

The Hitman

Pharoahe Monch

[Chorus]:

Call me the hitman, it's kinda hard, ain't it?
What most feared to become in the game, we became it
So I painted a masterpiece of an industry tainted
It's not a lip of grass, so it's graphic, frame it
The hitman, say it again, the hitman
The hitman, uh, say it again, say, say it
Some people say I'm extreme, broadcast a beam live through a meme
Screaming as Jimmy Iovine, as corrupt as Don King
Boxed into the ghetto, so be champ with the bling
Industry's the arena, the internet is the ring
You train audible Queens, to sling music to fiends?
Then Def Jam, supreme team, the same thing
Except more critical now, it's digital cocaine
The goal to control every individual brain
Like, Cadillacs for contracts in the sixties
Now it's rap 'til you sixty, for contract 360
The trick, switch the degrees with the three sixes
Artists are left with zero, you know who received the riches
Which is the reason why there's only a few moguls
Globally, the pioneers are left in a chokehold
Enough to make the individual go postal
Watching these old folks get fucked for they vocals
[Chorus] If you are not performing fellatio for radio rotation
What's the ratio for radio play at your station?
If your not paying to play, the record is dead
Puts a whole new spin on radio head/Radiohead
They got a thousand plays a week and we selling the same units (uh)
Put they best rep up, they couldn't stand next to it (woo)
People wanna relate, they wanna connect to it
Here's a lyrical check, is this enough for you to flex to it, huh?
Or do you need more clues?
Should I be more black? Will that change your view?
Should I die my hair blonde? Should my eyes be blue? (come on)
Just a couple of questions I mustered up for you (uh)
But these eleven and half shoes, you can't fill those
I made head lines/headlines like corduroy pillows
And probably get banned from television and marketing
Targeting music industry politics, provoking it
[Chorus] The hit (*gunshot*), man, it's kinda hard
Let's release sex tapes, so we can become stars
Nude photographs of titties and asses

Increase our buzz, impress the masses (uh)
I thought she was supposed to be so passive
Now you just another ass in the air with an asterisk
Cell phone songs, you will never be classic
You sold your soul, they call that remastering
B, why does it have to be so drastic?
Chemical skin peel, makes the song more plastic
Follow the program man, stick to the clap-tics
Twelve to eighteen, you know the demographics
These kids want popcorn, they want slapstick
Probably the chorus goes tisket, tasket
But I'm not willing to risk it and mask it (come on)
This might take a couple of listens for you to grasp it
The hit (*gunshot, body drops*)

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