

Ruff Ryders, Aim 4 The Head

(feat. Cassidy, J Hood, Jin)

[Chorus]

Aim for the head, when you see him, go get him nigga
Aim for the head, when you see him, go get him nigga
Aim for the head, when you see him, go get him nigga
Watch 'em now, watch 'em now
Aim for the head, when you see him, go get him nigga
Aim for the head, when you see him, go get him nigga
Aim for the head, when you see him, go get him nigga
Let them lames know you ain't playin with 'em

[Cassidy]

Shit real, I know how baggin a whole brick feel
Big deal, hit the garage and switch wheels
My chicks real, with the menage and tip drills
Give me a massage, then show me how them lips feel
I'm shinin cause I'm clinin on the strip still
And I grip steel, still keep the clip steel
Everything I spit real, everything I spit ill
Everything spit sick, for real
When shit switch, ain't shit changed
Like Rick James, I'm rich bitch
Get change, big chain and wrist gliss
I'm with game, I'ma make cake like this quick
My album went gold in a month, that was a quick flip
Don't say shit bitch, 'cause niggaz with the lip bit
Aint one in the gun, 'till it go click click
Then I'm gon'switch clips and squeeze like toothpaste
Palm over my forearm so I could shoot straight

[Chorus]

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[Jin]

My objective is to live lavish, rip mad kids
Jin stand out like Swiss ad libs
Compared to me, your shit's average, no matter how you come
Should've been spit on volume one, tell your corner it's time
Throw in the towel, you done
Call up Jimmy, Kevin Lyles, whoever you want
It's a wrap, your career can not be saved
Fuck makin a comeback, you ain't Flavor Flav
Before my album dropped, I rocked show for G's
Blowin trees, while I'm tourin overseas
Flew to PR, won a quick fifty G's
And I'm still poppin up on Smack DVD's
Aint got no platinum plaques for records sold
But if eatin rappers was sales, I'm seven times gold
Bout to blow, get set for detonation
Speakin on behalf of the next generation

[Chorus]

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[J-Hood]

No matter what they spit, I still ain't convinced
Not at all, your brains over the window, make it look like you got red tints

Hope your GT got a bulletproof F-R-O-N-T
Pop with them slugs and give a fuck about your Bentley
You a punk and I'm a boss boy
It's the U Cheeks and I ain't talkin bout that nigga from the Lost Boys
The barrel was too big, you had to see the fall
You had to see that havin it all was just a casualty of war
I got keys like a cord when I'm swingin a sword
I could bring you the law, got them things on the fog
We the best and I ain't got to spit a punchline
'Cause I do situps all over the track when it's crunchtime
Fuck this rap shit, I've been realer, you got thin scrilla
I'll put this machette through the side of your chin chilla
Black hoodie with the matchin fitted
Don't come up short lil' man, we even clappin midgets

[Chorus]

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Let them lames know you ain't playin with 'em [x2]