

# Price On Your Head

## Johnny Polygon

There's a price on your head, young man  
There's a bullet with your name on it  
See the posters on the wall  
Can you see the posters on the wall? There's a price on your head, young man  
There's a bullet with your name on it  
See the posters on the wall  
Can you see the posters on the wall? All this, all this, what's the meaning all this?  
The posters on the wall and the pictures in the wallets  
Call us, call us, why the hell you don't call us?  
The reason should be obvious, blood is thicker than water is  
So you moved in the jungle then got lost in it  
And everything comes crumbling in a hot minute  
It's a wonderful life with a hell of a price to pay  
Pictures speak a thousand words, developed a write away  
Slick flick, snap shots, rollin' by the crack spot  
Fat wad of cash gets snatched up outta half knots  
Or have what evers, pass my Beretta  
.38 Special, perhaps they knew me better  
So God bless everyone who do them thangs  
Everything changed once the click clack came  
God bless everyone who do them thangs  
Everything changed once the click clack came  
There's a price on your head, young man  
There's a bullet with your name on it  
See the posters on the wall  
Can you see the posters on the wall? There's a price on your head, young man  
There's a bullet with your name on it  
See the posters on the wall  
Can you see the posters on the wall? Got'cha name, got'cha number  
Came here fall, won't make it till summer  
Came here to ball, but you couldn't make a bundle  
That type of downfall could make a nigga humble  
Niggas been gettin' got since way way back  
The mob gets even till they get paid back  
And some niggas say that, and some niggas don't  
Some niggas play that, and some niggas won't  
As you can see me gone, with some clean jeans on  
Rollin' down the boulevard with my TV's  
He hopped out the fryin' pan and into the fire  
Now his ass is runnin' from that gun for hire  
So God bless everyone who do them thangs  
Everything changed once the click clack came  
It's God bless everyone who do them thangs  
Everything changed once the click clack came  
There's a price on your head, young man  
There's a bullet with your name on it  
See the posters on the wall

Can you see the posters on the wall? There's a price on your head, young man  
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Can you see the posters on the wall?

Songwriters

James D'agostino; John Armour Published by

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