

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