

# DJ Kayslay, Through Your Head

(feat. Angelous, Bad Seed, Cashmere, Jae Millz)

[Chorus x2: Sample]

Get this thing through your head  
And they will never be no more  
Tell me, tell me, about it, damn it

[Jae Millz]

Aiyo, I move with a click that's wreckless  
And they ain't got no problem spraying your ass, like disinfectant  
So if I feel disrespected, I promise you family  
Your body gon' be hollow tip infested  
I come from the slums of the 212  
H-Dub, Lennox Ave, fuck you gon' do?  
We got wild clips duke, with things that'll hit you  
And leave a hole so big your moms could put a whole wrist through  
Homes, you don't wanna push me there  
To the point, I gotta leave you in a bush somewhere  
Nah, you don't wanna push me there  
It ain't worth it, dog, homeboy you better - better, huh  
Before I aim in you -- huh, it's real  
You heard Millz real, and better believe it stupid cuz --  
Nah, come on, Slay you know who to holla at  
I'm heavy ever where from Harlem to the bottom where the rude boys and shottas sat  
Hell is what I'm giving em, fuck hurtin', I'm killing em  
Got legends ready to pick back up they pen and spit again

[Angelous]

I nurture the track, the perfect of rap  
Its nonsense how the don, get curved it, to clap  
You miss me, simply, I asserted the track  
Kay classic, the same game, dog, with packs  
Mobsters with the arms up, feel the game wit me  
Bomb up, as I conduct, this is Ang' furry, huh  
I made berry, the whole league in Jones Beach  
And bake berry, the H jerry's is so sweet  
So brief, aim's gone, in the building  
O.G.'s ain't honor the brilliant, except for the minds  
That push the breathe, for the best to colide  
Better yet, I put the X in define  
Never fret, when it's beef, I put the pep' in the nine  
From your brain to my watch, you be ahead of my time  
Aim/shift, your brain wrist, the gate aimed to lift  
The game will keep going because Angelous exists, bitch

[Chorus]

[Cashmere]

What up, it's Cashmere, ya, your new rap fellow  
We in hoods like the jam in '86, hello  
You know what that means? Ya'll the rap queen  
Bunch of bitch niggaz, bow to your new king  
And after this there won't be no more  
You dudes, is full of hype, that's what TV's for  
So, get it through your head, or the nine'll leave, eight holes in your head  
Think I'm playing, nigga? I have my peeps pop out my the van  
And you lookin like, a soldier out of Pakistan  
Ask them dudes on this track, they'll tell you Cash the man  
Whatever he doing, trust me, I know I can  
I'm ahead of him, eight miles and running  
I'm done busting shots, the next hit, the bomb drops  
You cocksuckers is about to die, and -- let's go, come on

[Chorus]

[Trife Da God]

Either you get it through the head, or you get it through the leg  
Either way, you graze these bullets, is gonna leave you dead  
And I ain't freezin' up, when it's time to pull it, you heard what I said  
It's Theodore nigga, we all about the bread, niggaz  
And it's time for a reality check, yet I'm celeb in the hood  
And I ain't even seen a salary yet  
Ya'll niggaz flee when my calvary's step  
Staten Island we rep, stylin' to death, pumpin' gallons to wet  
And like Nick, yeah, I stay with the Cannon  
Lay in fours, get, kid you stuck wherever you standing  
Lay you on the strip, play you for a bitch, you punk  
Pussy, you dealin' with crumbs, so stop actin' like you one tough cookie  
I'm not the greatest, I'm the latest, ya'll faggots is imitators  
Air you out like ventilators, and bang you like skinned potatoes  
Cuz most of ya'll faggots is sounding like little Jada's

[Maino]

Yo, I speak for the Stuy, Brooklyn is mine, get it through your head  
'Fore I round these bullets up and send them through your head  
Last nigga tried to stunt, left his hat full of lead  
Left the picture that your see, for the inside of F.E.D.S.  
I want you to think, that my gun don't burst  
My tech'll make niggaz back up like cars in reverse  
Definition of a thug, man, put in your work  
And nigga act up, you put his work in the earth  
Yeah, I'm hotter than you ever was, real? You never was  
Hustle hard, nigga, we get you, whatever drugs  
Bet you none of ya'll seen, machine guns rattle  
So I let off, and let you feel the heat off the barrel  
My dogs rocked up, and got you when you hit the gravel  
Been a hard hitter, before the Mets signed Darryl  
I'm your reaper, when I blast the street sweeper  
You bitch niggaz'll crack up like cheap sneakers

[Chorus]

[True Life]

Yo, ya'll niggaz keep talking greasy, like I won't melt ya'll  
See me in the streets, got more Smilez than Southstar  
Pull your socks up, homey, you know what I'm about, yo  
I was pushing rocks, you pushed the Roc, forgot yo's  
Lot of niggaz thuggin', but not like me  
Put the fifth to your nose, for being nosey  
Fuck a throwback jersey, you trying to be Fabolous  
End your career, have you resurface like Canibus  
Nigga's shouldn't have let me loose  
I'm well when I'm sober, imagine off Cran' and Grey Goose  
I'm liable to clap the tech  
Make you take that chain off, but I don't want a rash on my necklace  
Shit, we ain't the same calibur, listen, your don  
I treat ho's how I wanna, even got a bad blonde  
Got bad feet, so I hit her with her shoes on  
Get this through your head, 'fore I flip over, your Yukon

[Bad Seed]

Streetsweeper, cock back, run up, where ya block at  
Gettin' money, stop that, where the fuck ya'll rocks at  
Bandana on my face, thirty nine on my waist  
Shoot you if you try to run, nigga you ain't gettin' chased  
You was poppin' hella shit, all that shit irrelevant  
Sittin' on cake, and you waiting on the settlement  
I'm a grown man, never run, never ran  
And I don't play with kids, this ain't Never Never Land

Brooklyn, fuck that, crackers, where my nuts at?  
You get bucked at, crew you 'fore I Dutch hat  
I smoke 'Cocoa Brova', stay with a 'Smif-N-Wessun'  
Skip J in the Garden, and hit Slay session  
Bad Seed from the top of the hill  
It's still real though, Tarantino flow, keep it low, I Kill Bill