

# Clipse, Bodysnatchers

(feat. Magnum)

[Intro - Terrar]

Yeah, yeah..

What y'all wanna do?

What y'all wanna do?

C-L, I-P, S-E, N-E-R-D

What y'all wanna do?

[Verse - Terrar]

My coke money's in cleaners

Give it a fresh rinse

That bitch wit the tech, first line of defense

Pullin' up in the Ac' black shit wit dents

Test her aim, we'll be speaking your name in past tense

Dress have you stressed till all black the scheme

Chest poor formation when I'm wit my team

Stand on the back line, rope fit for kings

How we floss, high gloss, we livid through your dreams

Death before dishonor, cut by Kitana

Play while I lay, bathhouse Tijuana

Getting fucked by Lana, hoes in the sauna

Like I asked though, but her head was the trauma

Arrogant for a reason, sex all season

Two chicks, one dick, the odds are uneven

Niggaz die for treason, heart stop beating

Hang em from the lightpoles wintertime, when it's freezing

Take the safety off lock, forty cali' chrome cock

All I wanna hear, pows and pops

And your last two breaths fore your breathin stop

Bodysnatch you, whether it's rhythm or ones

Bodysnatch you, whether grenade or guns

Yo to all of my rivals, hold you bitches liable

When it's time I'm pulling out my nine from the Bible

[Chorus - Magnum & (Pharrell)] [x2]

I'ma catch your body tonight (tonight)

Give a fuck about the blue light (blue light)

Like you can't get debate the rhythm (can't wait to get him)

I'ma snatch your body tonight (tonight)

[Verse - Pharrell Williams]

Yo, Hell Hath No Fury, look at my jewelry

Blew the fuck out, like Jesus gave it to me

Virginia's where my spot be, NSX car keys

Don't try to take em, I'm twin glockly

Eat you like broccoli, then spit the stems

Description, Liberace, fits the gems

Was six when I traveled, the young black Pharrell

Walk you out your crib wit your lips around the barrel

Niggaz wanna murder me, dirty me

Jesus died and rose at the age of thirty-three

Resurrection bitch, my perfection bitch

Your head's about the have Devil's numbers etched in, bitch

There's that bitch Annie, with the eyes that sandy

Girl of the supplier's brother, named Minny

Glock many tecs so security could scan me

Hit of the year, I better get a street Grammy

It's hot in this back seat, slut bitch fammy

There's that nigga, rest in Miami

The voice of Tammy Lucas means I'm gon shoot this heater

And mack entire crews like Reba

My nigga Q-Ball, got eighty rounds to do y'all

In God I wait, call em I can't wait to get to y'all

A genie is blasphemus, anthraxous  
And who makes money, cleaning money, through taxes?

[Chorus]

[Verse - Malice]

You can catch me in the back of the club, wit a buzz  
Wilding out frivolous, it's about ten of us  
Cats they envy us, wanna bust, either them or us  
What a rush when they make attempts to finish us  
Can't diminish us, our plan to sinister  
When it's all done and said, you in the need of ministers  
I'm the niggga that you feel, for wetting you up  
Make you feel like everything's love and setting you up  
We blown up, and these blocks got em sewn up  
Niggaz talking funny on my cell, hang the phone up  
Chicks wit the blunts, pull the pump shotty outta your bunk  
Body in a slump, either way, making em jump  
We got pretty cars, key to the city ours  
We the type to get a free lap dance, in titty bars  
Y'all floss, nah, we flaunt like drugs ours  
Sky's the limit, so we fly and touch stars  
Fuck y'all, no good full of hate niggaz  
Rush up in your spot, where my where the cake niggaz  
Break niggaz, wit the heat, penetrate niggaz  
And move it down south like my out of state niggaz  
Ill right? hit you wit two, now what it feel like?  
Looking like some TV shit, but this is real life  
Fuck, we got pies to slice, jewels to ice  
Feel the wrath of this Clipse shit, lose your life

[Chorus x4]