

# Hit

## Shyne

Look at this nigga, stuntin' in front of Justin's, actin silly  
If it wasn't cops all over, I'd smack him with this milli  
You hoe niggaz move a brick and think they rich  
Get a few guns and a click and want to take over shit  
Ain't that the same kid that shot Reg in the head?  
Turned him into a carrot, he might as well have been dead  
Just came home from doin' ten up in the Feds  
Be extortin' kingpins for they horse and they bread  
Had the whole Brooklyn under pressure, I'm surprised he ain't test ya  
Mad niggaz know better  
I ain't comin' up offa, no cheddar, no bricks, no nothin'  
I'll kick that motherfucker, fuck him, yeah I'll pay him somethin'  
Pay his ass a visit, blow his brains on the sidewalk  
Let him collect his thoughts..  
I'm the strongest force in New York  
Til I'm a corpse, and even then, I'll be buried with bricks  
And money-filled vaults, seventeen shots and two weeks later  
I'm in the spot, takin' it light  
Watchin' the Tyson fight it's packed, uh with killers and rats  
Dope dealers, money hungry bitches, malicious  
Cars pilin' up the block for blocks nigga, Bentleys and 6's  
This the place to be, where all the gangsters meet  
As I pick up my drink, I see my man Fat Pete  
But before I could walk over, two niggaz tapped him on the shoulder  
And unloaded in his face, bullets flyin all over the place  
Mirrors shatterin', people scatterin', his bodyguards shot back  
Missed one but hit the other, in the abdomen, they both fled  
But who the fuck would do somethin' so brazen and reckless?  
Had to be some niggaz tryin' to send a message {\*phone ringing\*}  
Next day I got a call from uptown to,  
Come have a meetin' with The Council  
Bout the shit that's been goin down  
Word is, same kid that killed Fat Pete shot Reg in the head  
Bottom line he's out of control, he got to be dead  
He's startin' to be a real problem  
Extortin niggaz, Brooklyn through Harlem  
But he fucked around and crossed the margin, touched one of ours  
He got to go, he from your hood, handle it Poe  
Say no mo', I'm out the do'

Went back to the spot to grab the guns  
Semi-auto check, AK-40 check, shotgun check, revolver - that's perfect  
Called Tiz and told him meet me in an hour  
Bring the caravan, you know the plan  
Ski-masks and stockings, seen him down the avenue boppin'  
Him and a friend, just hopped in a Benz  
Twenty inches on the rims, let's follow 'em slow, keep 'em in sight  
Wait til he stop at a red light, then roll the window down  
And kiss them bitches goodnight - they musta saw somethin'  
Cause the Benz busted you and came at us firin' shots  
I threw the revolver, grabbed the tec and left the driver's side wet  
The Benz ran in a store window and got wrecked  
I hopped out the van, ran up to the scene, still holdin' the tec  
One nigga's body was split in half, the other nigga still movin'  
Heard sirens comin' closer, as I'm bout to shoot him  
But fuck it, I opened his mouth, and let the tec spray  
And told him tell Satan I'm on my way die bitch

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by LAMONT PORTER / MANUEL ALEJANDRO / JAMAAL BARROW / ANA MAGDALENA

Lyrics Â© Royalty Network

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>