

Inhale

"Head Over Wheels"

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I guess I troop, honey, what the scoop? You're kinda cute
Your man is John Recoup, same as my climbing boot
Blase blase blah, I'm not a star, I don't have a car
Fuck all the chatter, you cannot have the bra
Peep the framework, see if the game work
Heard she gave my man Hurt, the same dirt
on the same skirt, as the week passed; It's like
the freak fast, catchin whiplash when them Jeeps pass
Throw on the switch just to get rich; call you hon
before I bag it after that it's chickenhead bitch
I only got the digits when I met you; Tootsie had a
Benz-y
boned your friends and got some head too
?? hoes, don't doze cause the mic goes
pop, when I rock all these silly psychoes
But that's another matter, this ain't a love chatter
So I can ?? rock and duck ?? rumps that's fatter
Like, I know we're slickin, right at the stoplight
Pulled the Jag up, you get bagged up like this was
Shop-Rite
I guess it's all that, layin like doormats..peed
When I make this hit you try to catch me
I told her, ?nine-sixty years? all the papers near
Now I need me a gasmask til all these vapors clear
for hours, with all her powers just to see how
your Range Rover feel, on the real, that's head over
wheels

Chorus: G-Depp

So what's the deal huh? Let's keep it real huh?
You like these wheels huh? Tell me how they feel huh?
Head over wheels huh...
... uhh, head over wheels huh, uhh

Yo honey bust it let's discuss it for a little bit
I know the middle stick, so GO HEAD with your little tits
A nigga rollin in the car from taggin, lookin tight
ragged
On the night racket, concoctin Reeboks and the flight

jacket

But that's OK cause when you play there's a price to pay
A small way, tend to hallways, twice a day
Don't front though, I make the flow through the gut
slow

or the butt, ohh, made her scream like I struck gold
That's cold, better yet it's freezin, honey steady teasin
Tis the season for skeezin, no teasin just some heavy
breathin

Hoe pros and when she blows, only heaven knows
No clothes, ohh! Got that fifty-four-eleven though
That trick, I guess I tricked for this pair of kicks
Just to gas em have her girlfriends askin can we share
his dick

Divide it equally, and dick it frequently, they always
beepin me

We do this secretly, so yeah don't speak to me
Get noid with Floyd, creep up the backstreet ain't that
sweet

You don't see them hookers in this backseat
Time and time to get the bump n grind, I guess love is
blind

Or he caught you in your eye with his brother's nine
I'd rather use my know of flicks, and the known face
Watch em plead just to get them keys on your court
date

Hon Dawn got it goin on, since you're gone pal
Your man Shawn get the horn now, pow

Chorus 2X

I lift this honey in the air, like no gravity
Cause of her thoughts, now she's in the porch of her
sanity

So as you enter, since you commence to
play the roll you gon' play the coal in the winter
And if you get another fuck it, fuckin
no less than her circumfrence then I'm hosted in
another bucket

I be the one to pass by ya with the cash kinda, crass
You still behind that ass in my Pathfinder
Tryin to front like she fond-of, niggaz and ganja
Til I pull ups-on-ja, wild, forget the menage-a-trois
in the car with Rhonda, hittin the tits
She smell herself, cause she sell herself like Honda's
These bitches is bugged, all thugged out
Cause I told her the ride was over GET THE FUCK OUT
Get your Lugz out and get to walkin, that's how the
wind blows

Power windows so I can't hear the shit you talkin
You wanna drive stick, combine my prize with

chinky eyes with ?lilet? all that old fly shit
But wake up, without makeup, and get the clear view
Only place I'll be seein you is in the rearview

Chorus 2X

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