

## Cassia Eller

### "Aim 4 The Head"

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[Chorus]

Aim for the head, when you see him, go get him nigga  
Aim for the head, when you see him, go get him nigga  
Aim for the head, when you see him, go get him nigga  
\*Watch 'em now, watch 'em now\*  
Aim for the head, when you see him, go get him nigga  
Aim for the head, when you see him, go get him nigga  
Aim for the head, when you see him, go get him nigga  
Let them lames know you ain't playin with 'em

[Cassidy]

Shit real, I know how baggin a whole brick feel  
Big deal, hit the garage and switch wheels  
My chicks real, with the menage and tip drills  
Give me a massage, then show me how them lips feel  
I'm shinin cause I'm clinin on the strip still  
And I grip steel, still keep the clip steel  
Everything I spit real, everything I spit ill  
Everything spit sick, for real  
When shit switch, ain't shit changed  
Like Rick James, I'm rich bitch  
Get change, big chain and wrist gliss  
I'm with game, I'ma make cake like this quick  
My album went gold in a month, that was a quick flip  
Don't say shit bitch, 'cause niggaz with the lip bit  
Aint one in the gun, 'till it go click click  
Then I'm gon'switch clips and squeeze like toothpaste  
Palm over my forearm so I could shoot straight

[Chorus]

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[Jin]

My objective is to live lavish, rip mad kids  
Jin stand out like Swiss ad libs  
Compared to me, your shit's average, no matter how  
you come  
Should've been spit on volume one, tell your corner it's

time  
Throw in the towel, you done  
Call up Jimmy, Kevin Lyles, whoever you want  
It's a wrap, your career can not be saved  
Fuck makin a comeback, you ain't Flavor Flav  
Before my album dropped, I rocked show for G's  
Blowin trees, while I'm tourin overseas  
Flew to PR, won a quick fifty G's  
And I'm still poppin up on Smack DVD's  
Aint got no platinum plaques for records sold  
But if eatin rappers was sales, I'm seven times gold  
Bout to blow, get set for detonation  
Speakin on behalf of the next generation

[Chorus]

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[J-Hood]

No matter what they spit, I still ain't convinced  
Not at all, your brains over the window, make it look like  
you got red tints  
Hope your GT got a bulletproof F-R-O-N-T  
Pop with them slugs and give a fuck about your Bentley  
You a punk and I'm a boss boy  
It's the U Cheeks and I ain't talkin bout that nigga from  
the Lost Boys  
The barrel was too big, you had to see the fall  
You had to see that havin it all was just a casualty of  
war  
I got keys like a cord when I'm swingin a sword  
I could bring you the law, got them things on the fog  
We the best and I ain't got to spit a punchline  
'Cause I do situps all over the track when it's  
crunchtime  
Fuck this rap shit, I've been realer, you got thin scrilla  
I'll put this machette through the side of your chin chilla  
Black hoodie with the matchin fitted  
Don't come up short lil' man, we even clappin midgets

[Chorus]

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Let them lames know you ain't playin with 'em (2X)

