

# Queen Pen, Rock The Body

(Tracey Lee):

Ha, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
For the '98 this is how we do  
Queen Pen y'all, Tray Lee y'all  
Rock on y'all, D-dot y'all  
Come on

(Queen Pen):

For all the honeys in the ghetto  
That's holdin' there own  
Rock the body

(Tracey Lee):

For all my puffed out  
Dogs in the club thugged out  
Rock the body

(Queen Pen):

And if you know that it's a fact  
That we got your back  
Rock the body

(Tracey Lee):

Ain't no doubt  
Queen and Tray Lee turn it out  
Rock the body

:

(Tracey Lee):

Lyrically I spray y'all, it's Tray y'all  
Slay y'all niggaz it ain't hard to face me  
Break y'all niggaz like A.C.  
Stay armed in case these cats want to hate on me  
Kill or be killed, I'm God-sent  
My calling making shit bounce like Spaulding  
Y'all know cuevo mke Tray flow en fuego  
Its T. Lee spitting and I'm down with the Queen

(Queen Pen):

Radio play just really advances my chances  
With big time niggaz 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 bat boy, I lived it  
I figure you just wake up in the morning  
And blamed it on a nigga, you's the type of nigga  
I leave standing at the bar  
Have your thirsty ass waiting for my car tomorrow  
It's them lame chicks that f\*\*k it up for us  
Runnin' around the club being a bag of darts  
A bonafide child I got years in this  
Holding down fort, real Brooklyn shit  
Weed rolled in fry talon dreads was rich

Ain't nothing changed since '86  
We stopped transportin', start making hits  
Ghetto from the start, Queen represent

(Queen Pen):

For all the honeys in the ghetto  
That's holdin' there own  
Rock the body, rock the body, rock

(Tracey Lee):

For all my puffed out  
Dogs in the club thugged out  
Rock the body, rock the body, rock

(Queen Pen):  
And if you know that it's a fact  
That we got your back  
Rock the body, rock the body, rock  
(Tracey Lee):  
Ain't no doubt  
Queen and Tray Lee turn it out  
Rock the body, rock the body, rock

(Queen Pen):  
Niggaz talk shit on the regular  
And those be the one's that's sweatin' y'all  
Whether east or west D servin' ya  
Tray Lee and the Queen Pen murderer  
If it's not real boo then why bother  
Tell me why windows shot wit bags of copper  
Jack yo ass up like my baby father  
I said jack your 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  
Y'all can hate but I'm a still make ass shake  
Still got the steel by the waist runnin' through y'all  
Me and Queen Pen find us at the bar schemin'  
I still owe dough, so who I gotta get to break even  
RNF niggaz who live for the weekend  
Still drinkin', hey still leaving the club with hoes  
They seen us on Keenan  
You dealin' with pros, goddamn  
Future of the game turning 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 Timbs on  
Raw dog forever, I got something for all y'all  
Whatever

(Repeat Chorus 2 til end)