

Headz Up

Nappy Roots

Use your head silly...

Where yo' head at?
Shawty, where yo' head at?
Show me where yo' head at
Shawty, where yo' head at? (that's all I know)

Y'all ain't never heard of B. Stille, the look that seals
Screwed up coupe DeVille, peep the vertical grill
Well Killa Cowboy pull the dirty cowbell
Hell anyway ya do the certified playa
The thickest, the thicker, the better, the pick of the litter
The sicker the chicken, the bigger the dick I deliver
The kidney, the liver, the shiver, the give in her BACK
Make the bigger the nigger deliver the miggity-MACK!

Y'all so ridiculous, hoes all up in my businesses
Got 'em stuffin up my tennant biz
My friend is here, so come around actin shady
I warned ya (Dick Tracy) like Warren Batey
Prophit hit it, 2-3-4-5
Kicked it off, 6-7-8-9, from behind
10-11-12, I'm... a glad man slingin geni-til y'all

Want that, get that - (here we come now)
Jump back, get back - (keep it goin now)
Which one? this one - (think about it now)
"She gon' lemme cut that's all I know"

I'm bout to leave ya juice joint
Drunk as a mug, drunk out his mind
Too damn drunk to drive, jump out the ride
Lookin for a chicken to pluck, with plumped up thighs
Gotta be thicker than Granny's gravy on the side
So when I get it, I can cut her, big ol' chunky slice
And if I love it, I'ma lick it like it's pumpkin pie
Now you guys don't really wanna it, this is countryfied
Now tell me whattcha really know about the country side

I been in the wild slums po'
Now won'chu tell me whattcha'll know about them country folk
With all the chicken wing and fish and the dirty spokes
My yeaga smoke, betta sell and twank, and blowin smoke
(That fool cool ain't a thang) Look how that Caddy roll
On them twenty-two like Muddy (?) the fuck and blow
We forever reppin 'Tucky and e'rythang below
Skinny D, slum, Nappy's how the stories roll,
we got that bump fo' sho' (yea)

Got the keys and we leavin, didn't even see the laws
So do we believe in?

Man these girls is bout freakin
Suckin and fuckin and tusslin, for the evenin, please believe 'em

Who's that girl? Oh that girl
Somethin outta magazine, curvy queen

Cross between, Britney, Whitley, Whitney (crispy) Mya, Pink
Kim and Lil'...

Oh where yo' head at, askin me where my bread at
Tell ya man, man I said that
Stop the askin me, and naggin me, and harrassin me
for it be a tragedy

Don't you know the damn thang
They come to do the damn thang
For they leave best believe they do the damn thang

Scales throws scragglers
Hooks 'em like hagglers
Don't talk much the game is spectacular

(Told you to use your head silly [distorted laughing])
Where yo' head at? I ain't stutter
Getcha mind outta the gutter and pass the butter
That's all I know, come on
"She gon' let me cut, that's all I know..."
"She gon' let me cut, that's all I know..."