

Juvenile F/ Big Tymers

"Dead Bodies"

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[Prodigy] (The Game)

We out in this...P and Game, we'll blow that bitch up
From the world's most infamous, 1st Infantry
(Alchemist, this shit raw like fresh beef playa
We boyz in da hood...wanna see a dead body)

[Verse 1 - The Game]

Sittin in a lowrider, murda on my mind
Cuz I had too many dead homies in my lifetime
Thats why I ride wit a nine and dem hollow tips
Lift niggaz like a chrome hydraulic switch
Wit a hood rat in the car that swallow dicks
So good that I got P on that 6-4 Impala shit
She from Compton just like me
Caramel wit extensions just like Eve
She wanna go to a Knicks game, sit next to Spike Lee
Well do the right thing, blow a nigga out his Nikes
She married to The Game, thats wifey
Ask Gotti get them blood stains out your white tee
P in the backseat finger fuckin her girlfriend
That'll put a golf ball hole in your right cheek
Start trippin over colors like Ice-T
And you can watch your life slip away through an I.V

[Verse 2 - Prodigy]

We out in Cali, P and Game straight blow that bitch up
We out in New York, P and Game we blow that bitch up
You can't stop us, we gettin this money its not bangin
You can't pull that shit this way, we head bangin
Wit dem glocks and dem oo-ops
Me and my fools shoot, wutchu tryin do that
I suggest you do not
My chain is hot, whats more hot than that
Thats how I murda music, thats why your broads on my
back
Got two birds on my shoulders, they all over me
And ready to fuck Game and whoever else roll wit me
My presence is strong, I have a bitch seein dollar
signs spots stare at me too long
Have you seein that white light you come at me wrong
Or any one of my dawgs, I'll be settin it off

You was raised on beef and live real drama
Don't let the coupes twist you, we lettin o's off

[Prodigy] (The Game)

We out in this...P and Game, we'll blow that bitch up
(P and Game rollin the Dutch)
P and Game, we'll blow that bitch up, mixed with the A L
C
NYC to LA we do our sweep

[Verse 3 - The Game]

We out in Compton, P and Game lacin Chucks
We out in QB, P and Game rollin a Dutch
Dumpin ashes out the windshield
Haze got my head spinnin like dem 24 inch wheels
Ridin to Suga Hill bangin shook ones
On the westside highway, hand on the steel
If I like your chain then blood spill
Cuz I ain't getta million dollars when I signed my deal

[Verse 4 - Prodigy]

Nigga I'll tie your wife to a chair and blow that bitch up
You better fire proof your crib, I'll blow that shit up
I'm all about this crime shit for real, this rap shit is luck
Try to score points on me, I'll fasten you up
In that smelly proof bag, real real fast
Shoot the duce under my arm, I'm real real slick
Can't put a tail on me, I drive too fast
Can't put tag on me, I smoke people ass

[Verse 5 - The Game]

If you from the westside, nigga throw that shit up
If you bang to eastside, nigga throw that shit up
I ain't tryna be in The Source or Double X L
I'm just tryna fuck Trina cuz Dre said sex sells
And it was either this or jail
Imagine tryna fit birds in a Honda Accel
And they caught up on the Fed Ex mail
So we stopped doin business and chirpin on Nextels
We gangstas

[Verse 6 - Prodigy]

I fold people in half, I tore people ass
But they still wanna ride out as long as we see death
I get money, and I don't need your help or friendship
But love, I'ma survive just how I been
I'ma stay alive till the day I die
But right now I'm healty, niggaz betta get up off my
A bitch is nuttin we easily fuck it
And we posessed by the cash and these guns we
bustin

[Ad-Libs till end]

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