

Ritchie Valens

"Murder For Hire"

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Yeah, this how we get rich, for all the mothafuckin' thug
niggas, niggas
get bodied, some niggas snitch, knowwhatlmsayin'?
throughout the World
it's the thugs, the laws of Nature, this is how we eat,
don't ever try
to take food from a starving Man, he's goin' at you.

Verse 1:

It was a Murder contract on these cats that owe
they tried workin' for the boss, never brung back dough
so I chose to hit 'em
the reward was Four Million
Two if I hit a bitch or any small children
check it, they had a picture of the first cat
he out in BX, I know where he rest and where to search
at
so I'm right there, I'm peeped duke in Jerry Rice gear
came from behind, put the shine to his ear
took a snap shot, brought that back, collect the chips
Half a Million knocked off before we talk about the next
hit
the next flic was a older cat
he had a short arm, crippled at birth but still he hold a
gat
Bachelor, placin' his bets up in Aqueduct
first of the Month some how he stayed rackin' up
I reached first, he started backin' up
stopped to reach for his piece, I squeezed, he never
got to duck
I hit him dead in his chest, eternal fire
returnin' for the chips when it's murder for hire.

Verse 2:

I got a knack for this
bodyin' shit, escape miraculous
exchange money for death, they can't tax the chips
I got trapped by a bad bitch
the contracts on my own head, she actin' like she
Catcholic
met her on some high class shit

Halftime, watchin' the Knicks against the Mavericks, my
G was average
skip that, she took me back to where she live at
stripped and gave me mad head, I'm 'bout to push her
shit back
we pulled our guns at the same time
the same frame of mind
I told her to chill
relax, unload the steel
here's the plan for us
I know the perfect Man to bust
they call him Top Dog
weak links need to be popped off
he's hard to reach, I know a friend that know a friend
that could get him on the phone for a fee, a quick Ten
the next victim, we both could hit 'em
catch him while he sleepin', when he wakes up the Lord
is wit' em.

Sometimes it happens in the streets, sometimes it
happens in the crib,
you can't escape death.

Verse 3:

A week went by and I'm losin' sleep
they sent niggas out to get me so now I gotta move
with heat
persuin' beef, while hearin' stories untrue
nowhere to run to, seein' my face on NewYork One
news
high profile crime, shit caught on tape
with no ski mask so therefore I'm takin' all the weight
Shorty's wit' me and she tryin' to thug it
makin' me paranoid, seducin' me like Michael Douglass
mad stressed, back to back cigarettes
fuck it, honey got chips, skip duke, she could get it next
I need to trust you
you could be the brain, I'll be the muscle
one false move and I'm'a bust you
kissed her on the cheek before I dicked her to sleep
told her we gettin' closer we can get him this week
be she never awoke to see a niggas face
I skipped town with her bread, her head spread across
the pillow case.

Leavin' them bitches where they lay, I don't got no time
to love them
hoes, money come first, money and murder, we were
raised off this shit,
you can't escape it, it's on every street, every corner,
I'd rather get

paid for this shit.

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