

# The Hit

## Break Mechanics

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 wanna 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 kill 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  
            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 ave, 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 provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>