

# 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 conscious 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?  
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  
yo, heads or tails, now what's your choice?  
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or do you want the sales, in other words the tails  
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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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