

# Knockin' Heads Off

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

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

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

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

Whaaaaat....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 biiiiiitch  
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

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

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