

The Professional

DMX

Niggaz wont creep these streets wit me
Cuz you know fuckin where these streets would be
Make you wanna, then Im gonna, cuz I gotta
Pop, pop, pop, pop

I look through the 11th floor window
Take one last puff of that indo
Look through the scope and let like ten go
Break it down back in the briefcase
I get the sweat off of my face so I can leave safe
Outside I breathe safe
Nigga never saw it comin thats how ya got it
Never even thought of runnin, cuz a nigga plottin
Smart niggaz, get niggaz killed for real
I know they make a deal
Im comin with the steal
It's gone be that cat you dont see thats gone pop you
Stop you in yo muthafuckin tracks nigga drop you
Get rid of all the clothes dump the gun
I hate to be that type a nigga leave you slugged and run
But Im on a job and right now theres more niggaz than easy to be
Left wit a head full of lead, rest in easily
And that 20 g's will be
Put to a good use
The only excuse I have for what I do is love over abuse
Cmon

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I can catch you in the very buildin that you live in
Waitin till you get right at your door to start spittin
Now they got a ribbon tied to the rail at the top of the steps
I was there, you ain't die at the top of the steps
I can do that walk behind you shit and follow you home
Make a noise, you turn around, and I'll put money on yo dome
Last thing you saw was chrome and a flash of light
A blast to right
Nigga
Thats yo ass 2nite
I can put a bomb on your car and watch it explode
Make a call, tell em all they found was a piece of your clothes
And a small piece of your nose and bone from yo arm
Which they really couldnt tell apart
Because of the bomb
I can be waitin camped out in your car
In the backseat wit some fuckin chicken wire and
Soon as you hit the back street
I jump up like Jack- In- A- Box
Strangle this shit out yo ass

Clean up the mess and get away from the cops

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I can be that U.P.S. delivery boy
Or the man workin at Toys R Us, and handin your kid a brand new toy
I can be the one servin your food wherever you go to eat at
Or that nigga on the corner that you ask, "Yo where the weed at?"
I can be the one drivin the school bus that yo kids in
Except that, I dont like to involve women and children
A nigga got feelins
I just put em a side
When its time for me to do my job
I just ryde
I dont get much sleep
My souls tormented
I wish it was a lie
But everything I said I meant it
I know im doin wrong, and every day I beg the Lord to forgive me
For fuckin wit the devil and sort
Shit aint goin to well
But thats my life
I know Im goin to hell
But thats my life
Sometimes I think what will I do wit my life
Kill nigga, kill
This is my life

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