

Body Count (feat. G Herbo & King Von)

Mozzy

[Mozzy:]

Why would I lie about the body count?
If they pull the plug then that body count (They pull the plug, then that body— Yeah)

Why would I lie about the body count? (Huh?)
Why would you pull up on me unannounced? (Huh?)
I'm hold loose at the haunted house
It's all kinda zombies runnin' in and out
Who want the clout?
We hit him five time, that nigga died and came back to life
Posted a picture while he in the 'spital (Ayy)
He goin' up, gang on the likes
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I pray in the mornin', I go get the dough, then I thank Him at night (Yeah, what you thank him for?)

I thank him for Zayda, I thank him for Dooterz 'cause it's only right
I heard a sucka died at the light (Uh, pop), ayy that was like last week
Pulled up on the side of blood, start beatin' shit to the fat meat
Shooter shootin' out the passenger (Ayy), shooter shootin' out the back seat
Nigga think I'm just rappin' 'bout it, said, "Ayy, run a check on my rap sheet" (Ayy, run a check on my rap sheet)

General population in the bounty, don't get me no black tee
You gon' fuck around and die on the stage, nigga, at a show be on rap beef
Frontlinin' on the backstreets, I'm a tax-free type of nigga (I'm a tax-free type of nigga)
The homie talkin' 'bout his war stories, I was half-sleep on that nigga (I was half-sleep)
Want a Band-Aid for the chopstick, I gotta have beef with that nigga (I gotta have beef with that nigga)

Want respect from the young life, then you gotta slap yeek for that nigga (Slap yeek for that nigga)

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[King Von:]

Why would I pray with one of these niggas (Yeah) when I can put K on one of these niggas?
(Nah, nah)
Run up, broad-day on one of these niggas, no mans, bare-face sometimes when we trip (Boom,
boom)
But who want the clout? (Who?)
Niggas ain't gang, they goofy, get gemstarred runnin' they mouth
Say, who want the clout? (Who?)
Nigga, this Von on the song, yeah, stop, put his ass in the clouds (Boom, boom)
I graduated from drive-bys (Yeah)
When I'm on your car, ain't no stoppin' at stop signs (Boom, boom)
I'm layin' low 'til it die down
Then spin back around and I'm lettin' off some more rounds (Boom, boom, boom)
I'm who they call when it's bustin' (Uh-huh)
Can't sit behind me, I don't trust him (Uh-huh)
Boy, that nigga dead, don't touch him
Roll him in the 'Wood same night, we like, "Fuck him" (Boom, boom, on gang)
If we get the drop, we rush (We rush)
Where I'm from, everybody got a pole (Got a pole)
Where I'm from everybody gon' blow
When the jakes as questions, everybody play slow
If you got a few bodies, everybody gon' know
They ain't even gotta see it, that's just how the shit go
Can't afford another case, gotta see my P.O.
Tired of smokin' on Tooka, gotta smoke on Zico (Boom, boom)

[Mozy:]

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[G Herbo:]

Forty on me proudly (Proudly)
Got your Glizzy on you, but is you gon' catch a homi'? (Hell, nah, fuck nigga)
AR-15, make it "bladadadadah" like Mozzy (Mozzy)
Switch gon' make that bitch start spittin' fast, kamikaze (Grrt)
Twist a nigga body
Only way we sparin' if we see a car seat
Nigga can't sleep, takin' Perky and Roxy
We call it steam, but he in the hot seat
Flash, all he seein' is paparazzi
I can't talk to the cops, that's not me (Uh-uh)
Shit you see I'ma not see (Pussy)
Jump out, gang shit not sweet (Jump out)
Kill a nigga quick like a Nazi
Can't tote these Glocks, these bitches hot
We been blitzin' shit all week (Ayy)
Cuz an' them fuckin' they opps up 'cross town
Might be time for a swap meet (Uh, wake up)
Thirty on me, so I got me (I got me)
Fifty over there with my auntie [*whistle*]
Used to be opps on a nigga top every day
Now it's just demons hauntin' me

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