

Kool G. Rap **"4,5,6"**

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4, 5, 6 is in the mix - I'm hittin them with trip's
Headcrack, time to get the bread black!
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Headcrack, time to get the bread!
I rolled on every cee-lo corner that I know inside the city
Kiddies, I got a fat mitt in my pocket lookin pretty
So who wanna get paid on the block? A thousand's in
the pock'
Now go and grab your knots from the stash spot
I shake them up and shake them up roll and I break em
up
Two ? and a pound-cake ("Yeah nigga, wake em up!")
Keepin my fingers wrapped around the joint in case
niggaz
start brawlin, because I see em FALLIN to the strong
point
One by one they losin down the line
A fifty buck roll, a duck blows, old nigga pay me mine!
("Damn nigga!")
I grab the dice, place your price, all you men are mice
Riffin as I'm sippin on a Heineken and gettin nice
I shake em up they papes are gettin dead, nigga sittin
on a Beretta
said he wanna bet that I don't throw a better
Now the game is surrounded by some money hungry
bitches
I put the kisses on my fists and rolled the triple sixes
And once again it be the point, that I shoot
that be puttin crazy loot, in the pocket of my army suit
Now who wanna come throw another round
I rolled a fo', a six, hold up, NOW I seen a fuckin pound
Yeah you nigga know what the name of the game is
I'm in yo' anus, cee-lo you know that shit that made a
nigga famous
Because I'm on the ding-dong, I can't go wrong
Rollin for two hours long and STILL rollin strong
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"Bettin Grants with the cee-lo champs" -> Nas
I make em sweat from beginners to the vets, I'm a
threat

Some niggaz double up on they fifty bets
I gotta be nice to the dice, so I'm talkin to em
I step back, gave a snap on the sidewalk and threw em
Nigga went and put his foot in the way see, and tried to
ace me
now I've got niggaz rollin to that bitch Tracy
Yeah, but Tracy ain't so gentle, niggaz thought she was
simple
and loses with two deuces and a fuckin pimple ("A
loser!")
I crack another brew, sit back and watch what niggaz
do
Who threw that 2-U? I'm rollin the whole fuckin crew
One by one niggaz come payin, that fell to the trey and
furlough inside the bait, that's what a nigga sayin
Your luck is tough, I'm makin enough to buy a kilo
Uh-oh, look out below, I think I rolled another cee-lo
Pick up my crap, niggaz don't get back a DIME of that
And keep my hand right by my waist where my nine is
at
One more test, and niggaz quittin, that's zero
Broke, cryin broke, I'm doin backstrokes in cee-notes
Crazy pockets are empty, what a god damn shame
Niggaz you know the name of the game - word the fuck
up!
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