

## Dred Scott "Duck Ya Head"

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{.. Dred wake up. Dred wake up! ..}

"A deep snow, was on the ground in Washington.."

[Dred Scott]

Too slick; I pick a pocket even when it's under lock and key

Most definitely got the flow so let me shoplift the show from under, the nose of the mediocre joker

for the mic last week, yeah I was fiendin like a smoker

On my way to the mall, yo what's the plan I can't call it

He said, "How much ya got?" I'm pullin the lint out my wallet

I said, "Nobody's home," he's lookin kinda funny

realizin that I hadn't planned on spendin any money

Seen a brand new au-dio Technic, a cordless mic

He said, "You know we can't afford this," syke

I accidentally picked it up, it accidentally fell in my pocket

Whaddya know? I accidentally walked out the store

Alarm went off, my knees were sore

Security woulda been any second so we fled North

Like runaway slaves to the parkin lot

Got in the car, turned the key, but my shit wouldn't start

[Chorus]

So duck ya head they're rollin by, they're rollin by

Ya gots to duck ya head they're rollin by, they're rollin

by

[Dred Scott]

And while patrol was on the lookout for two crooks

a-outta the car we snuck into the back of a truck and we was GONE..

word is bond.. {\*harmonizing\*}

.. AIYYO!

We made the getaway quick, I'm thinkin glory

hallelujah

The brother too slick a-but the story wasn't through

You had to understand what was goin on inside my brain

Now I had a hunger pain so I had to run my game

at the local diner, where all of the honies rolled through

yo

Ordered everything we saw on the menu  
And you know damn well I couldn't afford what I ate  
Next thing you know yo, "THERE'S A ROACH ON THE  
PLATE!"

Brother made a scene, carried out the scheme  
Fronted on the waiter and refused to pay the fee, later  
B

I had to make a phone call  
to ask Big Moe to get my car from the mall  
And he would have to give it a jump start cause yo I  
couldn't risk it  
Next thing you know we're on the Boulevard in Linden  
No no no, not a row but if I done ya hoe  
went to the head and with the big bottle of rum  
goin straight to the brain cell the alcohol arrived  
Huh, avoided accidentally made a drunk driver  
to the local vocal joint, where the brothers flow yo  
We stumbled in and plugged the mic in, and you know  
that I had (??) what me I'm on it  
Say you're flowin it with the funk and yo you oughta  
turn the page  
and see the crowd gettin pumped, now the jealous  
wanna riff  
I felt the rum comin through me, so I had to take a piss  
In the bathroom, about to button up my fly  
Stick up kids, they out the corner of the eye  
Turned to my jacket, like I was packin  
For this three on one so you see the odds stackin up  
against me, up against the wall they fenced me  
with their backs to the door, so you know that they  
could not see  
Big Mo with Domino bust in  
And now it's Even Steven, three on three, so we rushed  
dem

[Chorus]

So duck ya head we're comin in, we're comin in  
Ya gots to duck ya head we're comin in, we're comin in  
Ya gots to duck ya head we're comin in, we're comin in  
Ya gots to duck ya head we're comin in, we're comin in

[Dred Scott]

AND, to make sure they wouldn't try that again  
Hit one in the head with a bottle of gin  
Seen the next one reach to go inside the coat  
I put my knee into the groin the elbow to the throat  
It happened so fast you couldn't think  
Hit the head of the third on the edge of the sink  
And after he fell out in my mind I had no doubt  
Took the wallets and the jewelry and we broke the hell

out  
Leavin the scene of the crime, headed for home sweet  
home  
when the thought crossed my mind that I had left my  
microphone  
And me without a mic is like a brother with no function  
That's like (?) cop without the greed and the corruption  
and the crooked politician I was on my own mission  
He said, "Ya can't go back," but would I listen?  
I (?) in the facility at half past three  
Pullin up to the stoplight and who do we see?  
Stick up kids, they ten deep, rollin the other way  
Inside my head, I heard a little bitty voice say

[Chorus]

Duck ya head they're rollin by, they're rollin by  
Ya gots to duck ya head they're rollin..

[Dred Scott]

.. but I guess I wasn't duckin low enough  
The jig was up, I floored the pedal on the ass  
The stick up kids they had a score to settle  
The shot-glass the broken glass and there goes the  
back window  
And with it went a very large piece of my shoulder  
My grill went into shock as I felt the car swerve  
About to get served on the choppin block  
A ring-a-ding-a-ling-a-ling alarm clock, wake up we  
gotta jet  
says my brother, I lay in the bed in a cold sweat  
Covered in my piss, a minor technicality  
Better to learn from this than to fuck with some reality  
Thinkin educatin over like a fat rat  
You'll always get caught in your own mousetrap

[Chorus]

So duck ya head they're rollin by, they're rollin by  
Ya gots to duck ya head they're rollin by, they're rollin  
by  
Ya gots to duck ya head they're rollin by, they're rollin  
by  
Ya gots to duck ya head they're rollin by, they're rollin  
by

[Dred Scott]

To the beat y'all duck it  
On the microphone gots to duck it, pluck it, duck it,  
pluckin  
like a chicken when I'm kickin what I'm stickin in ya ear  
More rhymes that you need to hear  
You find that I come off like this at the end with the

beat  
Drop everything now you know that sounds sweet  
A dibbi-dip-dip-damn, so-so-socialize  
Yo what you sayin over there open up your eyes  
and see me doin it

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