

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 Boyz

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 want to 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[Chorus]

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 want to go nigga

Let's go ho

You want to go nigga

Let's go ho

You want to go nigga

Let's go ho

You want to 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, 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[Chorus][Lil' Jon]
What, what
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 no nigga, I ain't scared of no bitch
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[Chorus][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

Songwriters

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