Knockin' Heads Off

Lil Jon & The East Side Boyz

[Lil' Jon]

Come on, yeah OK
Motherfucker, y'all know who it is
Lil' Jon, them motherfuckin' East Side Booooyz
I got my nigga Jadakiss with me too (D-Block, live son)
We gon' do this for all the real motherfuckin' niggas
(Uh uh uh uh yo)

Holla at them niggas J, come on

[Jadakiss]

Yeah, Kiss name known, matter fact, Kiss name blown And bitches always wanna hit me like I just came home But I still put the tools in ya mouth Niggas know that I'm a monster on the East, but I'm huge in the South This is evil in the trenches and everybody starvin' So to get the money right we put the deisel on the benches "Down Bottom" feel like the ol' days Fuckin' with the corn liquor ridin' around listen to O'Jays When we loadin' the clip every slug gotta catch When you goin' to war every thug got his match SS baby, blue Impala with the mack in it Big gold cup with rhinestones with my pack in it It's like the jungle but the broads is fine And if they ain't puffin' crippie, then this Georgia fine Listen, I'm the wrong nigga to style with My motherfuckin' problem to reconcile with Nigga what

[Hook]

We knockin' heads off, yeah
We knockin' heads off, yeah
We knockin' heads off, motherfuckin' heads off yeah
We knockin' heads off, yeah
We knockin' heads off, yeah
We knockin' heads off, motherfuckin' heads off yeah
You wanna go nigga
Let's go ho
You wanna go nigga
Let's go ho

You wanna go nigga

Let's go ho

You wanna go nigga

Let's go ho

What...what...what...what...what

[Lil' Jon] We lettin' it go nigga Let's go ho We lettin' it go nigga Let's go ho We lettin' it go nigga Let's go ho What...what...what...what Pussy...niggas...lay it...down Me and my...niggas...fixin'...clown Pussy...niggas...lay it...down Me and my...niggas...fixin'...clown We throw our...fuckin'...click up We give a fuck if you don't...like us We throw our...fuckin'...click up We give a fuck if you don't...like us Don't...like...them...niggas Can't...stand..that...bitch Don't...like...them...niggas Can't...stand..that...bitch We'll...shut the...club down If y'all...niggas...wanna clown We'll...shut the...club down Bitch...say...something now

[Hook]

[Lil' Jon]

Whaaaat....Whaaaaat
Y'all know when the beat breakdown and shit
What's up, what's up
It's time to get motherfuckin' buck wild in this biiiitch
Now this what I want y'all niggas to do, what's up
All the real niggas and ladies out there, OK
Y'all need to repeat after me, right now
I ain't scared of no nigga, I ain't scared of no bitch
I ain't scared of nobody in ya motherfuckin' click
I ain't scared of nobody in ya motherfuckin' click
I ain't scared of nobody in ya motherfuckin' click

Man fuck that shit nigga, fuck that shit man Man fuck that shit nigga, fuck that shit man Man fuck that shit nigga, fuck that shit man Man fuck that shit nigga, fuck that shit

[Hook]

[Lil' Jon]
Yeah, BME ho, we up out this bitch
Ruff Ryders ho, what's up
But before we leave
I gotta let my nigga tell you his name

[Styles]

I'm Holiday Styles, where the fuck you thuggin' at I knock off ya head with a Louisville Slugger bat P'll go to war and ain't never have to bring a nigga My gun is armed and my bullets like a finger nigga Call up Lil' Jon and them East Side Boyz All I need is a lil' bomb and them East Side toys You can catch me in the Dirty South, I got a dirty mouth Sittin' on the roof with the fuckin' 30-30's out I told you I'm a menace y'all I got enough guns to fill up the Lennox Mall In the front parking lot, coke still movin' good Guns still sparke a lot Hustlin' with family, partyin' with murderers D-Block and everything, shit you probably heard of us Yeah I'm a Ryder nigga, you ain't got a gun Or a motherfuckin' knife, you ain't even gon' try us I'll leave you with a hole daddy And for the fact that I'm in the Dirty South I'll be bouncin' in the old Caddy What - motherfucker

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