

# 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