

The Hunt

Aceyalone

The hunter and the hunted
They hunt for you, they hunt for me
The hunter and the hunted
They hunt for you, they hunt for meThe hunter and the hunted
They hunt for her, they hunt for him
The hunter and the hunted
They hunt for us, they hunt for themWhenever I'm awake, I look out
Never know when I'll get took out
The hunter likes to sneak behind you
Waiting just to undermind youAny chance he'll get, he'll blind you
Anywhere you go, he'll find you
There really is no other option
Caught up in the new contraptionTo get away is the objection
He smells the scent of your attraction
The predator will get the prey
Pray for your life that you get awayWeigh out the pros and then the cons
Confusion will just lead you
On to the slaughter, by the hunterThe hunter and the hunted
They hunt for food, they hunt for fun
The hunter and the hunted
They hunt to see, the hunted runThe hunter and the hunted
They hunt the strong, they hunt the weak
The hunter and the hunted
A friendly game of hide and seekThe hunt is better than the kill real
Close your eyes and try to feel the steal
Cold metal to your grill, kneel
Wish it was a sleeping pill, peelHis wig and watch, watch his blood spill dead
The hunt is better than the kill, they said
The hunt is better than the kill, they said
The hunt is better than the killThe hunt us the thrill and the kill is just the reward for the chase
You never get to see his face, you race
You get away but you leave a trace, a clue
The fox is smarter than the hound, trueThat's exactly why they hunt him down, caught
You hear his little heart pound, fear
Murder on the battle ground, dead
The head hunter takes the head
Yeah, he was meant to die before he fled, ha, ha, haA good hunter don't hunt for the kill
A good hunter hunts for the hunt
Now, that's a perfect hit right there

That's a perfect shot, that's a clean kill right to the heart

See thatThe runner running from the gunner

The gunner's gonna, wanna

Kill him when he see 'em

Done away withAlmost captured

One of these days, I will master the get away

Got away clean, I mean

There's not a way outI mean, no means, no hide aways, no routes

What's this about the hunt?

What's this about the hunter?

What's this about the hunted?Now, some will hunt to stay alive and survive

Others hunt to kill a tribe and divide

You can be on either side, of course

Extinction in the hunters eye, no remorse

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