

T-Bone, Shake Ya Body

All you rappers gonna wish I never got in the game
Cuz when I get my first hit, everything finna 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!

Chorus

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

Who could it be, on the M-I-C yall ain't gotta tell me
Everybody in the club is fond of me, cuz how I rock em beats
I ain't 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 suckas 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 slide through the hood
Cuz I represent my people the way that a playa should
et love from all the homies in the red and the blue
Mexicanos y cubanos and em white boys too
I stay true to the game, I ain't 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 booth
And everybody always tripping cuz I spit the truth, to reach the youth
You suckas better call a truce, or I'm a have all of you rappers shaking in ya boots
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