

Hitman For Hire

Red Café

Want a hit?
Gimme an hour plus a pen and a pad
Now when go down.. y'alllll
Who won't stop it?
When them things get cocked who won't pop it?
Who's trying to slow down the quick come up?
Of a hitman, what wha what what

You can tell by the walk and by how the chain swing
Got the kinda money most niggaz ain't seen
Most niggaz never pushed that machine
With 350 plus of pure horse power
And the fact that I push pure powder
To the point of no return is something I ain't proud of
Let the plush jewels symbolize the love
For the karats on the wrist I tend to spend just because
My life no less a dream at best
Lured her loving from London from where the Queen rests
Pimpish me took her straight to Mickey D's
When she ordered her Royal wit cheese
Shit, my whole clique pop Cristal wit ease
And pop pistols wit even more ease
Shit, we do the shit that you can't conceive
And I would hate having your mother grieve, motherfucker!

I'm a hitman for hire
You want work put in I'll have that work put in
I'm a hitman for hire
You lookin for a gangsta, I'm a gangsta
I'm a hitman for hire
I handle my business, you don't like me handle your business
I'm a hitman for hire
You lookin for a gangsta, I'm a gangsta

Uh, the boss of my days is back playa
Talk greazy, we don't call it rap playa
Easy, Izzah they say I'm special
They like the seven but, love me in that S Coupe
My boxes used to have horses, aight
Now I'm soaking the Boxster Porsches, aight
Got princess cut in my crosses, aight
Enough to make them coppers nauseous aight
Now I been shot in the neck, that was almost fatal
Now I'm the Shoot-a-Homie never under the navel
I'm in they hood like illegal cable
Shakedown, 911's a joke in my town
I'm bitch-nigga proof, 180 proof, liquor proof
I got to make a nigga disappear, trigger poof!
Coach said I wasn't good wit my jumpshot
So I get upclose when I'm bucking my toast, Izzah!

Big city rolla, pind diamond rose gold
Like strawberry Quik was spilled on his shoulder
EGHCK! all soldier, top shots out chrome glocks
Keep gun coupled, ghetto version of Noah
He will make your soul float, fuck wit the next man
In this hand I got the tool for making ghosts

Beats to the corner, Ben Wallace in the post
I send ya to the place where the coroners ya host EGHCK!
Not living, I'd rather be choking off fumes in someones kitchen
Counting money, but these niggaz won't keep their distance
So I let these nines assist them
See my - presence covers the block like a duvet
Haters trying to guess what you weigh
Pusha gives a fuck what you say
I make corners tumble like Cirque du Soleil

Uh yeah, Track Masters
Shakedown, Red Cafe wit the Clipse
Uh uh, yeah, we them hitmen for hire