

Rebecca Wheatley

"Duck Ya Head"

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{.. Dred wake up. Dred wake up! ..}
"A deep snow, was on the ground in Washington.."

[Dred Scott]

Too slick; I pick a pocket even when it's under lock and key
Most definitely got the flow so let me shoplift the show
from under, the nose of the mediocre joker
for the mic last week, yeah I was fiendin like a smoker
On my way to the mall, yo what's the plan I can't call it
He said, "How much ya got?" I'm pullin the lint out my wallet
I said, "Nobody's home," he's lookin kinda funny
realizin that I hadn't planned on spendin any money
Seen a brand new au-dio Technic, a cordless mic
He said, "You know we can't afford this," syke
I accidentally picked it up, it accidentally fell in my pocket
Whaddya know? I accidentally walked out the store
Alarm went off, my knees were sore
Security woulda been any second so we fled North
Like runaway slaves to the parkin lot
Got in the car, turned the key, but my shit wouldn't start

[Chorus]

So duck ya head they're rollin by, they're rollin by
Ya gots to duck ya head they're rollin by, they're rollin
by

[Dred Scott]

And while patrol was on the lookout for two crooks
a-outta the car we snuck into the back of a truck and we
was GONE..
word is bond.. {*harmonizing*}
.. AIYYO!
We made the getaway quick, I'm thinkin glory
hallelujah
The brother too slick a-but the story wasn't through
You had to understand what was goin on inside my
brain
Now I had a hunger pain so I had to run my game

at the local diner, where all of the honies rolled through
yo
Ordered everything we saw on the menu
And you know damn well I couldn't afford what I ate
Next thing you know yo, "THERE'S A ROACH ON THE
PLATE!"
Brother made a scene, carried out the scheme
Fronted on the waiter and refused to pay the fee, later
B
I had to make a phone call
to ask Big Moe to get my car from the mall
And he would have to give it a jump start cause yo I
couldn't risk it
Next thing you know we're on the Boulevard in Linden
No no no, not a row but if I done ya hoe
went to the head and with the big bottle of rum
goin straight to the brain cell the alcohol arrived
Huh, avoided accidentally made a drunk driver
to the local vocal joint, where the brothers flow yo
We stumbled in and plugged the mic in, and you know
that I had (??) what me I'm on it
Say you're flowin it with the funk and yo you oughta
turn the page
and see the crowd gettin pumped, now the jealous
wanna riff
I felt the rum comin through me, so I had to take a piss
In the bathroom, about to button up my fly
Stick up kids, they out the corner of the eye
Turned to my jacket, like I was packin
For this three on one so you see the odds stackin up
against me, up against the wall they fenced me
with their backs to the door, so you know that they
could not see
Big Mo with Domino bust in
And now it's Even Steven, three on three, so we rushed
dem

[Chorus]

So duck ya head we're comin in, we're comin in
Ya gots to duck ya head we're comin in, we're comin in
Ya gots to duck ya head we're comin in, we're comin in
Ya gots to duck ya head we're comin in, we're comin in

[Dred Scott]

AND, to make sure they wouldn't try that again
Hit one in the head with a bottle of gin
Seen the next one reach to go inside the coat
I put my knee into the groin the elbow to the throat
It happened so fast you couldn't think
Hit the head of the third on the edge of the sink
And after he fell out in my mind I had no doubt

Took the wallets and the jewelry and we broke the hell
out
Leavin the scene of the crime, headed for home sweet
home
when the thought crossed my mind that I had left my
microphone
And me without a mic is like a brother with no function
That's like (?) cop without the greed and the corruption
and the crooked politician I was on my own mission
He said, "Ya can't go back," but would I listen?
I (?) in the facility at half past three
Pullin up to the stoplight and who do we see?
Stick up kids, they ten deep, rollin the other way
Inside my head, I heard a little bitty voice say

[Chorus]

Duck ya head they're rollin by, they're rollin by
Ya gots to duck ya head they're rollin..

[Dred Scott]

.. but I guess I wasn't duckin low enough
The jig was up, I floored the pedal on the ass
The stick up kids they had a score to settle
The shot-glass the broken glass and there goes the
back window
And with it went a very large piece of my shoulder
My grill went into shock as I felt the car swerve
About to get served on the choppin block
A ring-a-ding-a-ling-a-ling alarm clock, wake up we
gotta jet
says my brother, I lay in the bed in a cold sweat
Covered in my piss, a minor technicality
Better to learn from this than to fuck with some reality
Thinkin educatin over like a fat rat
You'll always get caught in your own mousetrap

[Chorus]

So duck ya head they're rollin by, they're rollin by
Ya gots to duck ya head they're rollin by, they're rollin
by
Ya gots to duck ya head they're rollin by, they're rollin
by
Ya gots to duck ya head they're rollin by, they're rollin
by

[Dred Scott]

To the beat y'all duck it
On the microphone gots to duck it, pluck it, duck it,
pluckin
like a chicken when I'm kickin what I'm stickin in ya ear
More rhymes that you need to hear

You find that I come off like this at the end with the
beat
Drop everything now you know that sounds sweet
A dibbi-dip-dip-damn, so-so-socialize
Yo what you sayin over there open up your eyes
and see me doin it

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