

Hitman

Lil Keed

(B-B-Bankroll Got It)
(Keed talk to 'em)

My hitman don't take a day off
My hitman don't take a day off (Slimeball)
My hitman don't take a day off
My hitman don't take a day off

Yeah, the drum is a 808 and it's sittin' on the bottom of a 308 (Huh?)
I don't really know how to argue, but you know I eat beef
I'ma kill an altercation (Keed, talk to 'em)

Yeah, I'm drippin', I stunt on these motherfuckers
All this jewelry, I can't hide from your baby mother
She a real headhunter, she eat the rubber
Tote my Cuban links on me, my neck is cluttered
Told my daughter, "Don't worry, you know you covered"
She be jumpin' on the bed with the Fendi covers
I got rid of them boys who ain't really love me
No, you can't call 'bout your fuckin' money
Yeah, I'm too blessed for 'em, so I went and got rich
I got the Rolls truck, yeah, the Cullinan
Yeah, when I feel like I can pee on the bitch
Yeah, they know I'm as hot as it get
I'm hot as a brick, came from the bricks
Yeah, if a rat nigga diss, then he get hit with that stick
It'll be more than a war that you spit
Why these niggas be hatin' on this shit?
They know I'm the top of the list
Yeah, I put the hood on my back, then went and took me a risk
Three-sixty-five, how many times a young nigga changed up the wrist?
Yeah, I can't even count how many times you came right back to my dick (Okay
, let's go)

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No cap, I stunt on these motherfuckers (No kizzy)
Drop a 30 in a mall, I'm swishing buckets
F&Ns that's I'm totin', they'll pin his cushion
And these slimes that I'm 'round with, they'll kill your buddy
Send my shooters 'round me, I'ma real hustler
Michael Vick with my dawgs, it could get ugly
Two hundred thousand on bullets, man, fuck it
Put that fye in his mouth, tell 'em suck it
It could be a face shot, yeah, these niggas want beef? (Let's go) Yeah, it's
really nothin' to talk 'bout
Nun' but slimes when I pop out
This YSL shit, ain't nothin' bigger
I'm makin' one call, they get shot like a missile
I'm in the bank, with so many Ms

Young nigga with figures, they callin' me Mister
They send a drop, then it's dead doc
All my lil' partner 'nem serve raw
Yeah, came from [?] road, I'm stuck in the back like the pedal
My folks ain't doin' no tellin', yeah, shh, shh, yeah, they better
Yeah, big chopstick, yeah, F&N, nah, ain't no Berettas (Woo, yeah)

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