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Johnny Philko "Hits the Head"

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Parties all around start checkin for the substance The context you suspect, but I expect when Serchlite hits the break.. .. headache, BREAK FOOL with the groove that's strictly metropolitan Past go, I'll let you go again the pen emulates what's heard from the four wheel And Babyface ain't never seen this crazy whip appeal Sealed with the hits and blow cause I got hits to go fists to flow Michel'le Michelle-low under the mistletoe I let my missle go, yo Hands get pound, when it comes down to slick rhymes No respect in the deuce cool I'm vickin mines Burnished in New York kids that rolled diesel Kids swoll big like they were shootin up an AIDS needle So cling to your mom's memories, calamity's a remedy to recollect childhood memory lane Envision, the picture, the frame The beat that rumbles into the brain Stains grim gloom carefree feelin, up a buildin cap peelin Slash from the unwillin blastin off, passin off to the prevention, locked in detention Wielding fiends, your dome starts STRETCHIN To hit the hot spot, and stomp hysterical The groove that makes you thank God for miracles Pinnacles are peakin there you find Serch.. .. hittin heads until the head hurts Migraine, motherfuckin migraine Migraine, motherfuckin migraine, migraine Motherfuckin migraine, migraine

Motherfuckin migraine

Rhythm rung gets designed for the kind that's the deaf the dumb and blind seen here and stated with that And if you're not gonna hit that, let me rip that rhythm hit the rhymes, we give 'em, we leave 'em Then we'll ghost to the most so the concrete is secured to endure, three-hundred and sixty-five days of the

unsure

is the way the crumb comes clompin That's why these boots were made for stompin Comp is little to none, when the riddle is sung When who is rappin no beats gets paid The answer as he gets sprayed by the kids who survived the playground, of the steel Who used a fat and funky, as a sort of shiv Deal to the crew that rolls in batallions If water was slaughter I'd have to order by the gallon Pestacides killed the pests, the rest are out the back like sweats so jump out the projects, out the building Out your condo, out your crib, out your co-op! And let me rip the hip-hop again Oh shit, Skeff Anslem, he gets props again Let out the grunt, let out the funk, from out your trunk Feel the bass and let it PUMP PUMP

Migraine, motherfuckin migraine Migraine, motherfuckin migraine, migraine Motherfuckin migraine

I ain't got no DJ, but that's alright I ain't got no dancers, but that's alright I ain't got no choir, but that's alll-riiiiight All I got left is the mic.. .. SO STRIKE UP THE BAND MAN, as I command man Float up the damn damn, wash away the flim-flam Knick-knack quick wack paddywack, give a dog a stick Then hop off my dialect quick to the throat I choke, I I need a Coke cause I got somethin in my throat.. AHHA-AHEM! Better? Let no one get no one up gassed here on the throttle catch a back of a forty bottle Models can't roll put a toll into the parkin meter Crowds around two kids in a four seater Pack attack crunch from the boom To give a brother ROOM, TO BREATHE, LEAVE And pull the card our your sleeve, you're free to roam as the beat hits the head until you gets home

Migraine, migraine motherfuckin migraine Migraine motherfuckin migraine Migraine motherfuckin migraine Motherfuckin migraine migraine! Motherfuckin migraine migraine!! Migraine motherfuckin migraine migraine!! MIGRAINE? MOTHERFUCKIN MIGRAINE MIGRAINE?! MIGRAINE! MOTHERFUCKIN MIGRAINE!!!

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