ripping spitting, all of these lyrical styles that got the crowd jumping, over a beat that's hitting, hitting, chicken, grits, and catfish, love it wit a side of greens and beans in my dish, You know it's all good when I slid through the hood, cuz I represent my people the way that a playa should, get love from all the hommies in the red and the blue, mexicanos y cubanos and em white boys too, I stay true to the game, I aint new to the game, still keeping it gospel and prey, when I, rip the

mic, cuz I'm dynamite, like JJ, Then all the people tell me show ya right, It's on tonight, I know you love the way I write, and I'm a make all of the rappers wanna die tonight, still holy ghost filled, freed from sin, I keep it holy plus I make the bread, got that water that will never ever wanna make you thirst again, and I'm psycho when I grab the pen, make miracles happen when I'm up in the vocal both, and everybody always tripping cuz I spit the truth, to reach the youth, you suckahs better call a truce, or I'm a have all of you rappersn shaking in ya boots.

Verse 3

You'll probably never catch me packing a knife, but I'm cutting rappers to death with all the words that I write, the truth and the light, is what I'm representing tonight, by the end of the night I'll have the crowd ready to fight, so throw ya hands up, throw ya hands up, all my people if ya wit me go on and stand up, making inspirational music for em killas and thugs, tell em to, put away them heaters, stop slanging em drugs, got get them, gangstas and riders, make songs, trying to get inside, tired of, hearing all em sirens, can I, get a moment of silence, sick of the violence, murders, and burglars, and curb servers, concerning em burners ya better believe they concern us, they con earners, with the gift to gab, ready to stab, used to be conscious now they conscious has gone bad, they living really hard, and quick to pull ya card, don't make me holla, dogg, I'm bout to get my bodyguards.

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