

Heads Up

Kardinal Offishall

Yeah, it's Mr. Kardinal
Yeah, Black Jays! Oh what?

Yo, all the shuckin' and jivin' is over
I'm the chosen soldier, cold shoulder
Your home boys told ya, flip your flows
I fold, you can fertilize with the BS they sold ya
I need papers for the style that I loaned ya
Everybody's talkin' about they gettin' busy, why don't ya?
Weak players in the game steady gettin' over
I'm one of a kind, like side gills on a Rover
First name Jay, but ain't similar to Hova
My buzz is like rum mixed with Coca Cola
My shine is incredible, versus a solar
I'm sick like a seven-day-strain of Ebola
I'm here! Yeah, nigga!

(One more time)

No doubt, when we on the block
Because my niggas came ready to rock, boy

Step heavy like a lion through the jungle
I'm lyin' if I told you that I wasn't raised humble
I'm tryin', but I stumble, I try not to mumble
So you can hear it loud stupid (Let's get ready to rumble)
I'll serve you son, like I'm supposed to
The only way I'm bi, is when I'm flyin' bicoastal
Or buyin' fly wears, Nike Airs like most do
I'm hotter, than the hotter, than the hotter, I'll roast you
Got a good habit of doin' what you won't do
Stop playin' girl, you know I ain't phoned you
Check one of them suckers, you know that they want you
I'm loco with the vocals, most dudes just local
I'm here! Yeah, nigga!

Yo, rudeboys move in silence
Don't want to hustle until they hear sirens
I'm tryin' to be inspirin'
But my 6'4", 220 has a lot of them kids perspirin'
'Nuff dudes firin', too many gettin' shot
So swallow your pride nigga, check whoever is hirin'
The paper gangstas is who I'm admirin'
Those who get paper alive, and still smilin'
Y'all stay wildin', I'm tryin' to go the mile and
I'm rough enough to break New York from Long Island
If you a big man, why you actin' like a child?
Pick up the pace, and put down the crack vial
I'm here! Yeah, nigga!

[Hook x2]