

Heads or Tails

Looptroop

The heads or tails, what's your choice
the heads noddin on the real b-boys
or do you want the sales, in other words the tails
the asses, shaking on the ignorant masses

I'm no fascist, we're no hiphop-elite
but when I get e-mails from you I press delete
cause your beats are dead, I aim for the heads
with the brains, the braids, the baldies and dreads
or whatever haircuts, you wanna move butts?
then move your butt from in front of me, I'm not Sir Mixalot
That's why when I kick concious lyrics
over slow beats the mass majority don't wanna hear it
but that's okay, this goes to the people living in concrete heaven
gettin their records from streetlevel
or typhoon's hangout where cuts bang out the speakers
where you can catch me showing off my brand new sneakers
but don't step child! I treat you like a stepchild
step on your style and smile like a reptile
you slept while, I came up with new concepts
then when you woke up you was all about nonsense
it's com sense, you don't fuck with the Promoe
a foot up a wack emcee's ass is on my logo
ya'll should study to become ventriloquists
so when you say your wack rhymes somebody else could get dissed
besides, you already talk out your ass anyway
yo, did somebody fart?
no that smartass has something to say
next time you come around, I'm a bring gasmasks
yeah I saw your record you had two s's in ASCAP
you get laughed at, stepping in my soundbooth
trying to sound cute, making music on your brown flute
aiming for the dancefloor, that shit need to stop
dancing is wack unless you break boogie or up rock

so what's your choice?
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or do you want the sales, in other words the tails
the asses shaking on the ignorant masses
yo,heads or tails, now what's your choice?
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In heads or tails-competition, my Cosmic intuition
tails get a play on the right one, no suspicion
calm and collect I make the first bet
mic check one, two emcees are already in dept
trying to make it up*hahaha*
you could never catch me up
you chicken out when I quit scores I think not
cause when I got your finger I go for the whole arm
never stop at 21, I take your whole squadron
your front, but couldn't go through with it
I couldn't stand it, that's why I transformed into the one armed bandit
equipped with the mic to pull the plug in your headset
gone fast like playing full clip russian roulette

and yet you wanna spin the wheel of fortune with your rapture
I capture any nonsense kicking emcees where I matchup
press your luck the game can be most deceiving
you double up your rhymes but your still far from even

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Yo Supreme! Heads or tails, what do you prefer?
first give me head then I'll work that tail sir
whether a head or a tail listen close and comprehend
put your tape on recording cause I know you wanna hear this again
I rock for them, down with open mic's
up rock fights, grafitti nights, I shine bright like northern lights
so when the asses labelled this tight, shake what god gave you
we both know I do you right, you be out way pass your curfew
I curse crews I chops like Charlie Sheen
gets me banging their heads, just by hearing their name Supreme
the illest ever seen on the scene, b-boys be raving
I step into the light make girls scream like Wes Craven
emcees find it degrading the way I outplay 'em
girlfriends hide their engagement rings and claim they're not dating
baby, I wont leave you waiting for long I love that way
you was yelling out on stage "Supreme I wanna get laid!"
we got it made but you, you survivor big time
so you wrote a good rhyme, but then it's probably mine

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