

Hangman

Young Fathers

I'm almost there. I'm almost there, but not quite
Traveling through the bayou, feel the eeriness at sunset
My senses on high alert, so I say, "Hello! Who's there?" Nothing
Like a whistle in the wind as I move on forward
I hear the leaves rustling leaves rustling
In a state of grace words I shouldn't have said are all forgiven
All the days of bad forgotten
But still, to me, revenge is a dish best served cold
Like ice cold with an ice pick and a blindfold
I'm going, going, gone. I said, "I'm going, going, gone"
Time to meet your maker. Time to meet your maker
I'm prowling, growling, howling Hangman
A bullet a piece for the two of you
(Hey)
For you Low deep nasty
You chopping me down like the Amazon
No getting past me
Two feet in the air
You wouldn't last a marathon
Racing with the panther
The maximum price-ah
Curator of the faith-ah
I'm never too late-ah
Don't shoot the messenger
Shoot the messenger's mother
Ffffucker Hangman
A bullet a piece for the two of you
(Motherfucker)
For you
(Fatherfucker) Hangman
A bullet a piece for the two of you
For you Hangman
A bullet a piece for the two of you
For you Hangman
A bullet a piece for the two of you
For you

Songwriters

KAYUS BANKOLE, GRAHAM HASTINGS, ALLOYSIOUS MASSAQUOI, TIMOTHY

BRINKHURSTPublished by

Lyrics Â© THIRD SIDE MUSIC INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>