

## Blues Traveler

### "Hitmen"

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I want him dead.  
I don't care how you do it, I don't care when you do it,  
but I just want him dead.  
I don't care if you gotta bring him over here with his  
mother,  
but I want him dead.  
I want his mother dead, I want his father dead...  
I don't care-I want his DOG dead...

(Verse 1)

Sonny pat me down, sat me down, said look at me now  
'Kirk, no fucking around, I want you to clap this clown  
If you fuck up, then you fucked, best not to fuck  
Fuck you fucked then what? FUCK! You think you  
tough?'  
Chill! I need two's to bust, save the anger  
And all that hostility, stop grilling me, you killing me,  
feelin' me?  
Guess not...who you want dead? "Vinnie." How much  
bread?  
Shook his head fed and called his man Fred "Yo Fred!"  
Fred said, "FUCK you!" Oh fuck me? Lucky  
As long as none of you touch me everything 'll be lovely  
Trust me, where the money at? Sonny tapped Fred,  
"This is a funny cat  
You're black, you get the money when you come back!"  
What's that? Whatchu say? Nah you didn't say that  
Laid back snatched the gat under my grey hat and said  
"stay back"  
Clack, I don't play that! Shot Fred in his top lip [Ahh!!]  
That's for popping shit, and shot Sonny is his dick  
[Ahhhh!!]  
Blew they brains then skipped in a Towncar brown car  
Vinnie said, "What? No scars? How'd it go down, par?"  
"Like quicksand." "Damn, here's your thirty-six grand.  
Lemme shake your hand, shit man, you're my favorite  
hit man!"

(Chorus)

Yo we hitmen, charge thirty G's ahead  
You might see the ex-poor theivz and want to fled

Instead, blend in with the crowd while we cockin' this  
But sudden moves will just make yourself obvious  
Gimmie a price that I like, sound good then I might  
Take the life of whoever knowing never could do it  
better  
Remember no kids and double for females  
Pass the bills, pictures, and details and I'll do the kill

(Verse 2)

Peep the sag, I was fronted two G's by the mob  
Two Z's and the Saab for this hitman job  
Burnt my hand for initiation, cats told me the situation  
Them niggas transporter was lacing  
Coke was missing they was shortin' it up  
He was supposed to be importin' it up, but he was  
snortin' it up  
So they sent me to his house in a '98 Blazer  
Under my toungue, razor, gun pager with the lazer  
Jumped out with all black on feeling no love  
With the untouched slugs, black mask with the gloves  
Ran up in his crib-o with the click-o and seen dick-o  
Headed for the door with two tickets to 'Fransisco  
Him and his bitch, yo! She was looking type rio  
Flower shirt with the straw hat holding parico  
Yo chico! Where's the rest of the kilos, we know you got  
'em  
Red light dot him, spot him on his head, shot him  
His girl behind him sobbing reaching for her stocking  
A holster strapped to her leg which she had the glock in  
She heard me cocking, and still tried to go for hers  
[gunshot] Kirk was like, "Damn why you open hers  
Before she showed you where the Coca was? Fuck  
man..."

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Dog it ain't much time for explaining, and you a hitman  
in training  
What to and not to do when the bullets start raining  
Killing and maintaining be the key for this academy  
Number one: never ever ever point a gat at me  
FUCK if it's unloaded, threaten this man's health  
Bust me by mistake I'll kill you my DAMN self  
Now hold it to the side firm, squeeze 'till they squirm  
Use nines for long niggas tec-nines for strong niggas  
Never let a contract disrespect your flow  
'Cuz you might be next to get it when collecting your  
dough  
But yo, the best target is one that barely moves  
German 2's that'll be kept tucked under daily news

Every shot counts with the nigga hired to hit on  
You don't want an empty clip with more niggas to shit  
on  
No vest and you get lit on, then you might wanna split  
man  
But shit, man, that's all part of being a hitman

(Conversation with amateur hitman)

(Chorus)

There's three no's to a hitman:

No kids

No mistakes

No witnesses

Class dismissed

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