Headhunter

Esham

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 madmanI 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
Aggrevations 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 fronta
Cause I'm the head hunta(CHORUS

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