

# Headhunter

## Johnny Otis Orchestra

Head hunter, God damn man, I'm gonna getcha  
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(Mastamind)

Right now, I bring the dead body funk  
I'm goin for the dunk, a motherfuckin head hunta  
I'm takin aim, I got my eyes on the prize  
Everybody drop low to the ground before I throw ya down  
Bloods on my hands, somebody got hit  
Fuckin witcha heads, goin in and out and in again  
I didn't come to bullshit I come to drop shit  
Don't ask why, life's a bitch then you'll die  
I'm all fucked up in the head my minds gone with the wind  
Real niggaz don't die, don't say goodbye to the bad guy  
Mastamind and I came to take you under with me  
Take you on a trip through my underground city  
When you roam don't alone look behind ya  
Run don't hide keep runnin cause I'm comin  
I might find ya, Mastamind's a path finda  
I gotta plan, I gotcha life in my hands  
I sing my battle cry when the wicked drums are drummin  
I'm the head hunta  
Some old wicked shit caused a madman

I cut the head off the devil and I throw it at you  
(CHORUS)

I cut the head off the devil and I throw it at you  
I cut the head

(Esham)

I think I need some therapy my mind is playing tricks on me  
I see everything in 3-D, I bust a shot at Mickey D  
I'm better off dead, and if I'm deader then I'm better than  
I looked inside his head again, fill him fulla lead again  
Janie's gotta gun again someone said I done em in  
If I did, I done em 13 ways so here I come again  
Murder for my might I might, cut you with a butcher knife

Butcher burn you better better burn you up on devil's night  
Cracka jack killa killa cracka with an ax  
So take it take it yo, or take it take it slow  
Better duck when I buck or you're gettin waxed  
But if I got an ax you gotta go

Cause I'm the head hunta

(CHORUS)

(Mastamind)

I'm ready to do away witcha, in a day I'm gonna get'cha  
Split cha, slit cha  
Aggreventions of the world came down on me  
Now I'm starvin for a cracker cause he tried to clown on me  
Now you're life's in my hands, get down on ya knees  
I'm back, I'm back to put ya on ya back  
Bulldozer ya ass over, and lay ya flat its like that  
I seen ya cracka smile when they hung us from the trees  
Cause I had flashbacks, don't ask why I got an ax  
Fightin for the blacks  
Judgement day is here, time to throw the book at the crook  
Take it all back, everything ya took  
I step in ya face about to confront cha  
I'mma take you under, I'mma head hunter

(CHORUS)

(Esham)

I think I need a shotgun, pop and I got one  
Devil underground, scattered brains all around  
Pull the trigga nigga, nigga I'ma grave digger  
Head hunter wig splitta, slave nigga  
Freaka catcha, gonna wet'cha with a bullet  
Soon as I cock the hammer back, the trigger pull it  
Hole in the back of ya head, so now you're holy  
In God we trust so I bust with a gun shot  
Holy shit I gotta empty out the holy clip  
Head hunta don't stop, head hunta chop chop  
I wanna blow ya baby's head off so bust a lead off  
You'll be dead off, instead blood stains red off  
Chopped off head in a cop car  
The H-E-A-D H-U-N-T-E-R  
So far haven't been caught yet  
Number one suspect fuck around and get ya damn shirt wet

You know I'm gonna you know I wanna  
Ya better get ya head out from in front  
Cause I'm the head hunta

(CHORUS

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