

The Professional

DMX

Niggaz won't creep these streets with me
'Cause you know fuckin' what these streets'll be
Make you wanna, then I'm gonna
'Cause I gotta
Pop-pop, pop-pop, pop
NiggaI look through the eleventh floor window
Take one last puff of the indo
Look through the scope, and let like ten go
Break it down, back in the briefcase
Wipe the sweat off my face so I can leave safe
Outside I breathe safe
Nigga never saw it comin', that's how he got it
Never even thought of runnin', 'cause a nigga plottedSmart niggaz get niggaz killed for real
I know, they make a deal, I'm comin' with the steel
It's gon' be that cat you don't see that's gon' pop you
Stop you in your motherfuckin' tracks nigga and drop you
Get rid of all the clothes, dump the gun
I hate to be the type of nigga to leave you, slugged and runBut I'm on the job
And right now there's more niggaz that need to be
Left with a head full of lead, restin' easily in it
Twenty G's a fee, put to a good use
The only excuse I have for what I do is, love of abuse
Come onNiggaz won't creep these streets with me
'Cause you know fuckin' what these streets'll be
Make you wanna, then I'm gonna
'Cause I gotta
Pop-pop, pop-pop, pop
NiggaNiggaz won't creep these streets with me
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Pop-pop, pop-pop, pop-pop
NiggaI can catch you in the very building that you live in
Wait until you get right at your door then start spittin'
Now they got a ribbon tied to the rail at the top of the steps
I was there, you ain't die at the top of the steps
I can do that walk behind you shit and follow you home
Make a noise, you turn around and I put one in your dome
Last thing you saw was chrome and a, flash of light

I blast him right, nigga, that's yo' ass tonight
I could put a bomb in your car and watch it explode
Then make 'em call, tell 'em all they found was a piece of your clothes
And a small piece of your nose and, bone from your arm
Which they really couldn't tell apart, because of the bomb
I could be waitin', camped out in yo' car, in the backseat
With some fuckin' chickenwire, soon as you hit the backstreet
I jump up like 'Jack in the box', strangle the shit out yo' ass
Clean up the mess and, get away from the cops
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Nigga
I could be the UPS delivery boy, or the man
Workin' at Toys 'R' Us handin' yo' kid a brand new toy
I could be the one servin' your food wherever you go to eat at
Or that nigga on the corner that you ask, "Yo, where the weed at?"
I could be the one drivin' the schoolbus that yo' kids in
Except that, I don't like to involve, women and children
A nigga got feelings, I just put 'em aside
And when it's time for me to do my job, I just ride
I don't get much sleep, my soul's tormented
I wish it was a lie but everything I said I meant it
I know I'm doin' wrong and everyday I beg the Lord
To forgive me for fuckin' with the, double-edged sword
Shit ain't goin' too well, that's my life
I know I'm goin to Hell, that's my life
Sometimes I think what will I do, with my life
Kill nigga, kill this, it's my life
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