

Kimbra

"Hed Nod Shit"

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* send corrections to the typist

[Verse 1]

Yo I'm catchin' more wreck drivers than triple A
They should call you Chucky cuz ya lyrics are Child's
Play
Try to pray to god that I come back
There's a better chance of seein' a Kid N Play come
back
I run rap, you done clap, so what bitch I done that
Nothin' but talk actin' more shady than sun hats
I got that, type of I'll funk you like the ahhh shit
Step into the cipher turning it into a mosh pit
I rock shit, with the hot shit never stop this
Makin' you bounce like a hot bitch that's topless
Its nonsense bring it to me dirty like a laundry mat
Perpetrating like you will like a hypochondriac
Please, you wacky emcees can't touch my steez
All on my nuts, like I'm a dog and yall fleas
Yall ain't reppin' keys unless they for your Plymouth
breeze
So why you gotta front punk, yall ain't off the heez
I'm known to grip microphones and get blown
And blast chromosomes on your girl while you home
alone
My roamin' zone tryin' to do my thing and make some
provolone
Cuz I'm more connected than a mobile phone
Never see me stoned, I'm just high on my own
These punks'll get stuffed just like a calzone
It's amazing at the rate I'm takin'em out
Even that DC snipers like "damn settle down"
It's just one of the damn days, I'm on a rampage
You get crushed, like you were stuck in the trade center
stairways
Been through more hell man than mayonnaise
And I got more rhymes than Don King has bad hair
days
I am not all evil I got a little bit of good
But then again I think that Hitler was just
misunderstood

Aw so what I like the eat and I heard it's hot in hell
It ain't my fault cuz I been through more shit than
Cottonelle

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I don't wanna talk about the clothes and the cars
Don't wanna rhyme about the hoes and the stars
My names Q Strange and I'm rollin' with the squad
And all we're tryin' to do is make ya head nod

[Verse 2]

ILLmortal baby comin' back wit a vengeance
You emcees are absent and I got perfect attendance
Like a super intendent I'm just handin' out these
detention
To you remedial rappers that need just special
attention
I'm blessin' the mic like it was sneezin' and shit
And while you out runnin' game kid, I'm pleasin' ya
bitch
I wanna blow up, yo, and just get paid lovely
Hey yo fuck Raymond everybody better love me
It must be nice, to be crazy mad rich
Just from droppin' one whack booty radio hit
Ima keep rippin' these rhymes until you bastards are
just sick of me
Abusin' the mic like Chino X abuses similes
Crazy white kid wit violent curses in his verses
Not the next Eminem, I should've been the first kid
I ain't smart enough to get a hook up wit Dre
But I did get a hook up wit a hooker wit aids
But anyways I'ma just be a flowin' emcee
I'm like Eee ain't nobody ever noticin' me
So this shit is just a hobby but it should be my career
But I couldn't give a shit if I had mad diarrhea
I'm just happy wit my little solid fan base
And hey yo I got more lines than George Hamilton's tan
face
I'm all over the damn place with this song I got no
structure
It ain't about shit, but you don't like it, man fuck ya

[Chorus]

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