

Esham, Headhunter

Head hunter, God damn man, I'm gonna getcha
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(Mastamind)

Right now, I bring the dead body funk
I'm goin for the dunk, a motherfuckin head hunta
I'm takin aim, I got my eyes on the prize
Everybody drop low to the ground before I throw ya down
Bloods on my hands, somebody got hit
I didn't come to bullshit I come to drop shit
Fuckin witcha heads, goin in and out and in again
I'm all fucked up in the head my minds gone with the wind
Don't ask why, life's a bitch then you'll die
Real niggaz don't die, don't say goodbye to the bad guy
Mastamind and I came to take you under with me
Take you on a trip through my underground city
When you roam don't alone look behind ya
I might find ya, Mastamind's a path finda
Run don't hide keep runnin cause I'm comin
I sing my battle cry when the wicked drums are drummin
Some old wicked shit caused a madman
I gotta plan, I gotcha life in my hands
I'm the head hunta

(CHORUS)

I cut the head off the devil and I throw it at you
I cut the head off the devil and I throw it at you
I cut the head

(Esham)

I think I need some therapy my mind is playing tricks on me
I see everything in 3-D, I bust a shot at Mickey D
I looked inside his head again, fill him fulla lead again
I'm better off dead, and if I'm deader then I'm better than
Janie's gotta gun again someone said I done em in
If I did, I done em 13 ways so here I come again
Murder for my might I might, cut you with a butcher knife
Butcher burn you better better burn you up on devil's night
Cracka jack killa killa cracka with an ax
Better duck when I buck or you're gettin waxed
So take it take it yo, or take it take it slow
But if I got an ax you gotta go
Cause I'm the head hunta

(CHORUS)

(Mastamind)

I'm ready to do away witcha, in a day I'm gonna get'cha
Split cha, slit cha
Aggreventions of the world came down on me
Now I'm starvin for a cracker cause he tried to clown on me
Now you're life's in my hands, get down on ya knees
I seen ya cracka smile when they hung us from the trees
I'm back, I'm back to put ya on ya back
Bulldozer ya ass over, and lay ya flat its like that
Cause I had flashbacks, don't ask why I got an ax
Fightin for the blacks

Take it all back, everything ya took
Judgement day is here, time to throw the book at the crook
I step in ya face about to confront cha
I'mma take you under, I'mma head hunter

(CHORUS)

(Esham)

I think I need a shotgun, pop and I got one
Devil underground, scattered brains all around
Pull the trigga nigga, nigga I'ma grave digger
Head hunter wig splitta, slave nigga

Freaka catcha, gonna wet'cha with a bullet
Soon as I cock the hammer back, the trigger pull it
Hole in the back of ya head, so now you're holy
Holy shit I gotta empty out the holy clip
In God we trust so I bust with a gun shot
Head hunta don't stop, head hunta chop chop
I wanna blow ya baby's head off so bust a lead off
You'll be dead off, instead blood stains red off
The H-E-A-D H-U-N-T-E-R
Chopped off head in a cop car
So far haven't been caught yet
Number one suspect fuck around and get ya damn shirt wet
You know I'm gonna you know I wanna
Ya better get ya head out from in fronta
Cause I'm the head hunta
(CHORUS)