Head Banger

Sick Things

NegroesThe head banger, what?
The head banger, what?
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The head banger, what?
The head banger, what?
The head banger, what?The head banger, gettin' wreck
The head bangerKa rank the boom box as my sound knock from blocks
As I chill and bust grills you take snapshots
Of the maniac dressed in black carry round a strap
Kid you play me too close
(Slow down and catch a cap, pow)'Cause I don't play games, an outlaw like Jesse James
To hell with the bitches and the so called fame
(Uh, uh)
Strictly biz to hard as I climb charts
(Kid yeah)Bustin' ass daily as I compose like Mozart
Just stand, say you're mad damn, why him?
Z-oh-one Tonka, five-sixty Benz
I'm sick and mad deep no shorts and no sleepI'm bugged like a tapped phone, hard like concrete
So get a grip and don't slip or catch a clip
From the infrared aimed at your head as I blast my target
The Bozack, I rip up flows thatMake an MC stop and chill and say he's all that
Hardcore no R and B singer
Roll with the Hit Squad down with the head bangerThe head banger, what?
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The head banger, what?
Yeah, head crack, head crack
Grand Puba, slow downThe head banger, what?
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Erick Sermon break it down
The head banger
Yeah, head crack, head crackSurprise, you wonder where I've been, I've been workin'
But sounds makin' danger, and black birds chirpin'
A real Damian, Omen possessed by the devil
You dig the rhythm and I'll play the runnin' rebelChanged my style, so I can freak the funk
Yo pass the Philly, Hit squad spark the blunt
I got the power, to ram shack a stadium
Wubba wubba, even Judy Brown the PalladiumYo, I'm from the Boondocks so I knows the flavor

(Yeah, yeah)
Sometimes I curse but now, I show behavior
EPMD, yo, is in this to win this
A brand new LP so mind your businessNo jokin', I'm gettin' paid fully
You wanna buy the cassette, stop by Sam Goody
Yo, where's my hoodie? I wanna be hard and cause some ruckus
Talk with the b-boy slang and blast some suckersWalk like an Egyptian, rough crackin' my steel
Plus I'm goin' to court, make my own appeal
As taught as a kid or told, never talk to a stranger
'Cause I could be a head bangerThe head banger, what?
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K-Solo
The head banger
Yeah, head crack, head crackI'm the original rap criminal
(Yeah)
My shots, spell spray duck leaves my trigger finger digital
(Ho-ah)
My gun will make, many men, things you did when I get mad
And pissed cause I can make him my targetBraggin' 'em, taggin' 'em, draggin' dragging'em
Mad hollow point rhymes in my mic
Choose Smith or assault over Magnum
(Uh)
So back up off me, here's a clipFor Suzi's and guns and then you fagots gonna off me
I'm sure you know the deal that my nine can box
I knock punks out quick like Evader Holy field
More rhymes than music's, my solutionSubscribers of my style here's a contribution
Let's say you want a shovel layer parkin' MC's
Like cars and drivin' MC's away
Tanks goon be full, to rappers wanna tempt meI break the steering shift and leave 'em empty
'Cause they can't go, so I'ma call a hoe tow truck
To come tow truck your weak side showBack on the scene is the incredible one man team
When I get mad I turn green
The Fugitive's gone peace, I'm outta here later
And here's a finger, to all you non movin' spectatorsThe head banger, what?
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Redman get down
The head banger
Yeah, head crack, head crackSurprise niggaz, the original P-Funk funks you up
I take a hit from a spliff then I get biz with the new cut
Because I can Jam like Teddy if you let me
A Good fella but still rugged like Joe PesciMy style is mad funka to the delic with the irrelevant shit that I kick back flips any four bitch
(Yeah)
Deduct and I dip then I switch
To an incredible nigga with a nickel nine on the hipI always got played by a honey dip
But now I'm on the money tip so now I call the honey dip
Honey bitch and swing hardcore because that's where I come from
(Yeah)I Rock ya like Chub and burn scrubs like a dum-dum
Remember Redman, last album I was Hardcore
Now I'm back to tear the frame out your ass crack
'Cause I get wreck, with the tec, with the blunt or moteAnd what you see is what you get and what you're gettin' is your
Ass kicked, nigga, hit you with the funk dafied figure
Like a plus funk, funk times stuffed in your back trunk punk
Yes, the Redman that's what they call meWicked with the style you think I have cerebral palsy
Like aaiee, ahaaa 'cause I freak the styles crazy
Lullaby your stupid ass, rock a bye baby
The Funkadelic Devil hit your ass with a level from the new school
And still holdin' my jewelsThe head banger, what?
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