

# M.V.P., Roc Ya Body Mic Check 1, 2

[Chorus:]

Rock ya body mic check one, two  
Cuz it aint a party till the crew run through  
Shake ya body show me watchu can do  
like Ohh-oh, Ohh-oh  
Rock your body, mic check 1, 2  
DJ spin the needle, rock into the groove  
Bump it louder so the crowd wanna move  
Like Oh-oh, Oh-oh

[Stagga:]

Yo, I blaze the illest  
So much skill, its impossible for you not to feel us  
The realest, MC that you ever met in your life  
I'm tryna see you work  
Put a little sweat in your life  
I got an idea, and it might sound silly  
But I wanna roll your body in a tight brown Philly  
Crack it, lick it up, seal it, air tight  
Get a light, because you know we gonna burn it all night  
And I just might, double the ice on dental  
And if you double the price, Me and Vice rock in cmon!

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[Stagga:]

Like BOOM!  
I be at the hotel soon  
We gonna put the lens on zoom, Benz on vroom  
As long as you got the right perfume  
Aint no body checkin out the telly till noon  
You should get a Stag top, on the backbone  
Stag rap, I'm peelin off them tight Sassoon's  
Honeys stop breathin when I step in the room  
And ain't nobody leavin when I set it with the boom

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[Verse: Vice]

I like it when you work it for me  
lemme see you do that boom boom!!  
I like the way you work that for me  
If you wanna party baby we can get together,  
boom boom!!  
Cuz you know you make me so horny  
Maybe you a hottie when you get up on the floor  
and boom boom!!  
Never wanted someone so badly

We can leave the club, and hit the telly,  
get a room boom boom!!

Lets go! all my ladies sing along now!!

[Maxine:]

We can party till the night is through  
So baby tell me what you wanna do  
Got the keys to the hotel room  
You know I got my eyes on you  
Hand rubbin up and down my thighs  
I'm starin at you with my bedroom eyes  
The way I'm lookin', boy your so, so fine  
So we can get it on tonight!!

[Stagga:]

Kid, now, this rhyme is for the masters  
In schools that use 2-pac poems to teach classes  
Yo, try to follow when the turntable spinnin'  
The sound is leakin out on the crowd, gettin up in it  
See me coastin  
The scene gettin frozen  
He sound dope when, the words are composin'  
D-Boys, break down, and flow like a slow jam  
I be so damn ill, till I'm an old man  
Stop...  
Ya makin it hot when yall move  
Stagg  
I bleach the top cause I choose  
Bruise  
Tracks like the cat, Lang Hughes  
In fact  
I'm nice with the rap, can't lose

[Chorus:]

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