

## SupaSTAAR f/ Gorilla Zoe, Yung Joc

### "Head n Shoulders"

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Play-N-Skillz (Chorus: SupaSTAAR) Go on bob ya head,  
go on work your shoulder (x3) Ladies in the club let me  
see ya bend it over Now bend it over Now head n  
shoulder (x16) (SupaSTAAR) Wipe my shirt, wipe my  
feet Look at my eyes you can tell I'm geeked That's that  
calm, I'm on that gone I ain't going home till five in the  
morn Cup of Ciroc, fresh bomb fade Give your bitch my  
brush let her brush my wave Ed Hardy shades, a  
thousand dollar jeans Screaming Halle Berry to the girl  
of my dreams They be like that nigga there got swag  
They be like that nigga there act bad They be like that  
nigga there too cool LL SupaSTAAR too damn smooth I  
do a little that, I do a little this I wink a little eye, I blow a  
little kiss Mr. Halle Berry, I'm an ex pill roller Mr. Yes I  
sleep with your daughter (Chorus) Go on bob ya head,  
go on work your shoulder (x3) Ladies in the club let me  
see ya bend it over Now bend it over Now head n  
shoulder now (x16) (Gorilla Zoe) See a bitch on a bitch,  
I turned out somebody's daughter Told her treat her  
like Rosie, baby girl swallow Polla-tickin got a  
pornographic flick'n Got her body greased up like you  
was Church's fried chicken Told her I was finger lickin I  
got chickens in the kitchen First I get em then I whip em  
some of my ladies come up missin Talkin birdies, talkin  
blocks, talkin bricks, talkin pigeons My club love me all I  
gotta do is show to the club in a '76 Impala  
SportsCenter shawty EA Sports baller Doin the head n  
shoulder got her pickin up dollars The bitch tryin to  
holla but I really won't call her Go on bob ya head, go  
on work your shoulder (x3) Ladies in the club let me  
see ya bend it over Now bend it over Now head n  
shoulder now (x16) (Yung Joc) Now work that head,  
shoulders, knees, toes She know she looks good so  
she puttin on a show She acting like she know me when  
I walk through the door Doin that roley poley man she  
drop it to the floor Like bim-bam, look back at it Please  
excuse my hands, aww man I had to grab it She rockin  
Louie Voutton heels, hundred dollar bills Ice around my  
neck damn near gave her the chills If I had to guess it,  
shawty independent She got her own crib, wanna pay a  
visit Knock knock who is it, time to get explicit Let me

get acquainted with that kitty, let me kiss it Check my  
high q, I'm a brat pack maniac Check the IQ, I guess the  
girls a braniac She get it from her momma, and there  
ain't no changing that Tats on her titty, yeah that's  
where I'm aiming at (Chorus) Go on bob ya head, go on  
work your shoulder (x3) Ladies in the club let me see ya  
bend it over Now bend it over Now head n shoulder  
(x16) (Ending: SupaSTAAR) Now go head, then ya  
shoulder Now go head, then ya shoulder Now hit the  
Bobby, Bobby Now go on Bobby, Bobby Now hit the  
Bobby, Bobby Now go on Bobby, Bobby Now, frank,  
frank, frank, frank, frank, frank, frank Now, frank,  
frank, frank, frank Now go drop it to the ground, girl  
drop it to the ground Girl drop it to the ground, girl  
drop it to the ground

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