

Dr. Hook

"The Professional"

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Chorus: DMX

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 (nigga!)

I look through the 11th floor window
Take one last puff of the indo (WHAT?)
Look through the scope, and let like ten go
Break it down, back in the briefcase (uh-huh)
Wipe the sweat off my face so I can leave safe (UH)
Outside I breathe safe (UH)
Nigga never saw it comin, that's how he got it (WHAT?)
Never even thought of runnin, cause a nigga plotted
(WHAT?)
Smart niggaz get niggaz killed for real
I know, they make a deal? I'm comin with the steel
(aight)
It's gon' be that cat you don't see that's gon' pop you
(uhh)
Stop you in your motherfuckin tracks nigga and drop
you (uhh)
Get rid of all the clothes (uh-huh) 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 (WHOO)
And that twenty G's a fee, put to a good use
The only excuse I have for what I do is, love of abuse
(C'MON!)

Chorus 2X

[DMX]

I can catch you in the very building that you live in (UH)
Wait until you get right at your door then start spittin
(aight?)
Now they got a ribbon tied to the rail at the top of the
steps (what?)

I was there, you ain't DIE at the top of the steps (aight?)
I can do that walk behind you shit and follow you home
(shhh)
Make a noise, you turn around and I put one in your
dome (BOOM!)
Last thing you saw was chrome and a, flash of light
(uhh, uhh, uhh)
I blast him right, nigga, that's yo' ass tonight (C'MON!)
I could put a bomb in your car and watch it explode
(BOOM!)
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 (BLEH)
clean up the mess and, get away from the cops

Chorus 2X

[DMX]

I could be the UPS delivery boy (uh-huh) or the man
workin at Toys'R'Us handin yo' kid a brand new toy
(true)
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
(aight)
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 (uh) my soul's tormented (uh)
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, BUT THAT'S MY LIFE
I know I'm goin to hell, BUT THAT'S MY LIFE
Sometimes I think what will I do, WITH MY LIFE
Kill nigga kill this IS MY LIFE

Chorus 2.5X

