

Black Moon f/ Smif 'N' Wessun

"Headz Ain't Redee"

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BCC: Buckshot

Smif-N-Wessun (Tek and Steele)

The Fab 5 (Originoo Gun Clappaz and Heltah Skeltah)

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FB5: Originoo Gun Clappaz (Louisville, Strang, Top Dawg)

Heltah Skeltah (Ruck and Rock)

[Intro/Chorus]

Headz Ain't Ready for this Klik we got

Headz Ain't Ready man I swear they not

[Louisville]

Now a days I had it up to here, from my chest to my head

When the buddha bless bless my head and the eyes are red

Comin for ya, 3-2-1 nice to know ya

you wanted to pop junk

so now it's like a little Vigor

I outta floor ya

[Starang]

Headz Ain't Ready got the Original Gunz and machetes

I Pen-dat ass to de-grass like I was Teddy

cause brothas ain't ready for the fros and the dreads

grab the glock and hitcha from ya toes to ya head

[Top Dawg]

There's an X amount of yar-we, yo pass the gar-weed

Pass it over here so I can get Irie-why we

smoke so much brothas be askin

why the Originoo Gunn Clappaz keep on clappin

[Ruck]

Headz Ain't Ready for what my clique got in store

cause what we got in store keeps us prepared for the war

Shows get blown, hoes get thrown out the room

Plus napkins for nitwits that ride deez from now til noon

Now assume - position, punks pissin dey pants
Caise lyrical skillz is makin you feel..

[Rock]

Still if-in-case you didn't know how we be livin
It's in, my nature to keep Robin like Givens
For real doe, bring your steel bro'
Kill or be killed jerk - you don't know
so that leaves ya screwed like a dildo
I still blow, punks I crush into dust
plus we gothcha bucks (Who the warriors?)
Rock and Ruck, and what?

[Chorus] 2X

[Tek + Steele]

What's that aroma in the air? Trees
So what that means son?
Son that mean it's huntin season
Time to stack papes do you got what it takes
Can you react when your life's at stake?
I rock the stripes of an M-P, pon my timb tree
and keep the Taurus for my enemies
Whenever he comes in the mist of this Boot Camp Klik
it gets realer so watch Steele serve justice
Thirty-two degrees freeze until
these MC's decide to relieve you of grievin

[Buckshot]

On my way from out of state, I hit my block F-A-P
wit my man Ruck and my man Rock S-T
Jus left my man brown nose
Now we gotta sack of the black for the shows
Clothes, ain't really nuthin to me
but I stay wit my Timberland tree, and my
B-double-O-T-C
Rock, the party, keep my hair notty
Did you notice me flowin with potency
Buckshot b-d-b-d and the Evil Dee, we rock fluently

[Chorus] 2X

[Ruck]

Mr. McGee don't get me angry (why?)
you wouldn't like it when I'm angry
Ill thoughts to the dome start to change me
Rearrange the, way I be kickin, my flavor
Even my neighbours
notice a change in the Ruck-est behaviour

[Tek]

Now you roaches don't even come close or approach
this

What I be smokin leave your monkey ass chokin
Straight from yardie like the one Robert Marley
You hardly ever saaw me witout a bag of that bomb
weed

I wake up in the mornin and chocolate's what starts it
Reachin in my pocket for the roach to spark it

[Top Dawg]

I'm steppin in hotter this year
wit my bredern dry-tear, my cousin wit no fear
So who - wanna come tess Top Dawg
They dig you out the ditch and then they take you to the
morgue

[Steele]

Here's Misdemeanor, the crook wit the mouth full
known for bein live and rockin those flava Timbos
Half pass Lincoln, clothes dead and stinkin
Country bwoy got me just zonin and thinkin
Time to start stackin on you crab ass snakes
Gotta move right, cause my rep's at stake
Call up my dawgs thats quick to bust
P.N.C. take it back to the dust
Now I got fo' eyes to watch my back
plus my own two make it a full six-pack
Now we bring the ruckas to wannabee knuckas
Bodyin suckas like I change up my chuckas

[Buckshot]

Don't you know the W-a-r (war)
is o-n (on) open to them headz scopin
Hopin they can get a bite, and write what I write
but they don't know the night
keeps me and my Clik air tight (right)
all you biters wanna chunk the script
but your quick to take a flick
by my side as you take my hand, givin the fake smile
but I peeped you for awhile
ease off selecta when the B.D. pulled your file
can I pull your card again, the Buck's guardian
is the Arm-a-Leg-Leg-Arm-a-Head
so begin to drop the bombs (Heltah Skeltah)
Booyah!

[Rock]

You ask for it, who want beef well here's war
For this I packs twin automatic 4-4's
Kids this ain't before don't even speak about my fleet
Many pop junk but front when MC's meet

Dem not ready

[Outro]

Headz Ain't Ready for this Clik we got (dem not ready)

Headz Ain't Ready man I swear they not (naw)

Headz Ain't Ready for the Clik we got (we really ready)

Headz Ain't Ready man I swear they not (naw)

Headz Ain't Ready.. for the Click we got

(They ain't nowhere near ready)

ad libbing to fade

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