

## Craig G "Going For The Throat"

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Hey yo Craig  
(What up, man?)  
Yo, this sucker tried to dis you in a magazine  
(It's like that, word?)  
Yo, I think you should get him  
(I take care of it)

[ VERSE 1 ]

Yo, I got beef, and this beef is on my mind  
Since it's on my mind, let me put it in a rhyme  
It seems a brother that I went way back with  
Is coming out the woodwork talking shit  
At first it didn't mean all that  
Cause he was washed up and strung out on crack  
Freebase, his life was a waste to the rap world  
Nobody cared about him or his wack girl  
So yo, I took it in stride  
And continued with the rest of my life  
Until recently he showed some form of indecency  
When in a magazine he tried to release on me  
But now it's the last straw  
I'm gonna wreck him, and anything he stands for  
Point blank - Shan, you suck  
And I'm about to nail your coffin shut  
Juice Crew Law? That shit is out the window  
Just like the basepipe, where all of your ends go  
Yeah, exactly what I thought  
Just like Magic when he was a little short  
To buy crack from my man on the block  
Eyes wide open, and your mouth just dropped  
Ah-ah - don't say a word  
Just a lot of glance superb  
MC Craig G to kick all the facts  
About why your records are wack  
BDP wrecked you quite a long time ago  
But allow me to deliver the final blow  
Dis me and get away easy?  
Yo, I'm gonna hand you squeegee  
Go wash windows, that should be your career  
I could give a fuck about what you 'pioneered'  
Straight up, that don't mean shit  
So won't you take your vine and swing the fuck off a

cliff

Yeah, I mean business

Don't ever in your life try to dis this

Cause punk, I'll rip you to shreds

And mail your record company your head

I know it sounds a little graphic

I heard your album's double plastic

And your single went copper

Congratulations, but I think you need a doctor

Cause after you take this whippin

There's no tellin what the fuck you be shippin

And now that you've been smoked

Relax, punk, before I go for your throat

Yo, that was kinda funky

(Word?)

Don't you have a second verse?

(Yeah, I got a second

Let me tell you how I get him on this one here)

[ VERSE 2 ]

Authentic - that's the way I present it

Sometimes it's funky, and sometimes it's demented

Rappers runnin up to me, handin me feedback

Slow down, Shan, you just entered a speed track

With your neck snapped, don't accept that

So want you call me, give the devil his check back

And take your soul, but your title - ???

And bring your wack-ass rhymes to the \_Muppet Show\_

See, I don't give a fuck how much swing you got

And how high your album climbs on the charts

You're still a dead rapper from Christmas past

So won't you pucker up and kiss this ass

Cause I'm in here, even ???

I make up for the others with this fly-ass beat here

And you - you'll make a drastic drop

You couldn't stop me if you were a traffic cop

Now this reminds me of my radio days

When I'd take the mic and leave rappers amazed

No matter how large, whether gold or platinum

I take my microphone and point the shit right at them

And after I was finished, they'd say, "Craig G scored"

And that's the way I usually would rock New York

So yo punk, if you don't like those quotes

Come on find me, and watch me go for your throat

Yo man, you definitely got him on that, yo

(He can't fuck with this in a million years,

uknowmsayin?)

Yo, fake-ass Puma-wearin...dirty Puma suit...gutter-ass

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