

Bif Naked

"Enter the Dragon"

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(I think that ehm... ehm...
there are more people that are bad than there are
good
and ehm... that if you're good you'll live forever
and if you're bad you'll die when you die)

[VERSE 1: Kool G Rap]

For an example, examine the sample
Not humble when I rumble, I crumble and trample
Not one part of my diction and sound found to be
fiction
What I wrote is dope, so prepare for the addiction
Okay, capital K-double o-l G
Gimme a R, gimme a A, gimme a P
Lyrics, rhythm, and music, some try to chase it
So just let's face it, to G Rap this is basic
Training, I'm explainin, nothin too complicated
My language is English, it's not translated
Whether black or Spanish, I finish, diminish and vanish
I promise to you first, take advantage and damage
If you're in pain actin in misery I'm sorry
But for the glory I play you out like Atari
The best in a jungle, swamp or safari
City or town, I cold rock a party
I battled in attics, centers and cellars
As many fellas I rock, you think they'd call me
Rockefeller
I don't scream and yell, I just communicate well
Cause ideas dwell in every last braincell
I don't keep silent, I grab the mic and get violent
Skill and experience balanced with talent
I'm Cold Chillin', this ain't a hurry and a rushin
My style is mainly based on discussion and percussion

[BREAK]

(Enter the dragon) --> Big Daddy Kane
Enter the dragon
(Enter the dragon)
Enter the dragon
(Enter the dragon)
Enter the dragon

(I'm goin out blastin takin my enemies with me) -->
Prodigy

[VERSE 2: Kool G Rap]

(?) of a drum

The burrough of Queens is where I come from
Because of this some think that I'm a dumb-dumb
But I rap and attack and attract
And in fact, I'm no clown, I got the style down pat
Teachin a lesson is my profession
Yo, this is a rap session, so raise your hands and ask
questions
Follow these instructions carefully with caution
Lyrics that you hear may be a poisonous portion
Don't move your butt, Dr. Butcher release a cut
More chops than a meat shop, more slices than a Pizza
Hut
Be alert, men at work, you might get hurt
This is a man's job and it requires an expert
To write a poem along with a tone
Mastered the microphone, on my own and alone
Like crime rhymes are organized, very modernized
Better metaphor, therefore a rap's not harmonized
Clever, it's trickery, hickory-dickory-
Dock, gonna rock till the floors get slippery

[BREAK]

[VERSE 3: Kool G Rap]

Phonograph furious, keep the crowd curious
Hot, not delirious, serious period
Lyrics are a lasso, labels like Asto
Hop on stage and get mean like Castro
Ready for war, strictly hardcore
Not poor, weak nor wack or unsure
Rage, on stage I rampage
Boy, this ain't a birdcage, you got the wrong page
Try the next chapter, it's about rapture
Bones I fracture, poems I manufacture
There'll be no use to introduce
You know I seduce, abuse and produce
You got no juice, you just dried out
I'm never tried out and never died out
Dr. Butcher, Polo and Shannon
In case you got a nine in mind, bring out the canon
The constructor, destructor, instructor
I'm Kool G Rap and I'm a bad muthafucka
So dynamic, gigantic, cause panic
Sink old battleships, straight Titanic
The rap leader be the mind reader, rhyme heater
Meet a (?) I'm swift like a cheetah

Tables start turnin, I start burnin
Relax and max, get smart and start learnin
Keep my pants saggin, then start taggin
Raggin rappers, so - enter the dragon

[BREAK]

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