

Wanting "HeadBanger"

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Fred, Vado, Toast moscado, clap when a nigga getting
chips, bravo
I open up shop, fiends Russian, Drago
For the record I came with the mac, Cerado
Too bad the ladies praise him
Shawty called me du-rag, I got her waving
What you wanna get into, lets hit the Days Inn
Room presidential Bush, Regan
She a model and she look like Asian
Me and Vado like Reggie Bush on the Ravens,
Shawty said I tried to game her,
I came in the crib unexpected, Kramer
I get down g ass, no Chris Brown BS
A medallion the size of a Nintendo DS
Short shirt italian chain on the 3X
Every verse styling stop the beat, BX

I break the China with the chop sticks
Then I count what the block get,
Then I wake up with your top chick, oh shit

Cause you ain't ready for this head banger
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I dun seen everything but christ,
Ask me, these niggas is everything but nice
Like you see me in everything but Mikes
I doubt that cause I don't do everything just nights,
Boomerang I'm the next Marcus
Smooth as Eric Benet bear foot on the red carpet
No wonder, loaf good in the bread market
Pardon, but make sure those bottles got red sparklers,
Don't stop, let the beat build,
What's ya mortgage?, car note? that's the cheap bill
Don't worry about it, I got it, long as we speak still
When nothing in it and out it, there's nothing that's how
the weak feel
Wish I could bring Hud back, chill, fuck that, chill

Fuck that, chill fuck that
Getting money for six, fronting we love that
Pulling out in the six stunting, we does that

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V twizzy, godsom we busy
I Viani the jewels was popping, e easy
Steam piffy, keeps me lean, dizzy
Bottles of peanut butter like what you need jiffy?
Catch a heart attack, who harder black
Got the whole X in here and where Harlem at
Like Mike's first deal, I been the problem cat,
Money trains full speed aint no stopping that

Fast, rapping, I live the way I'm rapping
Ripping it off the plastic, come I'll show you some
traffic
I got some caskets, things start to get drastic
My guns from Germany, Dirk Nowitski, the Mavericks
Cuban in front like the owner, stash the pounds of sour
cause the aroma
34 for that Melony Fiona,
Fred The God's the one, I thought I told ya

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