

HitMan

King Von

DJ on the beat, so it's a banger

They call that boy hitman (Huh?), mission complete
He runnin' up, hittin' his target (Boom, boom, boom, boom)
He gettin' up close, turn that boy to a ghost (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
He should be labelled a marksman
He set his whole block on fire like arson (Grrah, grrah)
So don't tryna be Clark Kent (Nah)
Green beam on the Glock, call it kryptonite (Huh?)
Three hundred, but he's not a Spartan (Boom, boom)
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They call that boy hitman

See, I'm in the streets, and they in the way like a speed hump (Boom, drill)
I jumped off that porch and started smokin' shit (Boom)
Keep a stick on me like a tree trunk (Boom, boom)
I been drillin' shit for a long time (Long time)
I turned this shit into a hobby, nigga (Uh-huh)
He was tryna make it to the NBA (What?)
And I was tryna catch me a body, nigga (Boom, boom, boom)
Coolin' with gang and some older niggas, they was showin' me how to move (How to move)
Catch me on the block, totin' mops to slide on the opps when I'm not at school
Lurk and caught a nigga then I rocked his ass (Slide, ride)
By the third shot, hollows dropped his ass (Boom, boom)
I stood over him and then I sparked his ass
They done ran, take the brown box his ass (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Like what's up now? He should never lacked with his goofy ass (Nah)
They done came back and tried to slide for 'em (Bitch ass nigga)
But they missed, what the fuck was they shootin' at? (Huh?)
I be shootin' them niggas, ain't shootin' back (Boom)
He ain't movin', I think he in cardiac (Boom, boom)
Got some niggas locked up in Pontiac
Take the soul out his chest, he ain't comin' back (Boom, boom)

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