

# Cassidy, Aim 4 The Head

(feat. Jin & J-Hood)

Hook

Swizz Beats & The Game:

Swizz Beats:

Aim 4 the head

When you see 'em go get 'em nigga

Aim 4 the head

When you see 'em go get 'em nigga

Aim 4 the head

When you see 'em go get 'em nigga

The Game:

Cass let they ass know you ain't playin' wit' 'em

Swizz Beats:

Aim 4 the head

When you see 'em go get 'em nigga

Aim 4 the head

When you see 'em go get 'em nigga

Aim 4 the head

When you see 'em go get 'em nigga

Cassidy:

Game let them lames know you ain't playin' wit' 'em

Verse 1

The Game:

I got my slugs on

Gettin' my thug on

New Aero prim low Giovanni rims, oh

The Phantom got curtains you can't see through the tint so

Bought a 45 put the beer on the window

It's me and Swiggle for shizzle

V twizzle the pistols

Cock it back if you carry a missile

Then cross both of your arms nigga fold it back

If you missed Soulja Slim do da Nolia Clap

All recliner seats in the Rover back

Yeah it's me and Young Cass 'til HOV come back

You wanna see us both dead then load ya gat

We be da first niggaz to bring Pennyloafers back

Why niggaz wanna see my R-I-P

Empty the clip in a nigga before I D-I-E

Prayin' on my downfall like B-I-G

I be in da cockpit ride dirty like T-I-P

Po-po pull me over wanna see ID

Searchin' my shit, tryna find my 3 times 3

They don't know I got 4 times 4 in the back seat

With enough bodies on to get a nigga 5 times 5

Other niggaz snitch on 'em

Like if you got the Rover parked crooked in the front he might have bricks on 'em

I send the lamp back like a brotha in Rich Porter

When I bone you again you a buck 50 like 6 Quarters, yeah

Verse 2

Cassidy:

Shit real I know how baggin' a whole brick feel

Big deal hit da garage and switch wheels

My chicks real with the Mnage and tip drills

Gimmie a massage then show me how them lips feel

and I'ma grind cuz im shinein' on the strip steel

And I grip steel, still keep the clips filled

Everything I spit real

Everything I spit ill

Everything I spit sick for real

Ain't shit switch

Ain't shit change  
Like Rick James I'm rich bitch  
Get change, big chain to wrist glist  
I'm with Game I'ma make cake like biscuits  
My album went gold in a month, that was a quick flip  
Don't say shit bitch  
cuz niggaz with the lip get  
every one in the gun 'til it go click click  
And I'ma switch clips and squeeze like toothpaste  
Palm over my forearm so I could shoot straight  
I'm 'bout to make it hard to eat like toothaches  
my flow dope like i go in the booth and shoot base  
Deuce deuce the 'scapes in the coupe grape  
I ain't broke I got coke by the suitcase  
My boots laced I got the base in them white keys  
I'ma bout to cop the Convertible crib like Ice-T's  
And dat ice on your sleeve dat's light cheese  
I spend 100 Gs a year on white Tees

Hook

Bridge

The Game:

If you wanna go to war then pop sumthin'  
If you wanna go to war then pop sumthin'  
If you wanna go to war then pop sumthin'  
You can't afford a Swizz track nigga stop frontin'  
(Repeat)