

## Shell

### "2 to Da Head"

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[Intro: Frukwan]

Check it out... check it out..

Yo.. yo... yo

[Chorus 2X: Frukwan]

Little Johnny Walker Red, 2 to the head

Big shot, slingin' crack and rocks, found dead

Some say it was the cops

Mothers said it was our brothers on the block

[Frukwan]

Yo, makin' stacks of cash money, feel the drama drop

CREAM of the crop, I keep it hot

Feel the rhyme in it, dominant, fake ass talkin'

Muthafuckas fuck the wine, get ya mind open

So he wanna sail with the six pack?

Cork his thought, shit to muzzle, chase a trouble, pass,  
guzzle

It's lookin' bad, sellin' every fuckin' thing that he had

Osirus, weak ass computer virus

The vintage fighter, Johnny United

Claim to be the finest heavyweight, walkin' Empire  
State

Livin' lavish, but in exaggerate of lust

Funds way to the tongues, no excuse for bigger guns

Rendevous makin' moves, the physical endeavour

Hypin' fright, kill and excite, my P. defender

Rended you in comp, like a hundred niggaz when they  
stomp

Muthafuckas get stomped, what?

[Chorus 2X]

[Frukwan]

Yo, watch when brothers get ill, I knew that

Pain and repurcuss', bust, bust, no discuss

Rush in position to blaze, stard bustin'

Circumstance put you in a panic, hold ya cannon

Fox 5, got ya hangin' from the wire

Where the debris trunks, pieces of lead heat up ya  
body

In six to avenge what it is, when a brother gets shell  
shocked  
Figure enemies paradox  
The tense, relentless, never end this  
The scandal was assault and bust the vault  
Brothers that fought, at ease  
Crash the 'ment, just to free up butts  
Lookin' forward and to livin' it up  
Five/six deep, followin' Jeeps and orderments  
Weapon supply, fugitive spies, subordinants  
Smoke screen, three brothers done lost their lives  
From the team, while gettin' get caught up in the  
government scheme

[Chorus 2X]

[Frukwan]

Yo, brace the armor, face the cap slugs in your back  
We escape, through the labryinth, hope  
Battle is skilled decision, act of precision  
The coke was depth bein' the only one left  
Couldn't divide the rules skated with the jewels  
Lay low with pesos, chronic and blow  
Add a couple stunts, and his trail got cold  
Headed straight for the block when he drove his Rolls  
Seen and heard, yo, word, give me the four  
Point blank at the tank, empty clip at the dour  
Slow your roll, the pain was too immense to run  
Knew that his time would come, top issue  
Branded by a government official  
The boys in blue, Paparazzi circled the block  
Rounded up six cats whose phones were tapped  
Still frontin', nobody knew nothin', yo!

[Chorus 2X]

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