

Longpigs

"The Professionals"

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Intro:

[Sound Of Radio in the background]

[Sound Of Woman and Tray Lee in the background]

[Phone Rings]

Tray Lee: Hold On, Hold On... Wait a minute
Yeah, Yeah, What's happenin'?

Phone: Tray yo, what's up? how's it going Tray?
ByStorm business.
Tell yo honey to go and listen.
I need for you and the Reepz to put a hit
out on the industry.
You know my fee. Wit a ten percent bonus
if the job is complete within one day.

[Tray's woman complains]

Phone: Ay, yo Tray listen. I gotta bounce, listen Tray.
I gotta bounce, my phone might be tapped,
you know my code, get back to me wit an
update.

Tray Lee: Word up, this serious business right here.
Glad y'all could make it.

[Voices of approval from the Reepz]

Verse One:

TL: My niggaz, check this shit out, I just got off the
phone
wit Goose, he want the crew to put a hit out.

Reepz: On who?

TL: The industry and yo, it sounds legit, equipped, wit
infra-red and twenty mil to split. But first we need

a game plan that fits, ski masks, Tec's nigga wit unlimited clips. Bulletproof vests, no let ups, lets rock son undebted, so boys I'll be the decoy, the first one to set it.

Reepz 1: Since Tray's the first one to set it, he can walk past the guards unprotected, set up shop, for the rest of us to wreck shit. Meanwhile, I'll lace the basement with basement placement of explosives. I see four guards where the entourage started, just pinpoint the target, so we can get started.

Reepz 2: Yo nigga, I'm all for it, map it, we can score it, I need three guns, and a soldier to stand by the door wit. No bullshit, I loaded up my lyrics and two shotties in the barn from pop taped to my body. I'm bustin' shots like it don't make sense, gettin' rid of all witnesses and evidence.

Reepz 3: I'm bout to shut it down, I need a round and a card, change of gear, arsenal status, the Ramada. Forties, fakes, takin' up space, reals get nada. Time to make it sicker than Italian Jim Carter.

TL: No doubt, I see we on the same page, shit is proper, so the operation starts in eighteen hundred hours.

Bridge One:

[Phone Rings]

TL: Yo goose this is Tray.

Phone: Yeah, what's my update?

TL: The Reepz will be joining me in this operation, operation starts at six p.m., I expect results three hours from that time. Next time we speak, mission will be accomplished, and I expect cash upon execution.

Verse Two:

TL: Let's run it down,

Firearms

R: Check

TL:Hollow Tips

R:Check

TL:Leather gloves and bombs pasting all the exits

R:Check

TL:ID strap with the PV in the back

R:Check, Check

TL:Let's set it off and put the plan into effect. Made a call and said, I begin to think wit all the bosses. While I got this guys occupied, Borne, run up in they office.

The four RNF files and shit like that, and take, anything that says they got us under contract. Since niggas are wired, this how it go, when you hear me make a move to leave the room, then that's the signal.

R1:Now that we have the instructions, and the blueprints have been structured, it's time to do it. AV, chick, you set bombs, to defuse it, if they got confused wit, the plan just use it. Take no prisoners, give no remorse. Tray Lee kissed his cross and was off.

Bridge Two:

TL:Gentleman, so glad you could make it here this evening.

Businessmen of the Industry:This better be good.

TL:The purpose, of this meeting here tonight, is so that we can combine all our entities, and make one big music conglomerate.

BOTI:What?! What the hell are you talkin' about?!

TL:Now, now, now. Before you act to hasty, just hear me out here. You're not being reasonable, you're not being... I'll tell you what...

BOTI:Who the hell do you think you are?!

TL:I'm gonna step out for a second...

BOTI: You got a lotta mamushkas comin' in my fuckin' office...

TL: Give you gentlemen time to ponder on the idea, and I'll be back for a decision.

BOTI: Conglomerate... Johnny, you follow that son of a bitch, I don't trust him one fuckin' bit.

Verse Three:

TL: Yo, that's the cue let's make it happen.

Walkie-Talkie: Tray walk towards the bathroom.

TL: What's the deal?

WT: Being followed.

TL: Oh, you spot'em?

WT: Yeah, I got'em.

[Gunshot, and sound of pain]

TL: Good lookin' out.

R2: Yeah, no doubt, let's keep it movin', they heard the shots comin' in, pullin' out. Let's sweat the scene like Colin Ferguson, I got the documents, but if this nigga's dead, why the fuck I'm hearin' shots?

R3: Busted out the exit, on some vexed shit, man, bullets sprayed I caught one in the shoulder blade. I cocked the shot, he pulled the trigger bust my lyrics, had they heads bopped, mad niggaz in the hall droppin'. Around the corner more niggaz tried to dead me, but they got token' out, my raw style is too deadly.

TL: So what you need, yo clip empty?

R3: I got my designee wit one magazine plus a bullet, that travels into ya.

R2: These niggaz is still comin, let's split together what we got and leave this fuckin' scene gunnin'.

TL: Word, thieves covered in blood, it's on son, no question, no time for hesitatin', fuck the

second guessin'. Merely suggestin', the we leave these niggaz restin', so open up and watch talons explode in they chest and, look out Borne...

[Gunshots]

TL:Yo, that's two down, ha, now that's a few now, I'm killin' all foes. Time to reload...

R2:Okay, I am noted, it ain't a murder til' she wrote it, kill or be killed, we got no other plans to go...

R3:Yeah, fuck a forfeit, I'ma put this fuckin' burn through they sternum and some more shit.

R2:Time to make moves, shots is ringin', leave nobody standin', to see the courtroom and start singin'. Clip is almost empty, blood drippin' down my chest, I got, two on scope Tray and Wall take out the rest.

[Gunshots]

TL:Yeah, got one.

WT:Get outta there, Get outta there...

TL:But I'm not done...

[Gunshot]

TL:Oh shit! I've been shot, son.
Hit in the shin, it's hard for a nigga to run.
If I'm slowin' up, don't stop see, y'all niggaz jet without me.

R1:Look what this shit created, we almost out barely makin' it, bullets sprayed straight through Tray's leg, almost amputated it. Me and Fee was hit, half empty clips with intent to kill, and until the end, so we ain't tryin' to quit, but stakes is high, so yo pie get us outta this.

WT:Yo, it's obvious, hey I'm tired of this shit, now y'all niggaz hurry up, cuz these niggaz ain't surrenderin'', leave the premises cuz I'm about to blow the building.

Bridge Three:

[Gunshots]

[Retalitory Gunshots]

[More Gunshots]

[More Retalitory Gunshots]

[Sounds of pain]

[Large Gunshots]

Verse Four:

R1: Shots heard was the code to detonate and
take more souls, my crew rock and tell
from the bullets and it goes, once you,
hire Professionals, shit explodes, you
can tell by the damage that we do it shows.
RNF be the clique stand for Real Nigga
Flows, death becomes to all those, who
pose as foes. When you hire professionals
you know how it goes...

TL: So RNF push the button, send niggaz to the
crossroads.

Voice: T minus five

four

three

two

one....

[Explosion]

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