

Rock Yo Head

Tech N9ne

Let's drink 'till the liqour gone
Don't think, get the swisha blown
So when a stink trick hit yo phone
Say, "Bitch, lemme get my kick it on!"

Rock yo Head, to the beats, yeah
Everybody rockin, understand what I said
Rock yo Head, Rock yo Head
Stop my bread I'mma rock yo head!
Nigga
Rock yo Head, Rock yo Head
Rock yo Head, I'mma Rock yo Head
Rock yo Head, Rock yo Head
Stop my bread I'mma Rock yo Head

Jordan on my tennis shoe
Organ yellin 'Gimmie you!'
Scorin' the foriegn chick
Got her whorin in her Jimmy Choo
Pour until my Henny through
Your men weak as Winnie Pooh
Ignorin' chicks not
Affordin niggas any-who

Kutty got the thing on lock like Yoda
Middle of the floor
With your girl bent over
Two cups, Two bottles
Left hand on my logo
Right hand on my stick
Twitt' pic for the photo
Makzilla

I got the g-uh-irls
All around the w-uh-orld
Why's that?
Cause I'm makin toes c-uh-url
When I beat it they say I really need it
I spit game like my name's E-E-E-Earl

I'm gonna be Kali Baby until they come'n get me
816, that's whats wrong wit me
Tryin' to see how much money this song gon' get me
I said Rock yo Head, gon' Rock Rock wit me

Goodah
Goodah
Scratch
Scratch
Dome
Don't mess with it
Fuck what I'm sayin
Then invest wit' the vest wit' it
Shout-out to Dj Khalid when we screamin
We the Best with it, Hit em with the lyrical
Skill like I'm possessed with the Ces in it

If you get it, that mean you said somethin you
regretted
But if you get beheaded, then you never should have
said it
This is head bangers ball, break your neck to this,
rock until yo spine
Outta socket shake it like a pocket rocket
Okay!

Tech is spray
When the re-uh-record play
Make me really wanna catch a
Fade, [?], if we saturate
That brigade, that is retro-blade
You just afraid, Tech of what
Your nigga 'bout to pay

Never say we didn't give em Out of drama, then his momma gonna be fake on hi
s betta
days
2Pac re-incarnated, this aided the Went to Mary, said 'Make em straight wish
he'd of fled
away'

Bringin this dope
But I brought no feds
I don't mess with phony niggas
That got no cred's
Yeah

On this album there be alot more sin, like
Don't be fuckin around with white loaf's bread

You can find me up in the spot so red
& if you dis-respect me you gettin shot so dead

I'm gonna be chillin at the top
No meds, Like Reggie Denny
I'mma Rock Yo Head!

816 Boyz! Ain't we sick boy!
Well, ain't we?
Quick to get your girls panties!
Hoes!