

Heather B. "If Headz Only Knew..."

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[Heather B]

Ah, ahhh, huh..

Ain't no shorts gon' be taken, word up

[Chorus 2X: Heather B]

If headz only knew how I felt about the rap game

They'd know - I ain't goin out

If headz only knew how I felt about the rap game

They'd know - I ain't goin out

[Heather B]

"I'm Every Woman," like Whitney, and Chaka

I sparks the green lye, the choc' thai, that good ganja

I stay mad bent, twisted up like a pretzel

Rainin on hoes in weak shows like Tempest Bledsoe

My head so heavy, heavy-headed, heavy-handed

It be these wild niggaz that I roll and stand with

I be rhymin 'til dusk, bout trials and triumph

My grill be like what? Niggaz know, I don't give a fuck

I stay in touch with the streets, the corners

Employed by the people, start slackin, a goner

You wanna know why I keep it real, cause it's easy

Fuck the fancy shit, it's the simple things that please

me

I sports fat gear, along with no name shit

As long as I got me some cash, I don't care who name

on my hip

I'm doin shit for noventa-seis

That's nine-six in Spanish, why don't your wack ass

vanish

[Chorus]

[Heather B]

Demolition done, competition none

Reputation unsung strong long ground what

I got verbals, got herbals, and antihistamines

I'm herbally and verbally distributin you listenin

It's more to it, than a Lex and duplex

Don't sell sex or 'mote sex sells, I got more respect

Dressed in jeans, Gortex and striped rugbies

With the strength of fifty-four niggaz, word, that love

me
Hoes ain't ready for the shit I got
And when I finally rock they'll see I turned it up a notch
No more comin, but yo' crack is wide open

Or try to be hardcore, claimin, you totin
I hope that you be hopin, when I'm rhymin, I'm jokin
My tech', is more complex than weed smokin
Senile, it's time that I get more agile
Style versatile, FUCK doin a minute, in the penile
Attitude hostile, intelligently hostile
Not just the rhymes but my frame of mind will drop you

[Chorus]

[Heather B]

To all the doubters, givin they opinion
My rhyme style winnin so I'll just keep spittin
Yeah, I'm just nasty like that and I don't give a fuck no
more
Fuck that herb and his whore, cause yo
In my last game of freestylin I dropped fifty
They did me none, mad jump shots and add ones
And then the tech', for bringin bitches down by they
neck
Yo stop it, now there's no need to get wrecked
You play wild, but my style was flagrant and it's foul
I'll have you wipin shit wit'cho white towel
I crashed yo' bust cause you don't think when you shoot
That made it way back downcourt and caught a I'll
alley-oop
OOH! Heather B, y'all ain't know I get up
Plus I make my lay-ups, so all you heffers shut the
FUCK UP
A team player, strategy the full court press up
Fat jersey and a baggy short Guess
Yeah, I even spotted 'em ten and did damage
Let them pick the refs plus they had home court
advantage
But even then, I'm not one to underestimate
So the whole forty-eight I banged out in the paint
And when it all, was put on the line
Tied score, second left in double overtime
These bitches went and fouled me, they must not know
That in the clutch, Heather B was gon' sink both free
throws

[Chorus]

