

## Joss Stone

### "The Hit List"

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Intro:

Huh yeah yeah. Saafir in the house  
youknowhatl'msayin'? Layin' it down with  
my nigga Sonnie Black. About to spit this shit to you.  
You might be on this  
motherfucker man. You know?

Saafir:

Since the death of the first two icons I be wonderin'  
Who's gonna be the next to plummet in the dirt  
Somebody is puttin' in major work  
And drop the line of these top the line rhymer you know  
who was the first  
And the second MC  
The shit temps me  
To keep practicing my aim at the shooting range  
And keep my vest  
In close range to my chest  
Say a prayer to the game  
Cause she won't be the same after this  
I heard they  
Who is they?  
I don't know  
But you know what they say  
Don't believe it till you see it  
But now I peep the Ebony special Big Daddy Dane or  
Super Nat  
Death's comin' three and the shit is startin' to worry me  
(why?)  
Cause this shit got to be connected to a much deeper  
plot  
Maybe the government is fillin' it  
Since they see them taxes of these millionaire black  
men rappin'  
Imagin' if they got fed up and attached a contract  
To touch these pathetic lips  
Believe me  
It would be called

Hook:

The Hit List

But it never happens to you if you're hitless  
So you better stay sharp in you mental fitness  
And always holla at your follies about business  
What is this? The Hit List

Saafir:

The newspapers read  
"De La Soul Is Dead"  
The Stakes Is Higher than Hell fire  
Shocking news travels like a live wire  
To the Mississippi connect  
Brought in from a club bathroom  
Bartender slipped him a Mickey  
Everybody in hip hop is trigger itchy  
One of the Pharcyde got smoked in a hotel in Perkipsey  
Upstate with no backin' I'm packin' heat  
Like an immigrant work Nike factory  
I feel like somebody is watchin' me  
I got eyes in the back of my head and under my balls  
Cassette from outside bathroom door stall  
Watchin' my back without a pause  
Scarface in Houston tryin' not to catch a bullet scar  
Ridin' to the studio in bulletproof cars  
ATF had a shootout ? wait with FaceMob  
A cashier worker and a grocery bagger was tagged up  
Body bagged up  
Pedestrians meeting the concrete  
Gettin' faces and body parts scrapped up  
Face Mob swervin' through as they may ? (screeching)

Hook

Sonnie Black:

What is this the Hit List  
The Hit List some sick shit over glove shit  
Mr. Sonnie Black the fly ass tracks jack  
You slippin' like bait on a fishing rod  
I'm tryin' to manipulate your fate  
I'm tryin' to get you God  
Cause you tailored my made me good and plenty  
Your soldiers turned GI Jane more (Moore) than Demi  
Keep your hustle on kinko  
God got blessings to give me

Saafir:

On Remy and a night chair  
Spit my plot to my partners and hoes sittin' around in  
nightwear  
Crackin' a window a slight air  
A nigga feel twisted  
The story

## The Hit List

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