

Hit Man

Spoonie Gee

(Children grow and women produce
And men go work and some go stealin)

(Badself)
(Yeah)

(Children grow and women produce
And men go work and some go stealin
Everyone's got to make a livin)

(Badself)
Hit man
(With your badself)
(Yeah)
(With your badself)
Hit man

Not to kick you down, but he's known all over town
Keeps two or three pretty women around
Stuff you pop out your mouth he ain't takin
He got the dudes on the avenue shakin
Livin on the hill he keeps up buildin and will
Please understand, this man can kill at will
One purpose, he know it's a payday - hey
Now I'm not one for talkin, but there he is, the hit man

(Children grow and women produce
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Always walkin alone in the street through an alley
He has no one he can call old pal of mine
But he's a man, he uses skill
You're the target, aim, shoot, and you better believe he will
If he's heated, so why don't you beat it
You got no car, then brotherman, feet it
Get out the way and hopefully stay
And once you get there, on your knees and pray
Cause you never know you might see him again
And then they'll have to call your next akin
What a way to go, because of what you didn't know
And after all this you may say 'So
What?' What? I'ma tell you somethin, please listen
Once you're gone, ain't nothin you could be missin
But while you're livin, there's a lot to enjoy
Don't play with him, he ain't no toy
There he is: the hit man

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You don't understand
Hit man

Take it down

Another truck was robbed, they called him for the job
This is his livin, brotherman, not his hobby
Well anyway, he had to stop them
Well, as we say Uptown: just lay or drop them
Hang in the street day and night just because
To get a lead on who it was
He asks one brother, and then another
But in the end only to discover
>From all the different leads he picked up
That it was his best friend who did the stick-up
Thought real deep: I have to put him to sleep
His reputation he had to keep
A very cool brother with funny ways
He chilled on the roof four nights and three days
And it bothered me, so I asked him this
He said, "When I'm high, I don't miss
I'm a hit man"

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Cause I'm a hit man

A soft-spoken guy, and that's no lie
I know it's hard to believe, so please try
Cause if you underestimate him it'll be doomsday for you
So tell the sister at the church to pray for you
So that you never ever make the mistake
Cause if you do, just remember your life he'll take
On a far journey with no way back
And no mercy, he don't give no slack
Cause he's a hit man

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Hit man

He's a hit man