

## Arden Jann

### "Headz Ain't Ready"

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BCC: Buckshot  
Smif-N-Wessun (Tek and Steele)  
The Fab 5 (Originoo Gun Clappaz and Heltah Skeltah)  
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FB5: Originoo Gun Clappaz (Louisville, Strang, Top Dawg)  
Heltah Skeltah (Ruck and Rock)

Intro/chorus:

Headz Aint Ready for this Clik we got  
Headz Aint Ready man I swear they not

[Louisville]  
Now a days I had it up to here, from my chest to my head  
when the buddha bless bless my head and the eyes are red  
Comin for ya, 3-2-1 nice to know ya  
you wanted to pop junk  
so now it's like a little Vigor  
I outta floor ya

[Starang]  
Headz Aint Ready got the Original Gunz and machetes  
I Pen-dat ass to de-grass like I was Teddy  
cause brothas aint ready for the fros and the dreads  
grab the glock and hitcha from ya toes to ya head

[Top Dawg]  
There's an X amount of yar-we, yo pass the gar-weed  
Pass it over here so I can get Irie-why we  
smoke so much brothas be askin  
why the Originoo Gunn Clappaz keep on clappin

[Ruck]  
Headz Aint Ready for what my clique got in store  
cause what we got in store keeps us prepared for the war  
Shows get blown, hoes get thrown out the room

plus napkins for nitwits that ride deez from now til noon  
Now assume - position, punks pissin dey pants  
cuz lyrical skillz is makin you feel...

[Rock]

Still if-in-case you didn't know how we be livin  
It's in, my nature to keep Robin like Givens  
For real doe, bring your steel bro'  
Kill or be killed jerk - you don't know  
so that leaves ya screwed like a dildo  
I still blow, punks I crush into dust  
plus we gothcha bucks (Who the warriors?)  
Rock and Ruck, and what?

Chorus 2X

[Tek + Steele]

What's that aroma in the air? Trees  
So what that means son?  
Son that mean it's huntin season  
Time to stack papes do you got what it takes  
Can you react when your life's at stake?  
I rock the stripes of an M-P, pon my timb tree  
and keep the Taurus for my enemies  
Whenever he comes in the mist of this Boot Camp Klik  
it gets realer so watch Steele serve justice  
Thirty-two degrees freeze until  
these MC's decide to relieve you of grievin

[Buckshot]

On my way from out of state, I hit my block F-A-P  
wit my man Ruck and my man Rock S-T  
Jus left my man brown nose  
Now we gotta sack of the black for the shows  
Clothes, ain't really nuthin to me  
but I stay wit my Timberland tree, and my B-double-O-  
T-C  
Rock, the party, keep my hair notty  
Did you notice me flowin with potency  
Buckshot b-d-b-d and the Evil Dee, we rock fluently

Chorus 2X

[Ruck]

Mr. McGee don't get me angry (why?)  
you wouldn't like it when I'm angry  
Ill thoughts to the dome start to change me  
Rearrange the, way I be kickin, my flavor  
Even my neighbours  
notice a change in the Ruck-est behaviour

[Tek]

Now you roaches don't even come close or approach  
this

What I be smokin leave your monkey ass chokin  
Straight from yardie like the one Robert Marley  
You hardly ever saaw me witout a bag of that bomb  
weed

I wake up in the mornin and chocolate's what starts it  
Reachin in my pocket for the roach to spark it

[Top Dawg]

I'm steppin in hotter this year  
wit my bredern dry-tear, my cousin wit no fear  
so who - wanna come tess Top Dawg  
They dig you out the ditch and then they take you to the  
morgue

[Steele]

Here's Misdemeanor, the crook wit the mouth full  
known for bein live and rockin those flava Timbos  
Half pass Lincoln, clothes dead and stinkin  
Country bwoy got me just zonin and thinkin  
Time to start stackin on you crab ass snakes  
Gotta move right, cause my rep's at stake  
Call up my dawgs thats quick to bust  
P.N.C. take it back to the dust  
Now I got fo' eyes to watch my back  
plus my own two make it a full six-pack  
Now we bring the ruckas to wannabee knuckas  
Bodyin suckas like I change up my chuckas

[Buckshot]

Don't you know the W-a-r (war)  
is o-n (on) open to them headz scopin  
Hopin they can get a bite, and write what I write  
but they don't know the night  
keeps me and my Clik air tight (right)  
all you biters wanna chunk the script  
but your quick to take a flick  
by my side as you take my hand, givin the fake smile  
but I peeped you for awhile  
ease off selecta when the B.D. pulled your file  
can I pull your card again, the Buck's guardian  
is the Arm-a-Leg-Leg-Arm-a-Head  
so begin to drop the bombs (Heltah Skeltah)  
Booyah!

[Rock]

You ask for it, who want beef well here's war  
For this I packs twin automatic 4-4's  
Kids this aint before don't even speak about my fleet

Many pop junk but front when MC's meet  
Dem not ready

Outro:

Headz Aint Ready for this Clik we got (dem not ready)  
Headz Aint Ready man I swear they not (naw)  
Heady Aint Ready for the Clik we got (we really ready)  
Headz Aint Ready man I swear they not (naw)  
Headz Aint Ready.. for the Click we got  
(They ain't nowhere near ready)

\*ad libbing to fade\*

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