

# The Hitman

Pharoahe Monch

Call me the Hitman, it's kind of hard, ain't it?  
What most feared we'd become in the game we became, we  
became it  
So I painted a masterpiece of an industry tainted  
It's not a lick of grass, so it's graphic, frame it  
The Hitman (say it again)  
The Hitman  
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The Hitman

Some people say I'm extreme, broadcast a beam live  
through a meme  
Screaming as Jimmy Iovine, as corrupt as Don King  
Boxed into the ghetto, to be champions of bling  
Industry's the arena, the Internet is the ring

You train audible Queens to sling music to fiends?  
Then Def Jam, supreme team, the same thing  
Except more critical now, digital cocaine  
The goal's to control every individual's brain, like

Cadillacs for contracts in the 60's  
Now it's rap till you 60 for contracts 360  
The trick, switch the degrees with the three sixes  
Artists are left with zero, you know who receives the  
riches

Which is the reason why there's only a few moguls  
Globally, the pioneers are left in a chokehold  
Enough to make an individual go postal  
Watching these old folks get fucked for their vocals

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If you are not performing fellatio for radio rotation  
What's the ratio for radioplay at your station?  
If you're not paying to play the record is dead  
Puts a whole new spin on Radiohead

They got a thousand plays a week and we selling the  
same units  
Put their best rep up, they couldn't stand next to it  
People wanna relate, they wanna connect to it  
Here's a lyrical check, is this enough for you to flex  
to it?

Huh? Or do you need more clues?  
Should I be more black, would that change your view?  
Should I dye my hair blond, should my eyes be blue?

Just a couple of questions I mustered up for you

But these eleven and a half shoes, you can't fill those  
I make headlines (head lines) like corduroy pillows  
And probably get banned from television and marketing  
Targeting music industry politics provocative

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Let's release sex tapes so we can become stars  
Nude photographs of titties and asses  
Increase our buzz, impress the masses

I thought she was supposed to be so passive  
Now you just another ass in the end with an asterisk  
Cell phone songs, you will never be classic  
You sold your soul, they call that remastering

See, why does it have to be so drastic?  
Chemical skin peel makes the song more plastic  
Follow the program, man stick to the tactic  
Twelve to eighteen, you know the demographic

These kids want popcorn, they want slapstick  
Probably the chorus goes tisket, tasket  
But I'm not willing to risk it mask it  
This might take a couple of listens for you to grasp it

The Hit-