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DMX "The Professional"

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Niggaz won't creep these streets with me 'Cause you know fuckin' what these streets'll be Make you wanna, then I'm gonna 'Cause I gotta Рор-рор, рор-рор, рор Nigga

I look through the eleventh floor window Take one last puff of the indo Look through the scope, and let like ten go Break it down, back in the briefcase Wipe the sweat off my face so I can leave safe Outside I breathe safe Nigga never saw it comin', that's how he got it Never even thought of runnin', 'cause a nigga plotted

Smart niggaz get niggaz killed for real I know, they make a deal, I'm comin' with the steel It's gon' be that cat you don't see that's gon' pop you Stop you in your motherfuckin' tracks nigga and drop you

Get rid of all the clothes, dump the gun I hate to be the type of nigga to leave you, slugged and run

But I'm on the job And right now there's more niggaz that need to be Left with a head full of lead, restin' easily in it Twenty G's a fee, put to a good use The only excuse I have for what I do is, love of abuse Come on

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Niggaz won't creep these streets with me 'Cause you know fuckin' what these streets'll be Make you wanna, then I'm gonna

'Cause I gotta Pop-pop, pop-pop, pop-pop Nigga

I can catch you in the very building that you live in Wait until you get right at your door then 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 put one in your dome

Last thing you saw was chrome and a, flash of light I blast him right, nigga, that's yo' ass tonight

I could put a bomb in your car and watch it explode Then make 'em call, tell 'em all they found was a piece of your clothes

And a small piece of your nose and, bone from your arm

Which they really couldn't tell apart, because of the bomb

I could be waitin', camped out in yo' car, in the backseat

With some fuckin' chickenwire, soon as you hit the backstreet

I jump up like 'Jack in the box', strangle the shit out yo' ass

Clean up the mess and, get away from the cops

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I could be the UPS delivery boy, or the man Workin' at Toys 'R' Us handin' yo' kid a brand new toy I could 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 could be the one drivin' the schoolbus that yo' kids in

Except that, I don't like to involve, women and children A nigga got feelings, I just put 'em aside And when it's time for me to do my job, I just ride

I don't get much sleep, my soul's tormented I wish it was a lie but everything I said I meant it I know I'm doin' wrong and everyday I beg the Lord To forgive me for fuckin' with the, double-edged sword Shit ain't goin' too well, that's my life I know I'm goin to Hell, that's my life Sometimes I think what will I do, with my life Kill nigga, kill this, it's my life

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