

# Kool G. Rap & DJ Polo, Hitman's Diary

[Kool G. Rap]

Yo it's a hit, you picked the wrong cat to f\*\*k with  
The wrong thug kid to buck with, you better duck quick  
or get your shit split, with infinite shit, from outta the clip  
Niggaz is struck with the underworld click

Yo it was midnight and rainy and, spotted these three Panamanians  
Gold chains, and carryin Iranians  
Pulled out to stain me and, these cats might try to flame me  
and shit, might be hit sent from this bitch nigga Damien  
Used to slang 'caine, back to back, up in this game we in  
Went against the grain when he got banged in his cranium  
Now he got cats all on my back, tryin to bang me and  
from Peru, flew in a crew of evil, now shit is lethal  
Drew the Eagle, blew about two  
and made one of the two see-through, but I still see two  
of his peoples, up in a Regal, and they got heat to equal  
shit that got put in Beenie Seagal, f\*\*k these illegal  
alien-ass niggaz out of the grass  
Put extra clips upon the dash and continued to blast  
Fire flashed, I left another one of em splashed  
The bloodbath, three niggaz found dead on the ave  
Went to a phone to hit my nigga Big C, swiftly  
Yo dig the shit G, these niggaz tried to hit me  
Yo meet me in about fifty, with Big Ash, be movin quickly  
I'm about to hit D, put that motherf\*\*ker six feet  
&quot;Aiyyo what happened G?&quot; Niggaz on the ave was clappin at me  
Bustin at me, tryin to put caps in my nappy  
&quot;Yo as long as you made it kid I'm happy&quot;  
We still goin to where this cat be, with AK's all day  
Called up my nigga Jay, call the nigga Damien for me okay?  
Make it about 3:38, straight, this is what you say  
&quot;Aiyyo we f\*\*ked up, he got away&quot;  
If he play, I'ma split his toupee, we on our way  
to this nigga's office, with armed forces, he showin softness  
and watchin, horses racin with other bosses  
Pulled out the torch and, the nigga saw the guns, got stunned  
He probably got none, knowin he bout to catch a hot one  
Terrorizin the whole spot son, the phone rung  
He acted like it was the wrong number, lookin all dumb  
Hands on the glock spun, five minutes later, the shots rung  
That nigga got done, died with his hand on a cocked gun

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February 14 in '95, time about 4:45  
I'm coppin pies in a highrise  
Dealin with shit like this you need five eyes, dinosaur size  
These f\*\*kin chi-chi's, have you covered with flies  
Came in with two wiseguys, f\*\*kin guns big as lifesize  
Had a chick up on the bed and shit, with the nice thighs  
Yo senorita, mamasita, wish to plead with boricua cliqua  
Arriba, flashed the heat now  
she started talkin, seconds later two Cubans walked in  
Holdin packages of silver chalk and, shit ain't the raw and  
became a war man, he put two in my man's internal organs

But for the poison, tryin to f\*\*kin Freeman like Morgan  
Two hit the floorin, with blood pourin, left em snorin  
Their wigs tore in, layin all up against the door then  
the niggga spray, I caught a slug in my shoulder blade  
My boulder grazed, I'm catchin flashbacks of older days  
in the small caves, I'm dazed and shit  
She goin to bed with the spray shit, tryin to lay shit  
OK bitch, and f\*\*k the gay shit, started to lay shit  
and left the brave bitch wet, part of her neck and face hit  
Emptied the clip, then replaced it  
Niggaz is on the floor tomato pasted  
wasted, spirit eras-ted  
Bonnie cased it, went to the other side, embraced it  
The whole place is lit, we Scarfacin shit  
Cigar case and shit, on some marksmen shit  
One nigga strainin moanin in pain aimin his biscuit  
My man fixed it, left him with his wig twisted  
Wipe all my fingerprint ballistics, went to the other room  
and saw the brick shit, straight legit shit, bag it and zip it  
Left out the front door like we ain't do shit

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