

Beyonce

"The Professional"

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[Saukrates]

I woke up at noon still aching from the previous
Job I had to do last night, shit was serious
Got up out my bed, and picked up my pointsetta
And put him on the balcony so he could get a
Little bit of city sun just to quench his thirst
Plants gotta live too, 'cause they feed the Earth
Just then I got a call from Pete slash Blinky Jones
He said to meet him down a Donny's House of Pork and
Bones
And bring the little girl, who people knew as Matilda
And often, who I say before Gestapo could have killed
her
Picked up my grip, let it slide into the holster
Although most of, them niggas fear me I'm supposed
to
Protect my neck, if not mine then big Petey's
Dipped in the door so no one could even see me
I told Matilda "wait outside for me boo"
'cause the professional's always confidential, it's true
Then Pete said "yo, you know Mikey Budafeuco?"
The mafucker cut my last shipment of bazooko
And laced it with soda, so much that you could taste
That slimy ?????, I'll make him taste paste
I said "yo, boss hit me with the source"
And his whole family of course, you know what I mean
Just hit me with the green and I'll see what I can do
To Mikey Budafeu, he said "straight, arrange your
crew"
But that's a no no, the pro only murders solo
I almost lost my life working with teams out in SoHo
California Beach, we was storming the place
Fucked around and almost got buck by Scarface
Tony Montana, but that's another story
A whole other chapter, check the library
Went back to my crib, kissed Matilda goodbye
She started to cry, the sight brought tears to my eyes
The next day made my connection, check my directon
My flight to Chicago, first class section
I didn't recognize no one on the plane, this was strange
My inside man was no where that I could claim

The stewardess was over polite, I wondered why
But I didn't give a fuck this trick was mad fly
Speaking of fly, the pilot turned on the intercom
Talking some kind of code something was wrong
Everyone got out of their chairs calmly, and grabbed
their stuff
I tried to raise up, but my seat belt was tuck
Dig it, cool don't panic, I said "excuse me, my seat
belt's broken"
Then the back door opened, shit
I hear it close and my belt unlock
Turn around and there was four mafuckers with glocks
Pointed straight to my dome piece, grabbed my
chrome piece
And licked two shots leaving four men deceased
But how the fuck did two bullets kill four niggas
Checked out the cock and found the pilot's cranium
disfigured
The click, another piece to my head bone
Turn around and greet Ms Cleopatra Jones
"How ya doing baby? she said, "I'm chill how 'bout
you?"
"Petey sent me as your crew, so what yo gonna do?"
I landed the plane, checked in the hotel
Horny like a mafucker from the ho smell
Broke to the bathroom to clean myself, then she snuck
in
Naked to the pussy, straight up shower fuckin'
The walls were shattering with echoes
But ain't a question that killing mafuckers ain't my only
profession
Not after two hours of killing crotch
Hit the sack, woke up early to plan my plot *echoed*

** 4 seconds of silence **

It was a mansion on the outskirts of Chicago, I clout
Hood went by the name of Mikey Budafeuco didn't like
me
Ms Jones was around back I took the front gates
Two punks on guard with uzis strapped to their waist
Strolled towards a door, but pizano was like
"Yo, who the fuck are you?" then I pulled out my knife
Slow, without a whipser or hint of hesitation
Made one quick slash and committed decapitation
Left the knife in the neck of the man on the left
And hopped over the fence, took a short breath *whew*
It didn't take but a second to wait
The rotwilders went psycho, I took one knee and
grabbed my rifle
And popped every last one of them sons of bitches

Motivated like a mother by the riches, but no glitches
Got to the door, which is the right button
Red, yellow, or blue, pushed the blue then all of a sudden
I heard footsteps of at least three men running
sporting Mack 10s
Backflip under the porch and
Pulled out my piano wire and wrapped it tight
'Round my fists, made it quick with very little fight
Grabbed the fool on the right and silenced his ass
Nigga on the left, a strangle was his death
Motherfucker in the middle, play the monkey caught a cap
Sucking my barrel like a crack junkie
Got through the door and it was straight war
Camo-flague gear getting torn by my ammo
Run up the stairs, tripping over dead thugs
Put they family to shame for fucking with my nigga's drugs
Upon the second floor was faced with three doors,
chose the first
A ninja master showing his thirst for my life
But little did he know I be trained
Akido's my middle name, put his ass to shame
Open the next door and out came Kareem
Jabbar, a barefoot size seventeen
I said "choose your style" and nigga said "ostrich"
Yeah sure nigga look more like he took one for hostage
Swinging his shits with no style at all
One swing of my sword left him four feet tall
Third door open slowly only to show
Cleopatra getting fuck by Mikey Budafeuco
At gunpoint the bitch turned straight to Heather Hunter
On a steroid, banging this fool like she wants to
He didn't know I was there so I moved around the front
Rubber gripping, pointed at his dome started tripping
And pleading with my ass as if it ain't my job
To eliminate the families of punks who rob
Pull your dick out nigga this ain't no freak show
Let 'em go 'cause he got touched by the professional
My flight was straight sex in the private jet
Heading home to collect my fitty dollar check
I'm out *echoed*

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