

Spoon

"Hitmen"

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I want him dead.
I don't care how you do it I don't care when you do it
But I just want him dead.
I don't care if you gotta bring him over here with his
mother
But I want him dead.
I want his mother dead I want his father dead...
I don't care I want his DOG dead...

(Verse 1)

Sonny pat me down sat me down said look at me now
'Kirk no fucking around I want you to clap this clown
If you fuck up then you fucked, best not to fuck
Fuck you fucked then what? FUCK! You think you
tough?'
Chill! I need two's to bust, save the anger
And all that hostility, stop grilling me, you killing me,
feelin' me?
Guess not...who you want dead? "Vinnie." How much
bread?
Shook his head fed and called his man Fred "Yo Fred!"
Fred said, "FUCK you!" Oh fuck me? Lucky
As long as none of you touch me everything 'll be lovely
Trust me, where the money at? Sonny tapped Fred,
"This is a funny cat
You're black, you get the money when you come back!"
What's that? Whatchu say? Nah you didn't say that
Laid back snatched the gat under my grey hat and said
"stay back"
Clack, I don't play that! Shot Fred in his top lip [Ahh!!]
That's for popping shit, and shot Sonny is his dick
[Ahhhh!!]
Blew they brains then skipped in a Towncar brown car
Vinnie said, "What? No scars? How'd it go down, par?"
"Like quicksand." "Damn, here's your thirty-six grand.
Lemme shake your hand, shit man, you're my favorite
hit man!"

(Chorus)

Yo we hitmen, charge thirty G's ahead
You might see the ex-poor theivz and want to fled

Instead, blend in with the crowd while we cockin' this
But sudden moves will just make yourself obvious
Gimmie a price that I like, sound good then I might
Take the life of whoever knowing never could do it
better
Remember no kids and double for females
Pass the bills, pictures, and details and I'll do the kill

(Verse 2)

Peep the sag, I was fronted two G's by the mob
Two Z's and the Saab for this hitman job
Burnt my hand for initiation, cats told me the situation
Them niggas transporter was lacing
Coke was missing they was shortin' it up
He was supposed to be importin' it up, but he was
snortin' it up
So they sent me to his house in a '98 Blazer
Under my toungue, razor, gun pager with the lazer
Jumped out with all black on feeling no love
With the untouched slugs, black mask with the gloves
Ran up in his crib-o with the click-o and seen dick-o
Headed for the door with two tickets to 'Fransisco
Him and his bitch, yo! She was looking type rio
Flower shirt with the straw hat holding parico
Yo chico! Where's the rest of the kilos, we know you got
'em
Red light dot him, spot him on his head, shot him
His girl behind him sobbing reaching for her stocking
A holster strapped to her leg which she had the glock in
She heard me cocking, and still tried to go for hers
[gunshot] Kirk was like, "Damn why you open hers
Before she showed you where the Coca was? Fuck
man..."

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Dog it ain't much time for explaining, and you a hitman
in training
What to and not to do when the bullets start raining
Killing and maintaining be the key for this academy
Number one: never ever ever point a gat at me
FUCK if it's unloaded, threaten this man's health
Bust me by mistake I'll kill you my DAMN self
Now hold it to the side firm, squeeze 'till they squirm
Use nines for long niggas tec-nines for strong niggas
Never let a contract disrespect your flow
"cause you might be next to get it when collecting your
dough
But yo, the best target is one that barely moves
German 2's that'll be kept tucked under daily news

Every shot counts with the nigga hired to hit on
You don't want an empty clip with more niggas to shit
on
No vest and you get lit on, then you might wanna split
man
But shit, man, that's all part of being a hitman

(Conversation with amateur hitman)

(Chorus)

There's three no's to a hitman:

No kids

No mistakes

No witnesses

Class dismissed

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