

# Bop Your Head

Killah Priest

[Intro: Killah Priest]

Yea, yea, yea, yea.  
Yea, yea. Fuck that!  
I`m set it off. Yea, yea, ya shitted.  
Ya in some shit now, son.

It`s on now, mothafuckas can suck my dick.  
I`m back! Fuck that shit!  
Ready to eat niggaz up, beat they ass and e`rything, son.  
I`m a prove this shit, right here.  
Me and my nigga. What!?

[Killah Priest]

The emperor, chief sinister, street minister  
guaranteed in two bars to finish ya  
React like a cat when he arches back  
Give a fake rapper a heart attack, once I start to rap

I`m a vocalist, nigga, supposed to rip  
Last Poet`s told me this, hit ya in ya head wit my explosive fist  
Then I finish ya off with my tremendous horse-kick  
What now, nigga? Look at ya, talk shit

Can`t do it, 'cause you ain`t got no teeth in ya mouth  
And I know ya just tired of me, beatin ya out  
Ya trained all year, in a karate class  
It took one second, to put yo` ass in a body bag

From a shotty blast, I walk up in ya club and ya parties don`t last  
I like to pop shit, don`t get me started  
I slap y`all mothafuckas like y`all little kids in kindegarten  
Squeeze yo` head till yo` kidneys harden

Now watch this, I`ma call my whole mothafuckin squadron  
And tell niggaz to just start robbin  
'Cause y`all niggaz is fucked up  
and Brooklyn niggaz is really ready to get ya

I know how to hit ya, and cut ya open  
But don`t worry, 'cause I`ma stitch ya, with a rusty screwdriver

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

Niggaz bop yo` heads to this, real shit  
Call up yo` clicks to this, it`s realness  
You feel this in yo` streets and village  
Spare that new shit, Priest killed it  
why! Niggaz bop yo` heads to this, real shit  
Call up yo` clicks to this, it`s realness  
You feel this in yo` streets and village  
Spare that new shit, `bus killed it

[Canibus]

Yo, yo, yo  
Yo I`m a Macabeast MC and I possess the ability  
To run at top speed without bendin my knees  
I destory shit, pin-point asteroids in orbit

Then, hurl niggaz thousands of miles an hour, towards it  
Fuckin heathen, wrap my hands around ya neck region  
Then I start squeezin `til ya stop breathin  
You weaklins is playin tug-of-war wit ya tongues

I knock the teeth out ya gums and suck the breeze out ya lungs  
Hit ya wit a blow your physical frame could never sustain  
You'll probably never walk ever again  
Nigga, you think you rhyme sick? I leave you lyin stiff

Pull you behind my horse til I break ya spine, bitch  
Stop cryin bitch, before I hit ya wit the Iron, bitch  
You can't rhyme bitch, the one triple nine`s mine bitch  
The pain'll make ya voice change octaves

From low-pitched to high-pitched, every hour we kill a hostage  
We judge MC`s by they lyrical fitness  
And punish DJ`s for puttin corny stickers on they mixes  
Smack the stripper bitches for askin for our autograph and pictures

You'll be scared to leave the club wit us  
You scratch my back, I'll scratch your`s bitch  
I'll eat ya salt-fish, if ya suck my sausage  
I got an atomic sub, armed wit a sub-atomic scud

Ready to spill ya crimson-colored blood  
The four horsemen on the back of four quadropeds  
Puttin four hoof prints on ya foreheads, mothafuckas!  
(There it is!) So bop ya heads to that, uh (There it is!)

[Chorus]

[Outro: Killah Priest]

Fuckin pussy emcee`s, gon` get a shot in the eye  
Y'all niggaz talk behind nigga`s backs  
Y'all niggaz better bop ya mothafuckin heads before we blow it off  
Ya fuckin perfume missin idiots

Y'all niggaz always runnin, go run and tell that  
Go on, runnin, run behind somebody`s back  
Run and tell that and take these fuckin slugs wit ya  
We goin` get ya mothafuckin clown  
Yea...