

## Saukrates

### "Professional"

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I woke up at noon still aching from the previous  
Job I had to do last night, shit was serious  
Got up out my bed, and picked up my pointsetta  
And put him on the balcony so he could get a  
Little bit of city sun just to quench his thirst  
Plants gotta live too, 'cause they feed the Earth  
Just then I got a call from Pete slash Blinky Jones  
He said to meet him down a Donny's House of Pork and  
Bones  
And bring the little girl, who people knew as Matilda  
And often, who I say before Gestapo could have killed  
her  
Picked up my grip, let it slide into the holster  
Although most of, them niggas fear me I'm supposed  
to  
Protect my neck, if not mine then big Petey's  
Dipped in the door so no one could even see me  
I told Matilda "wait outside for me boo"  
'cause the professional's always confidential, it's true  
Then Pete said "yo, you know Mikey Budafeuco?"  
The mafucker cut my last shipment of bazooko  
And laced it with soda, so much that you could taste  
That slimy ?????, I'll make him taste paste  
I said "yo, boss hit me with the source"  
And his whole family of course, you know what I mean  
Just hit me with the green and I'll see what I can do  
To Mikey Budafeu, he said "straight, arrange your  
crew"  
But that's a no no, the pro only murders solo  
I almost lost my life working with teams out in SoHo  
California Beach, we was storming the place  
Fucked around and almost got buck by Scarface  
Tony Montana, but that's another story  
A whole other chapter, check the library  
Went back to my crib, kissed Matilda goodbye  
She started to cry, the sight brought tears to my eyes  
The next day made my connection, check my directon  
My flight to Chicago, first class section  
I didn't recognize no one on the plane, this was strange  
My inside man was no where that I could claim

The stewardess was over polite, I wondered why  
But I didn't give a fuck this trick was mad fly  
Speaking of fly, the pilot turned on the intercom  
Talking some kind of code something was wrong  
Everyone got out of their chairs calmly, and grabbed  
their stuff  
I tried to raise up, but my seat belt was tuck  
Dig it, cool don't panic, I said "excuse me, my seat  
belt's broken"  
Then the back door opened, shit  
I hear it close and my belt unlock  
Turn around and there was four mafuckers with glocks  
Pointed straight to my dome piece, grabbed my  
chrome piece  
And licked two shots leaving four men deceased  
But how the fuck did two bullets kill four niggas  
Checked out the cock and found the pilot's cranium  
disfigured  
The click, another piece to my head bone  
Turn around and greet Ms Cleopatra Jones  
"How ya doing baby? she said, "I'm chill how 'bout  
you?"  
"Petey sent me as your crew, so what yo gonna do?"  
I landed the plane, checked in the hotel  
Horny like a mafucker from the ho smell  
Broke to the bathroom to clean myself, then she snuck  
in  
Naked to the pussy, straight up shower fuckin'  
The walls were shattering with echoes  
But ain't a question that killing mafuckers ain't my only  
profession  
Not after two hours of killing crotch  
Hit the sack, woke up early to plan my plot \*echoed\*

\*\* 4 seconds of silence \*\*

It was a mansion on the outskirts of Chicago, I clout  
Hood went by the name of Mikey Budafeuco didn't like  
me  
Ms Jones was around back I took the front gates  
Two punks on guard with uzis strapped to their waist  
Strolled towards a door, but pizano was like  
"Yo, who the fuck are you?" then I pulled out my knife  
Slow, without a whipser or hint of hesitation  
Made one quick slash and committed decapitation  
Left the knife in the neck of the man on the left  
And hopped over the fence, took a short breath \*whew\*  
It didn't take but a second to wait  
The rotwilders went psycho, I took one knee and  
grabbed my rifle  
And popped every last one of them sons of bitches

Motivated like a mother by the riches, but no glitches  
Got to the door, which is the right button  
Red, yellow, or blue, pushed the blue then all of a sudden  
I heard footsteps of at least three men running  
sporting Mack 10s  
Backflip under the porch and  
Pulled out my piano wire and wrapped it tight  
'Round my fists, made it quick with very little fight  
Grabbed the fool on the right and silenced his ass  
Nigga on the left, a strangle was his death  
Motherfucker in the middle, play the monkey caught a cap  
Sucking my barrel like a crack junkie  
Got through the door and it was straight war  
Camo-flague gear getting torn by my ammo  
Run up the stairs, tripping over dead thugs  
Put they family to shame for fucking with my nigga's drugs  
Upon the second floor was faced with three doors,  
chose the first  
A ninja master showing his thirst for my life  
But little did he know I be trained  
Akido's my middle name, put his ass to shame  
Open the next door and out came Kareem  
Jabbar, a barefoot size seventeen  
I said "choose your style" and nigga said "ostrich"  
Yeah sure nigga look more like he took one for hostage  
Swinging his shits with no style at all  
One swing of my sword left him four feet tall  
Third door open slowly only to show  
Cleopatra getting fuck by Mikey Budafeuco  
At gunpoint the bitch turned straight to Heather Hunter  
On a steroid, banging this fool like she wants to  
He didn't know I was there so I moved around the front  
Rubber gripping, pointed at his dome started tripping  
And pleading with my ass as if it ain't my job  
To eliminate the families of punks who rob  
Pull your dick out nigga this ain't no freak show  
Let 'em go 'cause he got touched by the professional  
My flight was straight sex in the private jet  
Heading home to collect my fitty dollar check  
I'm out \*echoed\*

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