

Crowell Rodney

"The Funky Headhunter"

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[Intro: B-Down]

Yo ham, Whassup, Man?

[MC Hammer]

Whassup, B-Down?

[B-Down]

Ain't nothin man, What you think bout all them fellas
Out there talking junk about you, Man?

[MC Hammer]

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

[B-Down]

Yeah, So what you gon do, Man?

[MC Hammer]

I oughtta bust 'em in the back of they head

[Chorus 4x]

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

[Verse 1: MC Hammer]

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, [Yo!], Now i'm in Control [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

[B-Down]

Yeah, you runners, Beware of hammer

[MC Hammer]

The funky headhunter!

Chorus 4x

[Verse 2: MC Hammer]

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 purpetrating like ya raw
Mash it, Trash it, Serch 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!

[B-Down]

Yeah, You runners, Beware of hammer

[MC Hammer]

The funky headhunter!

Chorus 4x

[Bridge 4x]

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!

[Verse 3: MC Hammer]

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 oaktown 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

[B-Down]
Trick runner, Beware of hammer

[MC Hammer]
The funky headhunter!

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