

Hitman

Masta Ace

It's no doubt, I'm just about the hottest dude on the mic
If you don't like it, tell me "fuck you" and be rude if you like
But if you do that, I might have to get nude with your wife
And have her saying that's "the best she's ever been screwed in her life"
Stricklin, yea I get paid to get cracking with the niggas
Spitman for hire, verbally smacking these niggas
And my price is from 2 grand down to a dollar
So if you want anyone fucked up just holla
It'll be lights, cameras, action like the big screen
No need for alarm, stay calm, I'm just armed with a 16
And I'mma spit at your head and have you ducking
So please come get me, cause with me is what you not fucking
Put your single out it's not gon' sell
I'm bad for you, my shit nasty like Taco Bell
Yea it's utterly disgusting and grimey
So if you want the job done, call ace, yea that dude'll know where to find me

You get blazed when the mic's off, shot when it's on
Play around, I lay you down
Gun pow, it be going down diggy diggy down
Bullet holes all in your clique, who you with?

Say my name if you want more beef

When the master raps, yo I blast a cap
You ain't gotta past the gat, where that bastard at?
I put a foot up his rectum, it was good that I checked him
The dog can't get his own hood to respect him
I'm a Hitman for hire, when I click, blam, and fire
You didn't know I had the pitch to get a man to retire
Be the one who goes to his place and kills him
Gets away with murder like Jayson Williams
So most rappers scared for there hands dirty
You ain't gon' write no real shit nigga till you hit 30
All I hear is rap about pussy and blunts
I got a right jab, nigga, that'll push through your fronts
And I really don't care if you drive an Aston Martin
I'll leave you unemployed like the cast of Martin
Cause most of these rappers never told the truth
So I sneak up and hit them in the voting booth

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I've been hired to hit
Every rapper trying to spit
Fuck a verse you can die in a skit
I get greasy like bacon fat
Take a gat, run chase a cat, then I break his back
I make them beg for mercy in they head they curse me
Another rappers body left dead in jersey
That's when I take the corpses

Cause they didn't go to IDA and take the courses
I'm yelling howdy man in the Audi van
With my rowdy plan like we Taliban
I take aim from the passenger seat, flashing the heat
Lay him on the curb like trash in the street
This a dangerous job, took a few to the head
Got hit up and was left for dead
But I won't go away like a college debt
So pay homage respect and acknowledge the rep
Of a Hitman

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