

Sash F/ Inka

"Bop Your Head"

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[Intro: Killah Priest]

Yea, yea, yea, yea

Yea, yea - fuck that!

I'm set it off - yea, yea, ya shitted

Ya in some shit now, son

It's on now, motherfuckers can suck my dick

I'm back! Fuck that shit!

Ready to eat niggaz up, beat they ass and e'rything,
son

I'ma prove this shit, right here

Me and my nigga - what!?

[Killah Priest]

The emperor, chief sinister, street minister

Guarenteed in two bars to finish ya

React like a cat when he arches back

Give a fake rapper a heart attack, once I start to rap

I'm a vocalist, nigga, supposed to rip

Last Poet's told me this, hit ya in ya head wit my
explosive fist

Then I finish ya off with my tremendous horse-kick

What now, nigga? Look at ya, talk shit

Can't do it, cuz you ain't got no teeth in ya mouth

And I know ya just tired of me, beatin ya out

Ya trained all year, in a karate class

It took one second, to put yo' ass in a body bag

From a shotty blast, I walk up in ya club and ya parties
don't last

I like to pop shit, don't get me started

I slap y'all motherfuckers like y'all little kids in
kindergarten

Squeeze yo' head till yo' kidneys harden

Now watch this, I'ma call my whole motherfuckin
squadron

And tell niggaz to just start robbin

Cuz y'all niggaz is fucked up

and Brooklyn niggaz is really ready to get ya

I know how to hit ya, and cut ya open

But don't worry, cuz I'ma stitch ya, with a rusty
screwdriver

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

Niggaz bop yo' heads to this, real shit
Call up yo' clicks to this, it's realness
You feel this in yo' streets and village
Spare that new shit, Priest killed it
Y! Niggaz bop yo' heads to this, real shit
Call up yo' clicks to this, it's realness
You feel this in yo' streets and village
Spare that new shit, 'bus killed it

[Canibus]

Yo, yo, yo
Yo I'm a Macabeast MC and I possess the ability
To run at top speed without bendin my knees
I destory shit, pin-point asteroids in orbit
Then, hurl niggaz thousands of miles an hour, towards
it
Fuckin heathen, wrap my hands around ya neck region
Then I start squeezin 'til ya stop breathin
You weaklins is playin tug-of-war wit ya tongues
I knock the teeth out ya gums and suck the breeze out
ya lungs
Hit ya wit a blow your physical frame could never
sustain
You'll probably never walk ever again
Nigga, you think you rhyme sick? I leave you lyin stiff
Put you in a horsemen heimlich til I break ya spine,
bitch
Stop cryin bitch, before I hit ya wit the Iron, bitch
You can't rhyme bitch, the one triple nine's mine bitch
The pain'll make ya voice change octaves
From low-pitched to high-pitched, every hour we kill a
hostage
We judge MC's by they lyrical fitness
And punish DJ's for puttin corny stickers on they mixes
Smack the stripper bitches for askin for our autograph
and pictures
You'll be scared to leave the club wit us
You scratch my back, I'll scratch your's bitch
I'll eat ya salt-fish, if ya suck my sausage
I got an atomic sub, armed wit a sub-atomic scud
Ready to spill ya crimson-colored blood
The four horsemen on the back of four quadropeds
Puttin four hoof prints on ya foreheads, motherfuckers!
(There it is!) So bop ya heads to that, uh (There it is!)

[Chorus]

[Outro: Killah Priest]

Fuckin pussy emcee's, gon' get a shot in the eye
Y'all niggaz talk behind nigga's backs

Y'all niggaz better bop ya mothafuckin heads before
we blow it off
Ya fuckin perfume missin idiots
Y'all niggaz always runnin, go run and tell that
Go on, runnin, run behind somebody's back
Run and tell that and take these fuckin slugs wit ya
We gon' get ya mothafuckin clown
Yea...

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