The Professionals

Get to missin' when this pistol get to blickin' Get your range on the ignition, nigga, listen Play your position, drug dealer musician Now I sell fruit, lets call this fruition School of hard knocks, yeah, I paid my tuition If I made my decision that somebody gotta go then you outta dock a boat You could find 'em when they fishin' The Ghost and I'm harder than Iron Man and Vision, all the Avengers Too many rap pretenders need they brain on the fender, got the fullclip agenda Who lookin' for a slot? I fit you in the schedule Gun'll put you to sleep, the bullets made of Benadryl

You f*ckin' with professionals, we clear the place out In their place, leave a nigga face down (forever) We got the spot cased down You motherf*ckers face down You f*ckin' with professionals, we clear the place out In their place, leave a nigga face down (forever) We got the spot cased down You motherf*ckers face down You f*ckin' with professionals (Professionals)

Well, let me get back to it Lot of niggas hop on the beat but could not rap to it Now me? I change flows like you change clothes The mango on the tip of the nine out the Durango A lot of rappers sweeter than the 14th of February (Yeah) A pint of Ben and Jerry's (Yeah), claimin' they legendary (Yeah) I invite you to dance right in the cemetery I ain't bring a song, just a forty-four long You a monkey nigga, why you f*ckin' with King Kong? You a goldfish, I'm the megladon in the pond I'll make you a famous ghost Yeah, you listenin' to Fame and Ghost, you cock sucker You f*ckin' with professionals, we clear the place out In their place, leave a nigga face down (forever) We got the spot cased down You motherf*ckers face down You f*ckin' with professionals, we clear the place out In their place, leave a nigga face down (forever) We got the spot cased down You motherf*ckers face down

Recommendin' you go or recommendin' you know You test me, I clap like it's the end of the show Not your average Joe, I will stab you in your throat Tryna duck the bad habits, got a habit with the smoke I'm really tryna mature, niggas foul as manure But they lack horsepower when I'm stronger than Thor I explore my options I employ myself so I enjoy myself, a nigga cliquin' on tour I'm goin' through the window, nigga knockin' the doors If you don't get the wave, my nigga, stay on the shore I just need a lil' fame (Ohh) and that's word to Lil Fame (Ohh) Bet this gun'll let you dance for the cash, I let it bang

Styles P

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'Cause I'm-'cause I'm lookin' for cash You f*ckin' with professionals 'Cause I'm-'cause I'm lookin' for cash You f*ckin' with professionals