

Lil' Jon "Knockin' Heads Off"

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Yeah
Yeah
Okay
Okay motherfucker
Y'all know who it is
Who is it?

Lil' Jon, them motherfuckin' East Side Boyz
Yeah, yeah
I got my nigga Jadakiss with me too
(D-Block, live son)
We gon' do this for all the real motherfuckin' niggas
Holla at them niggas J
C'mon

Kiss name known, matter fact, Kiss name blown
And bitches always wanna hit me like I just came home
But I still put the tools in ya mouth
And niggas know that I'm a monster on the East
But I'm huge in the South

'Cause this is evil in the trenches and everybody
starvin'
So to get the money right we put the deisel on the
benches
'Down Bottom', feel like the ol' days
Fuckin' with the corn liquor ridin' around listen to O'Jays

When we loadin' the clip every slug gotta catch
When you goin' to war every thug got his match
S S baby, blue Impala with the mack in it
Big gold cup with rhinestones with my pack in it

It's like the jungle but the broads is fine
And if they ain't puffin' crippie, then this Georgia
[Incomprehensible]
Listen, I'm the wrong nigga to style with
And my motherfuckin' problem to reconcile with, nigga
what?

We knockin' heads off
(Yeah)

We knockin' heads off
(Yeah)
We knockin' heads off
Motherfuckin' heads off
(Yeah)

We knockin' heads off
(Yeah)
We knockin' heads off
(Yeah)
We knockin' heads off
Motherfuckin' heads off
(Yeah)

You wanna go nigga
Let's go nigga
(Okay)
You wanna go nigga
Let's go nigga
(Okay)

You wanna go nigga
Let's go nigga
(Okay)
What, what, what, what, what?

Pussy niggas lay it down
Me and my niggas finna clown
Pussy niggas lay it down
Me and my niggas finna clown

We throw our fuckin' click up
We give a fuck if you don't like us
We throw our fuckin' click up
We give a fuck if you don't like us

Don't like them niggas
Can't stand that bitch
Don't like them niggas
Can't stand that bitch

We'll shut your club down
If y'all niggas wanna clown
We'll shut your club down
Bitch say something now

We knockin' heads off
(Yeah)
We knockin' heads off
(Yeah)
We knockin' heads off

Motherfuckin' heads off
(Yeah)

We knockin' heads off
(Yeah)
We knockin' heads off
(Yeah)
We knockin' heads off
Motherfuckin' heads off
(Yeah)

You wanna go nigga
Let's go nigga
(Okay)
You wanna go nigga
Let's go nigga
(Okay)

You wanna go nigga
Let's go nigga
(Okay)
What, what, what, what, what?

What? What?
Y'all know when the beat breakdown and shit
What's up? What's up?
It's time to get motherfuckin' buck wild in this bitch
Bitch, bitch

Now this what I want y'all niggas to do
What's up?
All the real niggas and ladies out there
Okay
Y'all need to repeat after me, right now

I ain't scared of no nigga, I ain't scared of no bitch
I ain't scared of nobody in ya motherfuckin' click
I ain't scared of no nigga, I ain't scared of no bitch
I ain't scared of nobody in ya motherfuckin' click

Man fuck that shit, nigga fuck that shit
Man fuck that shit, nigga fuck that shit
Man fuck that shit, nigga fuck that shit
Man fuck that shit, nigga fuck that shit

We knockin' heads off
(Yeah)
We knockin' heads off
(Yeah)
We knockin' heads off
Motherfuckin' heads off

(Yeah)

We knockin' heads off

(Yeah)

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(Yeah)

We knockin' heads off

Motherfuckin' heads off

(Yeah)

You wanna go nigga

Let's go nigga

(Okay)

You wanna go nigga

Let's go nigga

(Okay)

You wanna go nigga

Let's go nigga

(Okay)

What, what, what, what, what?

Yeah

(BME ho)

We up out this bitch

(Ruff Ryders ho, what's up?)

But before we leave

I gotta let my nigga tell you his name

I'm Holiday Styles, where the fuck you thuggin' at

I knock off ya head with a Louisville Slugger bat

P'll go to war and ain't never have to bring a nigga

My gun is armed and my bullets like a finger nigga

Call up Lil' Jon and them East Side Boyz

All I need is a lil' bomb and them East Side toys

You can catch me in the Dirty South, I got a dirty mouth

Sittin' on the roof with the fuckin' 30-30's out

I told you I'm a menace y'all

I got enough guns to fill up the Lennox Mall

In the front parking lot

Coke still movin' good, guns still spark a lot

Hustlin' with family, partyin' with murderers

D-Block and everything, shit you probably heard of us

Yeah, I'm a Ryder nigga, you ain't got a gun

Or a motherfuckin' knife, you ain't even gon' try us,

nigga

I'll leave you with a hole daddy

And for the fact that I'm in the Dirty South
I'll be bouncin' in the old Caddy
What? Motherfucker

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