

B.W. Stevenson**"Kool is Back"**

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Boy come on get with this, cause you can't diss this
I'm burnin yo' ass like syphilis
A fast brother you're just a lover with a sore hand
I freeze MC's as if Frosty the Snowman
No man withstands the pain I bring
So face a hellraise of cut, like a laser
Polo plays a part, inside the arts, I grab charts
Start to break you apart, so get smart
You cry for help, knowin you felt, the rhyme
makin the track melt, Polo drops like a black belt
MC's are grounded, pounded down, astound
They rounded up, pounds of sounds, but I drowned
them
Surround to check the tape, and play when rate too
great
Related too late, I demonstrate fate
I'm fast and, passin the stage of an assassin
Massacre, in a mash I start blastin
Fury article, periodical
Blowin up all the cools and molecules, here read the
articles
Everytime I build the plan and killed the man
MC's got smoked without a filter and
skunked them up like marijuana
Terminator of data and your rhymes is Sarah Conner
You can't rip out, rap up, slip up, slap up
Cause you're trapped up, to get capped up
Play the back of dis here scenery
You clowns'll get broke down like machinery
I bring trouble on the double, bust you like a bubble
Hardrocks get crushed into rubble
The gates of hell open wide to scope in
And I'm hopin, you're brought to the Pope and
the holy bible when you made your arrival
Now the name of the game is survival
The result isn't real difficult to strategy
I'm _Stayin Alive_ like John Travolta
My rhymes are gettin hotter, I gotta
round to allow clowns like a Globetrotter
So I'ma give you the hell that you brought me in
I'm a king with the sting of a scorpion

I just follow your footprint, trace track and blackout
You better shout to get a rap out
What I arrange invented, it's strange demented
The range, be changed when I entered
a stage of furious rage when I had this madness
badness, you felt sadness
Raps are brave and outrageous; all those
chicken rhymes you written should be put in the Yellow
Pages
I stand tall, play the wall, and watch dem brain stall
and wet yo' ass like rainfall
I think you need a replacement, you're illin
Call that buildin boy, you're still in the basement
A brain cell swells to jam like a pelican
Fresh out of breath, death left you a skeleton
I'm gonna need your full cooperation
This is a matter of life and death operation
To ease a man in the siege of surgery
of bein done without anesthesia
Go slow, hell no, I let the beat kick
And I get wicked like the Witches of Eastwick
I'm not soft, I kill suckers off
Disarmin it, bombim it, off in a coffin
You get struck, and just like a motherfuckin duck
and plucked and shit out of luck and fucked
Designated to self-destruct
Knocked around like a hockey puck
K-double-O-L-G-R-A-P, N-O M-C plays me
You wish your name had a G but to be
a badder G boy you gotta play with strategy
Top rankin, thinkin ability, memory bankin
But instead you're just sinkin
I attack like a pack of whacked out maniacs
G. Rap's back

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