

Jazzkantine

"Hitman for Hire"

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[Red Cafe]

Want a hit?

Gimme an hour plus a pen and a pad

Now when go down.. y'alllll

Who won't stop it?

When them things get cocked who won't pop it?

Who's trying to slow down the quick come up?

Of a hitman, what wha what what

[Verse - Malice]

You can tell by the walk and by how the chain swing

Got the kinda money most niggaz ain't seen

Most niggaz never pushed that machine

With 350 plus of pure horse power

And the fact that I push pure powder

To the point of no return is something I ain't proud of

Let the plush jewels symbolize the love

For the karats on the wrist I tend to spend just because

My life no less a dream at best

Lured her loving from London from where the Queen rests

Pimpish me took her straight to Mickey D's

When she ordered her Royal wit cheese

Shit, my whole clique pop Cristal wit ease

And pop pistols wit even more ease

Shit, we do the shit that you can't conceive

And I would hate having your mother grieve,
motherfucker!

[Chorus]

[Clipse:] I'm a hitman for hire

[R Cafe:] You want work put in I'll have that work put in

[Clipse:] I'm a hitman for hire

[R Cafe:] You lookin for a gangsta, I'm a gangsta

[Clipse:] I'm a hitman for hire

[R Cafe:] I handle my business, you don't like me
handle your business

[Clipse:] I'm a hitman for hire

[R Cafe:] You lookin for a gangsta, I'm a gangsta

[Verse - Red Cafe]

Uh, the boss of my days is back playa
Talk greazy, we don't call it rap playa
Easy, Izzah they say I'm special
They like the seven but, love me in that S Coupe
My boxes used to have horses, aight
Now I'm soaking the Boxster Porsches, aight
Got princess cut in my crosses, aight
Enough to make them coppers nauseous aight
Now I been shot in the neck, that was almost fatal
Now I'm the Shoot-a-Homie never under the navel
I'm in they hood like illegal cable
Shakedown, 911's a joke in my town
I'm bitch-nigga proof, 180 proof, liquor proof
I got to make a nigga disappear, trigger poof!
Coach said I wasn't good wit my jumpshot
So I get upclose when I'm bucking my toast, Izzah!

[Chorus]

[Verse - Pusha T]

Big city rolla, pind diamond rose gold
Like strawberry Quik was spilled on his shoulder
EGHCK! all soldier, top shots out chrome glocks
Keep gun coupled, ghetto version of Noah
He will make your soul float, fuck wit the next man
In this hand I got the tool for making ghosts
Beats to the corner, Ben Wallace in the post
I send ya to the place where the coroners ya host
EGHCK!
Not living, I'd rather be choking off fumes in someones
kitchen
Counting money, but these niggaz won't keep their
distance
So I let these nines assist them
See my - presence covers the block like a duvet
Haters trying to guess what you weigh
Pusha gives a fuck what you say
I make corners tumble like Cirque du Soleil

[Chorus]

[Outro - Pusha T]

Uh yeah, Track Masters
Shakedown, Red Cafe wit the Clipse
Uh uh, yeah, we them hitmen for hire

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