

Two To The Head

Kool G Rap & DJ Polo

[Scarface laughing in background]
"Ladies and gentlemen...
Ladies and gentlemen... let's get together
and give a great big round of applause to
to a new group..." [Scarface laughing so loud sample is obscured] Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh shit
Scarface is on the mix
So yo, suck a nigga dick
Or make a nigga rich, or somethin, BITCH See I come from the place known as the South Park Zone
Talkin shit ain't into clickin take your punk ass home
Cause I'm the type of nigga that'll chuck
Hit you in the chest with a motherfuckin tec and watch you jump
So die motherfuckers die motherfuckers die
Look deep into the eyes of a killer smokin, fry
One nigga you can't fuck wit
Cause I'm a born killer with the mind of a lunatic
So bring in bodybags when I start bangin
Cause I'm leavin motherfuckers laid out, with they brains hangin
Straight gettin down for mine
And I'll fuck up a bitch, cause I don't mind dyin
So feel me drill me, put a bullet in my head, but yo
You can't kill me, cause I'm already dead
Scarface goin psycho, yeah
Play pussy get fucked and take two to your head[Bushwick Bill]
I'm Bushwick Bill, but call me Chuckie
5th Ward hard bitch, play hero and buck me
Cause I'm known to pull your skull out
Grip a motherfucker by his neck and gouge his fuckin eyes out
I'm insane by a longshot, hey
Chuckwick Bill, a.k.a. Charles Libre
A short nigga with some lonnnnnng nuts
Drop you dead in your bed now I'm ready for a long fuck
Necromance that ass for a minute
And split that motherfuckin click when I'm finished
You punk bitches be retreatin
Freddy and Jason runnin home with their mouths bleedin
So welcome to the Slaughterhouse trance
5th Ward Texas Chuckie's Concentration Camp
You punk motherfuckers fled
And those who didn't make it got two to the fuckin head[Ice Cube]

Buck him down, buck him down, come again
Two to the chin, Ice Cube'll blast they ass til the end
With my pistol, runnin from Da Lench Mob
is How You Survive in South Central
Kick the instrumental, run and get your bigger crew
Cause it's Judgment Day, and Ice Cube is Terminigga 2
Pow pow buck buck pow buck
Your name is Stucky Mack, now you realize that you're fucked
Two to the brain I leave a migraine
Have you coolin like a vegetable, but you're not edible
It's the incredible, buck your ass from head to toe
Audi 5000, don't wait for the Feds to show
Cause they'll have me go up up the river
Where the white boys'll try to make a nigga
walk, walk the plank, got the shank, hide the tape
around the handle, gotta let em know what I stand for
In the chow line, now is the time
See the trustee, walk up from behind
Real quick shank shank, leave his ass red
Motherfucker dead, from two to the head[Kool G Rap]
See where I come from the crime rate only rises
The murderers disguise in all ages shapes and sizes
Bitches picked up and dicked up, niggaz they gettin stuck up
Give up what you got, or get your ass shut the fuck up
Run em down and gun em down yeah that's how we do it
Niggaz get killed, and then filled with embalmin fluid
Step to the niggaz that I'm checkin
Pull out the tec and I reckon you'll get murdered in a second
Bang with the nine, boom with the pow
Motherfuckers are fallin and crawlin on the ground
Snitches get stitches, bitches that act snotty
inside the parties even the hotties get turned to bodies
Now I heard, they got other places that's similar
But I represent, New York you fuck around I'm killin ya
A whole block of cops patrollin when I'm rollin
And if my pockets are swollen you know somebody sick I've stolen
Yeah you niggaz get ripped, when my clip, goes in the
S-M-I-T-H W-E-Double-S-O-N
Or the reliable revolver
And like I said before, it's the motherfuckin problem solver
So bring it on nigga, get brave
It's plenty motherfuckers gettin sent to early graves
Cause when a nigga gets fed
Then all you motherfuckers get two to the fuckin head

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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