

M.V.P., Roc Ya Body

Roc Ya Body - MVP

Genre/Lang. : Hip-Hop

extra extra this is the mvp presentation featuring mighty max jasmon rave lets go

[Chorus]

Rock ya body mic check one, two
Cuz it aint a party till my crew run through
Shake sum body show me what chu 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 wan move
Like Oh-oh, Oh-oh

[Stagga]

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!

[Repeat Chorus]

[Stagga]

Like BOOM!
I'll 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

[Repeat Chorus]

[Vice Verse]

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 cmon!!

[Maxine]

We can party till the night is through
So baby tell me what chu 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 chu with my bedroom eyes

The way I'm lookin', boy your so, so fine
an' 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
cmon!

[Repeat Chorus]