

Boondox

"Headz Ain't Ready"

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Originally billed inaccurately as 'Black Moon & Smif N Wessun'

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 Aint Ready for the Klik we got

Headz Aint Ready when I swear they not

Verse One: Louisville Strang Top Dawg Ruck, Rock

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 4 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

Headz Aint Ready got the Original Gunz and machetes

I pin that ass to the grass like I was Teddy

cuz brothas aint ready for the fros and the dreads

grab the glock and hitcha from ya toes to ya head

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

Headz Aint Ready for what my clique got in store

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

shows get blown, ho's get thrown out the room

plus knuckas get??? from now til noon

Now assume posistion, punks pissin in pants

cuz lyrical skillz is makin you feel...

Still liftin, incase you didn't know how we be livin

it's in my nature to keep robbin like Givens

for real doe, when your still broke

kill or be killed jerk

you don't know

so I leave ya screwed like a dildo
I still blow, punks I crush into dust
plus we gothcha bucks
(Who the warriors?) Rock & Ruck ass what
Chorus 2X

Verse Two: Tek and Steele, Buckshot
What's that aroma in the air?
treason, so wghat 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 lifes at stake
I rock the stripes of an M-P
pon my timb tree
and keep the Tauras from my enemy
whenever he comes in the mist of this Boot Camp
Clique

it gets realer so watch this, serve justice
3-2 degrees freeze until
these MC's decide to relieve you from grievin
On my way from out of state
I hit my block F-A-P
wit my man Ruck & my man Rock S-T
jus left my man brown nose
now we gotta sac of the black for the shows
clothes aint really nuthin ta me
bit I stay wit my Timberland tree
and my B-double-O-T-C
Rock, keep my hair notty
did you know it's me floatin wit potent see
Buckshot b-d-b-d and the Evil Dee
we rock fluently

Chorus 2X

Verse Three: Ruck, Tek, Top Dawg, Steele, Buckshot,
Rock

Mr. McGee don't get me angry(why)
you wouldn't like it when I mangle
your thoughts to done start to change you
rearrange you, way you all be kickin
my flava, even my neighbours
notice a change in the Ruckest behaviour
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 was thoughts
reachin in my pocket for the roach to spark it
I'm steppin in hotter this year
wit my brethren dry-tear
my cousin wit no fear so who

wanna come tess Top Dawg
to get you out the plastic
and then take you to the morgue
Here's Mr. Meena, the crook wit the mouth full
known for bein live
and rockin nose flava timbos
half pass Lincoln
clothes that is stinkin
country bwoy got me just zonin and thinkin
Time to start stackin on you crab ass snakes
gotta move right, cuz my reps at stake
call up my dawgs that's quick to bust
P.N.C. take it back to the dust
now I got 4 eyes to watch my back
plus my own 2 make it a full 6 pack
now we bring the ruckas to wannabee knuckas
bodyin suckas like a change of my chuckas
Don't you know the W-a-r(war)
is o-n(on) open to them headz scopin
hope-in they can get a bite
and write what I write
but they don't know the night
keeps me and my clique air tight(right)
all you biters wanna chunk the script
but your quick to take a flick
by my side/and you take my hand , givin tha fake smile
but I peeped you for awhile
ease off selecta when the beedie pulled your file
can I pull your card again
it's the Bucks-guardian
the arm-a-leg, leg-arm & head
so begin to drop the bombs(Heltah Skeltah)
Booyah!
you ask for it who, so people here's war
for this I pack an automatic 4-4's
kids this aint before
so don't even speak about my fleet
many pop junk but front when MC's meet
them naw ready
Outro:
Headz Aint Ready for this clique we got(dem naw
ready)
Headz Aint Ready when I swear they not(naw)
Headz Aint Ready for this clique we got(we really
ready)
Headz Aint Ready when I swear they not(naw)
Headz Aint really ready.....we the warriors

