

# Get Ya Head Right

## Tech N9ne

It's been long day bussin' watchin' my songs pay  
After the show I'm tryna kick it the King Kong way  
Caribou Lou and got the music machine on play  
All I need is a chick to suck on my ding dong, hey  
Get my head right, it's incredible how they make it so edible  
Got me stiff like a lead pipe, man  
These cites are full of coochies and titties  
I'm super coo coo for kitties  
I'm 'bout ta shoot you wit gizzy so pretty  
Hella thizzy yo' beezy, like to creep with Tech Neezy  
She get giddy when she see me, really hope she ate Wheaties  
I will not take it easy, rip you out off your Bebe or BCBG  
When lettin' Floetry ease we I'm smellin' like Luciano Saprani you can only get it at Nordstrom  
If you chumps can afford some  
Spray it on lightly and wallah, all of the whores come  
Work it Felicia O, until you end up wit a sore thumb  
Baby, can't you see?  
I can get yo' head right, leave it up to me  
Let me get yo' head right, ready 1, 2, 3  
I can get yo' head right, I'm the best it be  
I can get yo' head right, eh night  
I can make you feel like, real nice  
All up in yo' bed like, next to me  
Watch me get yo' head right, come with me  
I can get yo' head right  
Let me fuck wit ya mentals a lil', get in ya dentures  
Ma roll up this back wood sweet pour a lil' Remy I  
(Know we behind tint)  
Maybe we can do some things, you say ya head is on right  
(Then show me the brain)  
Just let E run through you then take a toke of this purple  
And in a minute watch how D gon' do you  
You and you girlfriend said it ya self  
Why grab out the bottom of the pile  
When you can go get top shelf  
Ain't nothin' like it got ya feelin' the mood  
I done showed you enough right about now  
You should be feelin' ya dude, oh so you hyphy  
Now and willin' ta do, what you said you wasn't but it's too late  
I got my drillin' ya tooth  
Right after that I'm gon' be killin' the booth  
Tellin' my niggas how hard ya go  
I ain't even the star of the show  
This shit is crazy when ya spread right, four, five  
Six, bitches every night to get ya head right  
I took a flight from Boston, it was awesome  
Boss head, boss bread, when I tossed her  
Open mouth, closed legs, no abortions  
They like to please the god, so I don't force 'em  
Bob and weave like you boxin', baby, fuck the law

I'ma give you Johnny Cochran, baby  
But you ain't my lady, this is just a good time  
Soon as I bust mine, I'ma tell ya good night Or good day but that's only in a good way  
Get good brain from Tuesday to Tuesday  
That's seven days a week, I'm gon' skeet  
If I call at 6:30, she gon' play like she ain't sleep Wide awake or should I say wide awoke  
I stick my dick in her throat, whatever gon' float her boat  
But, one's trash is another man's treasure  
So if you gonna wife her than homey, you can get her 'cause Baby, can't you see?  
I can get yo' head right, leave it up to me  
Let me get yo' head right, ready 1, 2, 3  
I can get yo' head right, I'm the best it be  
I can get yo' head right, eh night I can make you feel like, real nice  
All up in yo' bed like, next to me  
Watch me get yo' head right, come with me  
I can get yo' head right

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