

# Kill-A-Head

## Trick Daddy

I feel like I'm too hard to die, man  
I feel like I can't see faded, you know?  
I feel like can't no nigga fade me  
I feel like I'm the hardest nigga to walk the earth and shit  
You know what I'm saying? Blah, steady comin' got you runnin' for your damn life  
I'm busting shots with this glock, nigga, act right  
You crossed this nigga, how you playin', I'm a naughty head  
The last bitch got 4 shots to the head I squeezed off and watched his brain hit the concrete  
Last breath, last motherfucking heartbeat  
There was no motive for the murder on the straight tip  
And all you can see was blood and brains every damn where  
So I refuse to shoot a nigga in his stomach or his face or his forehead  
(Killa!) Kill-a-head and the body dead  
Kill-a-head and the body dead Come down, your best bet is to sport a vest  
Nevertheless, I'm leaving a mess  
Nigga, fuck your chest  
Hollow points leaving brains on the front seat  
Fuck with me and I'ma set you free, nigga Pop my trunk, check out my funk, nothing but pumps  
Leave that ass smelling like raw conch  
You coochie niggas playing with it, you gon' get shitted  
Metro wants to know who did it Now ain't nobody rapping to the fucking cops  
And if they do, we coming back for lick them blood clots  
We killing bitches, not to mention snitches, everyday  
The 9 glock triple platinum in the MIA Kill-a-head and the body dead  
Kill-a-head and the body dead  
Kill-a-head and the body dead  
Kill-a-head and the body dead The graveyard is my home, tombstones and bones  
Murder weapons is the case now, don't hearse my bone  
Headhunting is my hobby, who the victim be  
And who's next on my everyday headless spree My gravedigger got a fade with a nappy top  
Now I'm a fool and a freak for them dreadlocks  
Quick to pull a trigger 'cos that's all I know  
Robbing creeps, raping hoes and just slanging dope I got my masters in disaster  
I'm like Andrew, kick in your door at your hoe mad, your dawg too  
I'm new in town, your ain't heard man, Jason Lee  
Satisfied to his ass, I had him begging please I went to hell, now, I'm back and I'm hellafied  
Took over down there, made the devil cry  
I'm a bad motherfucker with a bad rep  
I got a trophy in my mouth for every bitch I killed I killed my wife and my kids, my parents too

I killed my posse and my friends, I'm after you  
I crash your party, kill your bed, smoke some killer, man  
What the fuck, I'm deaf, fucking up and I'm on kill again  
Kill-a-head and the body dead  
Kill-a-head and the body dead  
Kill-a-head and the body dead  
I'm paranoid 'cause I'm hearing thangs  
Time served, only out a few months, associated with birds  
They wanna plot but I got bad nerves  
Peep, milli 14 on the front seat  
You want to be there for your kids, nigga, play with it  
It's grounds missing, who did it?  
I'ma deal with it  
So fuck I care about your shawty?  
Nigga you been naughty  
You skipped town with two pounds of my doo-doo brown  
Now nigga, how you playing? I done counted that  
You wanted work, all you had to do is fucking ask  
My Cuban friend want his ends instead of you flipping the dividends  
Straight to me and him, you cop a Benz  
Silly rabbit, you don't started stabbing  
Now I got to let you have it  
Rapid-fire from my automatic  
You left me stuck, so now you out of luck  
'Cause you done fucked my credit up  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
Coochie nigga, what  
Fuck another minute, you won't get to spend it  
I'm licking shots like a dread, bitch  
Kill-a-head  
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