

# 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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