

Dj Kayslay

"Through Your Head"

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[Chorus 2X: Sample]

Get this thing through your head
And they will never be no more
Tell me, tell me, about it, damn it

[Jae Millz]

Aiyo, I move with a click that's wreckless
And they ain't got no problem spraying your ass, like
disinfectant
So if I feel disrespected, I promise you family
Your body gon' be hollow tip infested
I come from the slums of the 212
H-Dub, Lennox Ave, fuck you gon' do?
We got wild clips duke, with things that'll hit you
And leave a hole so big your moms could put a whole
wrist through
Homes, you don't wanna push me there
To the point, I gotta leave you in a bush somewhere
Nah, you don't wanna push me there
It ain't worth it, dog, homeboy you better - better, huh
Before I aim in you -- huh, it's real
You heard Millz real, and better believe it stupid cuz --
Nah, come on, Slay you know who to holla at
I'm heavy ever where from Harlem to the bottom where
the rude boys and shottas sat
Hell is what I'm giving em, fuck hurtin', I'm killing em
Got legends ready to pick back up they pen and spit
again

[Angelous]

I nurture the track, the perfect of rap
Its nonsense how the don, get curved it, to clap
You miss me, simply, I asserted the track
Kay classic, the same game, dog, with packs
Mobsters with the arms up, feel the game wit me
Bomb up, as I conduct, this is Ang' furry, huh
I made berry, the whole league in Jones Beach
And bake berry, the H jerry's is so sweet
So brief, aim's gone, in the building
O.G.'s ain't honor the brilliant, except for the minds
That push the breathe, for the best to colide

Better yet, I put the X in define
Never fret, when it's beef, I put the pep' in the nine
From your brain to my watch, you be ahead of my time
Aim/shift, your brain wrist, the gate aimed to lift
The game will keep going because Angelous exists,
bitch

[Chorus]

[Cashmere]

What up, it's Cashmere, ya, your new rap fellow
We in hoods like the jam in '86, hello
You know what that means? Ya'll the rap queen
Bunch of bitch niggaz, bow to your new king
And after this there won't be no more
You dudes, is full of hype, that's what TV's for
So, get it through your head, or the nine'll leave, eight
holes in your head
Think I'm playing, nigga? I have my peeps pop out my
the van
And you lookin like, a soldier out of Pakistan
Ask them dudes on this track, they'll tell you Cash the
man
Whatever he doing, trust me, I know I can
I'm ahead of him, eight miles and running
I'm done busting shots, the next hit, the bomb drops
You cocksuckers is about to die, and -- let's go, come
on

[Chorus]

[Trife Da God]

Either you get it through the head, or you get it through
the leg
Either way, you graze these bullets, is gonna leave you
dead
And I ain't freezin' up, when it's time to pull it, you
heard what I said
It's Theodore nigga, we all about the bread, niggaz
And it's time for a reality check, yet I'm celeb in the
hood
And I ain't even seen a salary yet
Ya'll niggaz flee when my calvary's step
Staten Island we rep, stylin' to death, pumpin' gallons
to wet
And like Nick, yeah, I stay with the Cannon
Lay in fours, get, kid you stuck wherever you standing
Lay you on the strip, play you for a bitch, you punk
Pussy, you dealin' with crumbs, so stop actin' like you
one tough cookie
I'm not the greatest, I'm the latest, ya'll faggots is

imitators

Air you out like ventilators, and bang you like skinned potatoes

Cuz most of ya'll faggots is sounding like little Jada's

[Maino]

Yo, I speak for the Stuy, Brooklyn is mine, get it through your head

'Fore I round these bullets up and send them through your head

Last nigga tried to stunt, left his hat full of lead

Left the picture that your see, for the inside of F.E.D.S.

I want you to think, that my gun don't burst

My tech'll make niggaz back up like cars in reverse

Definition of a thug, man, put in your work

And nigga act up, you put his work in the earth

Yeah, I'm hotter than you ever was, real? You never was

Hustle hard, nigga, we get you, whatever drugs

Bet you none of ya'll seen, machine guns rattle

So I let off, and let you feel the heat off the barrel

My dogs rocked up, and got you when you hit the gravel

Been a hard hitter, before the Mets signed Darryl

I'm your reaper, when I blast the street sweeper

You bitch niggaz'll crack up like cheap sneakers

[Chorus]

[True Life]

Yo, ya'll niggaz keep talking greasy, like I won't melt ya'll

See me in the streets, got more Smilez than Southstar

Pull your socks up, homey, you know what I'm about, yo

I was pushing rocks, you pushed the Roc, forgot yo's

Lot of niggaz thuggin', but not like me

Put the fifth to your nose, for being nosey

Fuck a throwback jersey, you trying to be Fabolous

End your career, have you resurface like Canibus

Nigga's shouldn't have let me loose

I'm well when I'm sober, imagine off Cran' and Grey Goose

I'm liable to clap the tech

Make you take that chain off, but I don't want a rash on my necklace

Shit, we ain't the same caliber, listen, your don

I treat ho's how I wanna, even got a bad blonde

Got bad feet, so I hit her with her shoes on

Get this through your head, 'fore I flip over, your Yukon

[Bad Seed]

Streetsweeper, cock back, run up, where ya block at
Gettin' money, stop that, where the fuck ya'll rocks at
Bandana on my face, thirty nine on my waist
Shoot you if you try to run, nigga you ain't gettin'
chased
You was poppin' hella shit, all that shit irrelevant
Sittin' on cake, and you waiting on the settlement
I'm a grown man, never run, never ran
And I don't play with kids, this ain't Never Never Land
Brooklyn, fuck that, crackers, where my nuts at?
You get bucked at, crew you 'fore I Dutch hat
I smoke 'Cocoa Brova', stay with a 'Smif-N-Wessun'
Skip J in the Garden, and hit Slay session
Bad Seed from the top of the hill
It's still real though, Tarantino flow, keep it low, I Kill Bill

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