

Funky Headhunter

MC Hammer

Yo ham, whassup, man?
Whassup, B-Down?
Ain't nothin' man, what you think 'bout all them fellas
Out there talking junk about you, man?

Oh, you talkin' 'bout them rap fools?
Oh, you know how they do it, man
They talk pro-black, but they'll stab you straight in yo back
But you know, traitors got to go
I can't even fade 'em

Yeah, so what you gon' do, man?
I oughtta bust 'em in the back of they head

Bust 'em in the back of they head
For those lies that I know that they said
Bust 'em in the back of they head
For those lies that I know that they said

Bust 'em in the back of they head
For those lies that I know that they said
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For those lies that I know that they said

It's the one you can't touch, pump it up, turn it up
A brand new cut for the Hammer to burn up
Suckers gettin' mad 'cause over 20 million sold
And now they try to diss 'cause they can't get gold

I was born in a hole, now I'm in control
(Yo, yo)
Bank boy deep is the way we roll
(We roll)
I'm mackin' for the punks
Talkin' the junk on the tracks

The hammer don't hurt 'em days are over
These are the days of the payback, payback
I'm up on the hill lookin' down
Biggidy phat rap track number one pound for pound, punks

Yeah, you runners, beware of Hammer
The funky headhunter

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Ya tried to play me soft, now ya set it off
If ya got something on ya chest, let it off
'Cause we can get it on, don't let the dance steps fool ya

'Cause if I catch ya slippin', I'ma have to do ya, do ya

One to the chin, another to the jaw
I know ya just bustas perpetrating like ya raw
Mash it, Trash it, search couldn't pass it
The trick's last album didn't even go plastic
Some claiming towns that they ain't even from
Some claiming they hard, but never shot a gun, bustas

Yeah, you runners, beware of Hammer
The funky headhunter

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Bust 'em in the back, bust 'em, bust 'em, bust 'em in the back
Bust 'em in the back, bust 'em, bust 'em, bust 'em in the back
And watch those suckas play dead

Straight from high street, raised by the o.g.'s
Never slanged keys, but quick to drop them B's
Put 'em in the trunk and that ain't no front
'Cause east oak town didn't raise no punk

So sit up, get up, girls they get lit up
Check it, Hammer came with the unexpected, I wrecked it
Quik, I gets mad wicked, I didn't check the rhyme
'Cause Q-Tip couldn't kick it

And that punk Redman, I hit you with the back son
Talk is cheap, it's time time for some action
Gonna make you eat every word that you said
And a trick like you would end up dead, Red

But another talk about the moms and the pops
And when the joking stops, I'ma knock off ya block
And watch ya body drop the ya album straight flopped, fool, fool

Trick runner, beware of hammer
The funky headhunter