

Kool G Rap "Hitman's Diary"

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Kool G. Rap]

Yo it's a hit you picked the wrong cat to fuck with
The wrong thug kid to buck with you better duck quick
or get your shit split with infinite shit from outta the clip
Niggaz is struck with the underworld click

Yo it was midnight and rainy and spotted these three
Panamanians
Gold chains and carryin Iranians
Pulled out to stain me and these cats might try to flame
me
and shit might be hit sent from this bitch nigga Damien
Used to slang 'caine, back to back, up in this game we
in
Went against the grain when he got banged in his
cranium
Now he got cats all on my back, tryin to bang me and
from Peru, flew in a crew of evil, now shit is lethal
Drew the Eagle, blew about two
and made one of the two see-through, but I still see two
of his peoples, up in a Regal, and they got heat to
equal
shit that got put in Beenie Seagal, fuck these illegal
alien-ass niggaz out of the grass
Put extra clips upon the dash and continued to blast
Fire flashed, I left another one of em splashed
The bloodbath, three niggaz found dead on the ave
Went to a phone to hit my nigga Big C, swiftly
Yo dig the shit G, these niggaz tried to hit me
Yo meet me in about fifty, with Big Ash, be movin
quickly
I'm about to hit D, put that motherfucker six feet
"Aiyyo what happened G?" Niggaz on the ave was
clappin at me
Bustin at me, tryin to put caps in my nappy
"Yo as long as you made it kid I'm happy"
We still goin to where this cat be, with AK's all day
Called up my nigga Jay, call the nigga Damien for me
okay?
Make it about 3:38, straight, this is what you say
"Aiyyo we fucked up, he got away"
If he play, I'ma split his toupee, we on our way

to this nigga's office, with armed forces, he showin
softness
and watchin, horses racin with other bosses
Pulled out the torch and, the nigga saw the guns, got
stunned
He probably got none, knowin he bout to catch a hot
one
Terrorizin the whole spot son, the phone rung
He acted like it was the wrong number, lookin all dumb
Hands on the glock spun, five minutes later, the shots
rung
That nigga got done, died with his hand on a cocked
gun

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February 14 in '95, time about 4:45
I'm coppin pies in a highrise
Dealin with shit like this you need five eyes, dinosaur
size
These fuckin chi-chi's, have you covered with flies
Came in with two wiseguys, fuckin guns big as lifesize
Had a chick up on the bed and shit, with the nice thighs
Yo seniorita, mamasita, wish to plead with boricua
cliqua
Arriba, flashed the heat now
she started talkin, seconds later two Cubans walked in
Holdin packages of silver chalk and, shit ain't the raw
and
became a war man, he put two in my man's internal
organs
But for the poison, tryin to fuckin Freeman like Morgan
Two hit the floorin, with blood pourin, left em snorin
Their wigs tore in, layin all up against the door then
the nigga spray, I caught a slug in my shoulder blade
My boulder grazed, I'm catchin flashbacks of older
days
in the small caves, I'm dazed and shit
She goin to bed with the spray shit, tryin to lay shit
OK bitch, and fuck the gay shit, started to lay shit
and left the brave bitch wet, part of her neck and face

hit
Emptied the clip, then replaced it
Niggaz is on the floor tomato pasted
wasted, spirit eras-ted
Bonnie cased it, went to the other side, embraced it
The whole place is lit, we Scarfacin shit
Cigar case and shit, on some marksmen shit
One nigga strainin moanin in pain aimin his biscuit
My man fixed it, left him with his wig twisted
Wipe all my fingerprint ballistics, went to the other
room
and saw the brick shit, straight legit shit, bag it and zip
it
Left out the front door like we ain't do shit

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