

# Rock Yo Head

Tech N9ne

Let's drink 'till the liqour gone  
Don't think, get the swisha blown  
So when a stink trick hit yo phone  
Say, "Bitch, lemme get my kick it on!"

Rock yo Head, to the beats, yeah  
Everybody rockin, understand what I said  
Rock yo Head, Rock yo Head  
Stop my bread I'mma rock yo head!  
Nigga  
Rock yo Head, Rock yo Head  
Rock yo Head, I'mma Rock yo Head  
Rock yo Head, Rock yo Head  
Stop my bread I'mma Rock yo Head

Jordan on my tennis shoe  
Organ yellin 'Gimmie you!'  
Scorin' the foriegn chick  
Got her whorin in her Jimmy Choo  
Pour until my Henny through  
Your men weak as Winnie Pooh  
Ignorin' chicks not  
Affordin niggas any-who

Kutty got the thing on lock like Yoda  
Middle of the floor  
With your girl bent over  
Two cups, Two bottles  
Left hand on my logo  
Right hand on my stick  
Twitt' pic for the photo  
Makzilla

I got the g-uh-irls  
All around the w-uh-orld  
Why's that?  
Cause I'm makin toes c-uh-url  
When I beat it they say I really need it  
I spit game like my name's E-E-E-Earl

I'm gonna be Kali Baby until they come'n get me  
816, that's whats wrong wit me  
Tryin' to see how much money this song gon' get me  
I said Rock yo Head, gon' Rock Rock wit me

Goodah  
Goodah  
Scratch  
Scratch  
Dome  
Don't mess with it  
Fuck what I'm sayin  
Then invest wit' the vest wit' it  
Shout-out to Dj Khalid when we screamin  
We the Best with it, Hit em with the lyrical  
Skill like I'm possessed with the Ces in it

If you get it, that mean you said somethin you  
regretted  
But if you get beheaded, then you never should have  
said it  
This is head bangers ball, break your neck to this,  
rock until yo spine  
Outta socket shake it like a pocket rocket  
Okay!

Tech is spray  
When the re-uh-record play  
Make me really wanna catch a  
Fade, [?], if we saturate  
That brigade, that is retro-blade  
You just afraid, Tech of what  
Your nigga 'bout to pay

Never say we didn't give em Out of drama, then his momma gonna be fake on hi  
s betta  
days  
2Pac re-incarnated, this aided the Went to Mary, said 'Make em straight wish  
he'd of fled  
away'

Bringin this dope  
But I brought no feds  
I don't mess with phony niggas  
That got no cred's  
Yeah

On this album there be alot more sin, like  
Don't be fuckin around with white loaf's bread

You can find me up in the spot so red  
& if you dis-respect me you gettin shot so dead

I'm gonna be chillin at the top  
No meds, Like Reggie Denny  
I'mma Rock Yo Head!

816 Boyz! Ain't we sick boy!  
Well, ain't we?  
Quick to get your girls panties!  
Hoes!