

Kool G Rap "Black Widow"

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She tossed the flamer '94 walked into danger
Behind the wall fought with a banger
Trapped in the beast, gas released, a rat deceased
Back on the street, back on her feet
Clappin the heat...

[unknown singer]
She's dressed to kill
Iced-out head to toe, a snake in black
She's cleared, to, get ill
She's about the dough, the black widow

[Verse 1: Kool G Rap]
Yo, she was a tight bird, female version of Iceberg
To put in the right words
Played the right curves, beige and white birds
The type she served it was quite superb
Ran through the city in a white suburb
Lived in a predominantly white suburb
She liked the herb, rockin all the richest type of furs
Make your life submerge if you strike a nerve
Dough she like to splurge
Shine of her light blurs from off her finger
Honey was off the ringer, the way she tossed the
flamer
'94 walked into danger, behind the wall fought with a
banger
Trapped in the beast, gas released, a rat deceased
Back to the street, back on her feet
Clappin the heat, from the back seat, in back of a jeep
Stackin the heat, pilin the ones
Made her point when violence was brung
Regulated and balanced the slums
Brought in a cat with a talent for guns
Click quick to silence a Dunn
Convoys of black limos
Employs strapped with mack millos
Bustin off caps through a cracked window, that's the
MO
Push your wig back, make you a black Leno
The feds on her tracks got the phones tapped for info
Tryin to map the dividend flow, and where the ends go

Checkin on whose name the Benz go
Who pushes the buttons when Mac-10's blow
A rose on a black satin pillow
The silhouette of her web, killin for bloodspill, a black
widow

[Chorus: unknown singer] + (Kool G Rap)
She's (out for blood) dressed (for the kill) to kill (bustin
slugs)
Iced-out (shit is real) head (livin crime) to toe (life of
crime)
A snake (droppin heads) in black (pullin nines)
She's cleared (dodgin heat) to (play the street)
Get I'll (let the guns blow, had to eat)
She's about (copped the raw) the dough (went to war)
The black widow (beef no more, cold fours at your
door)

[Verse 2: Kool G Rap]
She was married but four times a widow
The fifth time ditto, kiddo
Step out of line, kitko, she spit nines and shi-dells
Put a pound to the tip of your niddose
Put em in line piddles
Diamond-stud shinin the clito', the web spinnin
With bloodstains soaked in the bed linen
Spread venom, known for bustin the lead grinnin, tilted
red brimmin
Makin the lights inside of your head dimmin
Givin head to men and, leave a knife in they chest with
a red ribbon
Bread to swim in, foes get left deader than Lennon
Threads of linen, sippin gin with a shread of lemon
Dead-up thoroughbred, slim and trim and stackin cake
like Emminger's
Under the down coat brown coat like cinnamon
She went to have the Benjamins, for that she injure
men
Send a squad to go and injure men that injure men
On top of that she popular, hit the opera
Francis Ford Coppola, mezzanine she's with binoculars
You even think about poppin her, stoppin her, moppin
her, droppin her
Hard with bodyguards divin on top of her
Cops in they Blu-Blockers watchin her, steady clockin
her
Jock her, dreamin of knockin her, thinkin a scheme for
knockin her
Dress provocative, show the cleavage between her
knockers
Bust a sock off with a blocker to rasta inside her locker

She cover the bills though, restaurant delicatessen
Armadillo
White Willow, strike of the black widow

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Kool G Rap]

She held a white weddin
Type settin just like a sight from heaven
Spend twice the bread'n from her last rice on her
head'n
All types of presents, striking presence
Bodyguards ready to light they weapons, ignite the
Wessons
Refuse to live the life of a peasant
Days and nights was right and type pleasant
At the foot of the aisles, took vows
With all the criminals and crook pals
That put smiles on niggaz' necks while they look foul
Piles of cops peepin her central book files
Beef them niggaz cook wild, groom lookin shook style
Forced into marriage, horse and a carriage
Remember lifespan shorter than average, lady boss
flossin her carats
Dreams to get rich and perish in Paris
Cherish the cabbagem, makin her path out of the
church passage
Thugs they do they dirt massive
Skirt slashed, first class, Doni Amberg glasses
Flirt with her lashes
Snapshots, smirk for the flashes
Plots to leave her murked in the masses
Two killin experts on the grasses
Put in they Tec work for the cashes
Leave the Earth hurt with a passion
Two louds shots burstin in action
Made her head jerk from the blastin
Lady down, holdin her shirt gaspin, hit by another turf
assassin
Reason not even worth askin; the facts are real, though
Got her cap peeled for stackin real dough
Lifestyle brillo when you're rollin for krill dough
Death of a black widow

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