

# The Hit

Killarmy

When you see me, keep on movin (Yeah mothafucka)  
Ain't nuttin sweet, nigga (Think I'ma let that shit ride)  
(Right)

[Chorus]

When you see that nigga, that faggot ass nigga  
Crash that nigga, slash that nigga  
Blast that nigga, splash that nigga  
Smash that nigga, bomb that nigga  
Burn that nigga, return that nigga  
When you see that nigga, that snake ass nigga  
That crab ass nigga, that 85 nigga  
Smash that nigga, blast that nigga

(Blast that nigga)

Yo put The Hit out, take that nigga and his wannabee click out  
Run up in the hide-out with the red beams out  
Hit the switch, turn and buck ya lights out  
Total blackout so no one will see the brains splash out  
As we spaz out, camouflage large, no doubt  
The God ain't no slouch  
Gaul' up in ya mouth if you talk shit  
Ya knocked quick for actin tough shit  
What you think I'm on some crab shit?  
Get laid on ya back kid, Killa stacks it  
With a semi-automatic burn ya like fire to plastic  
'Cause times is hard and shit is drastic  
I'm in this game for life, playa, ain't tryin' to end up in no casket  
That's why I live mathematics and stray away from the savage  
Fuck y'all niggas 'cause y'all niggas ain't shit  
Y'all said y'all be ready for the war but didn't come equipped  
Now I'm on some shit, murder 1 ya heard of it kid  
Place ya bid on who will die first  
From the tear of the heartless men  
Break down the lost and found infinitely  
I strike yo' city like a cyclone  
My fury leave ya mind blown  
Bare death to the a-tone  
Laughin' after ya face gone  
All you could do is moan and groan  
'Cause the stun of the gun got you numb and dumb  
Can't speak, forced to leave yo' plasma on the street  
Then stand the terrain  
That's the penalty when you go against the grain  
Nigga

[Chorus]

What's really goin' on?  
Everybody actin like I'm the one to be fronted on  
All my friends have befriended me  
But still be lookin' in my face all friendly  
That's why I can't see no peace for me  
'Til I'm dead and gone, at 4 the wars always on  
'Cause I lost everything next to my mental  
Along with the General, I'm unstable  
I might blackout and wild

Run up in the trial of the Big Willie nigga  
With attempts to kill a nigga  
As the caps peal nigga  
Only through conflict could I be made sick  
Turmoil makes my blood boil  
Little darts are blazin' niggas in the soul  
Cut him up in a thosuand pieces  
In grams of twenty bags of Crown Royal  
Give him a savage burial, piss on grave  
Tell him, "What you read is what you sold nigga"  
And just to let you know nigga  
I never gave up, never will  
Shoot to kill is my motto  
Keep the chrome cocked, ready to release hollows  
And never come to shootout with a gun that's borrowed  
You think niggas forgot about that lick  
In that mini street war last night, kid you stupid?  
You must be slippin' or sniffin' or either both  
For you not to check if the coast is clear  
Or if you're bein' followed closely from the rear  
On ya trip home, ya niggas'll run up in ya, leave 1 in ya dome  
Run at the front door of ya king dome

Killarm' we bomb dead arm  
Quick to drop bombs like Sadaam on ya sector  
Killah Hill 10304 blood travels through my veins  
Son I'm goin' insane  
Odds parallel to street war but I must maintain  
My thoughts on my lessons  
You never catch me guessin'  
Or off point, or not vested to protect my waist up  
Yeah you fake fucks, bring it  
And watch this Killa Bee kid sting it  
From all angles, to hit ya pressure points in ya joints  
To leave ya stiff as a mannequin  
And I'm quick to tell the snitches standin' with the gods again  
Leavin' mad bloodshed on the scene