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 seen 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
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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
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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