

## Dirty Heads, The "Sails to the Wind"

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One by one, yes, they will turn their heads.  
We will make them all dirty heads, oh no.  
But they will run and hide, but they can't hide for long.  
Them dirty heads, yes they're all coming for you.  
We won't stop until the job is done.  
But they will run and hide,  
we will find them before the night is through.

Listen to my lyrics, let 'em keep you afloat.  
I know that we're not sinking but please don't rock the  
boat.  
Went down to the well, yo, to make myself a wish,  
I threw my coin in, kid, and this is what I spit.  
I'm a rhythm composer, verbal bulldozer.  
March up the beat like a lyrical soldier.  
That's what I told ya, didn't wanna tell ya.  
My rhymes are so hot that they call me The Melter.  
I sense the anger, I sense the danger,  
sound the alarm, there's a wolf in the manger.  
Sails to the wind while I burn oxygen.  
I'm breathing out words til the lights get dim.  
Call me Captain Dirty Head One Mic.  
I'm at the top of your mast while you look into the night.  
Put up your shrouds 'cause the wind blows slow.  
Grey skies are coming so watch out below.

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Beware of the audio storm in the form.  
Adjusting your eyes 'cause we're out of the norm.  
I'm crushing lines that have been forewarned  
and rushin' my rhymes 'cause I keep my shit torn.  
So Ranger, Ranger, who dropped the banger?  
Dirty J comin' hard straight out of the hangar.  
I get entangled, I hit the angles,

fallin' from the sky on the wings of an angel.  
Filling up the terror, the stereo blarer.  
This shit goes out to the headphone wearers.  
Salty backed boy with the UV shining light  
and even if the moon is out, I'm still gonna shine it  
bright  
so lay all of your troubles on my shoulders, I can take it.  
Vibrations from the vocals, get your fuckin' spine  
shaken.  
Complications come adjacent, get your brain facing  
and hurry up your butt 'cause the Dirty Heads is  
waiting.

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