

Jay

"Hit Em"

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Hit 'em

Verse 1

A. Jay, El Kamo, Lets Go

Some shit blowing up my mind mayne I'm a pro

I'm sick standing on my grind, I lit the dro

I'm home livin in my zone, I need to bone or bang

bleeding chicks and hoes

Up in my zone

Coughing up da money like I'm rolling with a genie

I'm rolling up a spliff and thinking how to get the lucci

They talking bout skrilla, well I'm talking bout broccolli

And rap is gettin dark, man it's time to make it sunny

I got this game tight, sweeter than red lips

The name A. Jay, the mac u ain't messing with

I got the bad bitch blushing well I'm fly in that outfit

Blessed the mike with holy water acting like John the

Baptist

My name up on the list, we gotta lay the facts straight

Stepped my foot in this game, and competition got

erased

Dem boys talking crap, cruising with all those lames

But I'm finkin real big, doin like Alkazane

Big dummy ass, crack fool you

Whooping ya bloody ass, lyk rap kung fu

Slitting ya bleeding wrists lyk suicide dudes

Now I feel lyk I'm king jay spitin of the hook

Still cooking up the rhymes in the rap kitchen

You said u real, but I still believe u all fiction

When it comes to this game, I'm a lyrical thug

So rap sick u can't heal me with a miracle drug

The haters all in hell lyk I burnt dem all

My name going further, I just fank u lord

Got the game so bad that I took the spot

I'm so high, I don't know what label I'm on

I got the game so bad that I took the spot

I'm so high, I don't know what label I'm on

Chorus

Lyk I hit em with the mike, hit em with the bike

El Kamo

Real pissed lyk I pushed them to the side
Cos I punch real bad lyk I hit em with the mike
Go slooow, when u hit em with the mike 2x
Cos a punch real hard might take away his life

Verse 2

El Kamo

El Kamo, rise to the ranks
Got a lot of shine, lyk I'm movin thru the mines
Killin from the start, mayne I'm blowing up their minds
With the A. Kay, tell a hater, this is no child play
Killin competition, with my vision on the D-day
MURDER, I could be doing this lyk all day
Put me behind bars, I do it again lyk it's a replay
Burning stages, it's the Kamoflage with A. Jay
Stop trippin, message to those who wanna be me
Recognize fact I'm the dope, whose gotta king me
Haters strugglin, tryna make it on my team B
And my flo, still given spin to CDs
I got the game on another level, on trees, High
The position that was unlikely, but I'm still placin fings
right like I'm
Henry
Yeah, I'm on dough like a baker, I mean, I'm on stacks
like a banker
The topic for discussion lyk an issue for debators
Still no competition lyk a camel in the deserts
Still kill the streets with class, didn't say it, ask
mercedes
Murder everybody, that be braggin with the cities
Takin u bak to the days like old skul
You gonna need me real bad lyk O2
Putting haters away just like old tools
When I walk out the door, u ain't got no clue

Chorus

Lyk I hit em with the mike, hit em with the bike

El Kamo

Real pissed lyk I pushed them to the side
Cos I punch real bad lyk I hit em with the mike
Go slooow, when u hit em with the mike 2x
Cos a punch real hard might take away his life

Verse 3

A. Jay

Still on my grind, I got mouthpiece and the skrilla
Still the bollaholic, bukin wild on the rilla
Gettin ma groove on, grindin rilla and throwing chedda
That's why they can't chill, they all up on my bumpa
Man, I'm crusing with my click, checking wats
burbalatin
I keep blowin up the chronic, getting high levitating
And I'm messin up the game, haters jux keep on falling
like humpty dumpty
And rain, ya pain keeps escalatin
Be my ICE cream man and pass the brocolli
On ya lips is a spliff, I hold it happily
And now my crew goes wild, cos it's lyk I'm getting
bad, so I light another
Dro lets go like OD
You need to say a long prayer, confessin all ya sins
Cos you bang ripnuts and keep donating benjamins
She's the next sexy fin I saw, she lyk blings
Not u sweety, step aside, I luv this cars rims

El kamo

Yeah it's me, what? GAME OVER
I see other rappers all murmuring, all over
Cos they see what's comin, Kamo take Over
If you have a dream, DAMN it, it Over
I'm the undertaker, ima ima record breaker
I ain't even got the clue, now who is the trader
And I get u hot like I was your baker
Let me spit flames, time to get cover
U see, u gotta spit and first next, comes the paper
See me in my crib, next it's bigger
I ain't even started, let me start like this
We ain't playing, we praying for that castle dream wish
ABRAKADABRA, is my name with a twist
Punchin your heart, is my words in ya face
You laggin behind, I'm the first in this race
Tryna get anoda star, is one big hot chase
Downwards, face north, I'm on to the next
And I laugh at the rappers that be messin with best
Haters even see me and they give me the respect
Victory starin at me right in the face
I never get puzzled, cos I'm done with this maze
So if you wanna catch me later call me on this
3, 2, 1, 0
Y'already know!

A. JAY

Yeah, u already know
It's A. Jay and El Kamo

Yo, shout out to my boys Ya
U already Know
This is jux da beginnin
Sang, watch out for this
EEEH Ben wat up!

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