

Saafir "Hit List"

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featuring Sonnie Black

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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