

# Comin' For Ya Head

Ghostface Killah

I mean yeah, nigga, it's feeding time  
It's getting warm outside, these niggas, like  
Put they earrings in it, and pull they chains out and shit  
(Put the bibs on these niggas!) Let's go

Nah, you don't roll enough, Louis duffel bag don't hold enough  
Drinking the brown liquor for both of us  
Rose on table, Jesus head with the cable  
Gun shots is fatal, my bars is prenatal  
I kill little niggas, up close, peel little niggas  
We the hottest out, still, little niggas  
I'm better in my prime, spitting harder  
Looking better than ya'll little niggas, and I've done been here a dime  
Your opinion didn't matter since Big heard me rhyme  
Little nigga and Puff, or caught a spot with a nine  
Hand all sticky, my tires is all Mickey  
She kissing on my neck, I'm too black for a hickey  
I'm still down with Kobe, got a feeling he could make it  
If Miami and Oklahoma don't take it  
Your face found up, like I won't come there and break it  
Jake the Snake and hatchet, can't Crystal Lake it

Most of my goons is bow-legged, bald head niggas  
From Syracuse, four-fifths, gold plated  
Doing lines off coffee tables in the Waldorf  
Nose red, walk into to the bathroom, door off  
My man said I went raw last night  
Heard I slip up in the whore last night  
Still saucy, I plead the fifth, six G's  
I sniffed if I sneeze, the left side of my nose might rip  
Dark skin, hunchback killing machines  
Who eat seal meat, dick stay up for a fucking week  
Attending brutal rap battles in Zaire  
I heard Toney Boom-Bye-Yay from the crowd, yeah  
My man hate ice, luck smooth right there  
Blood diamonds sitting real chunky in my right ear  
Killas, skin your ass with no contracts  
And little niggas got nowhere to hide but the projects

I just woke up, I got money on my mind  
Grab my nine from underneath the bed  
I put my vest on, smoke something  
Cock my gun back, make sure it's filled up with lead  
I'm coming for your head, I'm coming for your head  
I'm coming for your head, yup, yup  
I'm coming for your head, I'm coming for your head  
I'm coming for your head, yeah

Ralph Ellison, invisible man, vanishing  
Come back like Arizona Ron, speaking Spanish  
And you're panicking, oughta stay still like a mannequin  
Dark side like Darth, yeah, young Anakin  
Skywalker, fly talker, rhyme even better though  
Salute them niggas that died, those with a federal  
Charge yo, Incarcerated Scarface, yard flow  
Polo overalls, short set, son of Mars, though  
Probably in the crib, getting high, watching Fargo

A lady cop and some hit men  
A quarterback that coke like Big Ben  
To a bunch of a dirty niggas like Pig Pen  
No Charlie Brown, though, pump in the pound, though  
Coming for your head, I run your ass out of town, yo  
This is Sheek Louch, Ghostface Killah  
And the other Ghost, you can fuck around and get your mother poked

Bees wax all in the spinners, most of my killas is winners  
Hiding in Stevie glasses in Venice  
Blast first, drop the burner and burst  
Burgundy blood, fell out the thug, he got trapped by a team curse  
I'm more relentless, aiming to strap, from off the benches  
Hit you from right field, intensely  
Your money ain't long, your money is gone  
Your money mine now, homeboy, now run to your moms  
Sorry gangstas get thrown in the hole  
We chilling in the Trump Towers, onions and soul  
Let's roll, cuz when the clock hit, my niggas'll bowl  
It's like dice, nigga, open the hole  
Fisters on the get go, silk shirts, this is how the click roll  
Strong hammers, doofy like Klitschko  
And where your bitch go, surrounded by the rich, yo  
Power mitts and bricks, yo, what