

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?

Blaaaah!

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 (kill
la!)

Kill-a-head and the body dead
Buddy Roe
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'mma 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
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 'cause that's all I know
Robbing creeps raping hoez 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
Buddy Roe
I'm paranoid 'cause I'm hearing thangs
Time served only out a few months, associated with birds

They want to 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'mma 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
Naw 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

(Trick Daddy) 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

Kill-a-head and the body dead