

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

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