

## **Kool G Rap "Death Wish"**

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Rappers go six feat under  
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You're scared straight as soon as G Rap penetrates  
You wanna escape, but you got a date to meet fate  
Run for your life when I'm starting  
Suckers are getting turned to missing motherfuckers  
on a milk carton

Danger, when I rearrange and change a face, ace  
You're being replaced by a stranger  
I injure, and escape like a ninja  
You got struck by a fucking revenger

A bullet inserted in your head, a shot got  
Murdered, nobody seen shit, nobody heard it  
Fuck around, the price is more than McDonald's pays  
And you can sing my blues to Billie Holiday

Put your ass in my path and I'm a blast it  
Mind over matter, I burn like battery acid  
Terrorizing, sizing up the guys-a  
Finger on trigger, when I pull it, a bullet flys in

G's a madman, came from the Badlands  
Crush niggas in my bare hands like beer cans  
Leaving a gash like the New York Slasher  
Showing my inches in a trench like a flasher

You got a problem, I'm a problem solver  
Solve more problems with a .357 revolver  
Come near you pay dearly  
And I can barely hear when you talk so speak up clearly

On a sole role, the golden mic holder  
And I flatten your ass just like a steam roller  
Pity for niggas I waste  
Try to disrespect, get the taste of a neck brace

I got your ass on target

You got beef? You better save it for the motherfucking  
meat market

Rhymes choke you like a headlock  
If a sucker's asleep, I turn his shit into Bedrock

Come on son, get done in  
Niggas are running like the redcoats is coming  
I enlist punk niggas that want some of this  
And what's left is the breath of a death wish

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A pimp that loves shrimps and lobster  
And for a hobby I'm hitting niggas up like a mobster  
I got a story for each little poor territory  
The ghetto glory in all categories

The death threats I received from the head vests  
I'm riffing, the suckers stiffen up like a dead pet  
The troop that stoops to brutality  
Giving all nationalities a taste of reality

Kool G Rap is here to draw  
And any sucker that tries to beat him, you meet him in  
a morgue  
All victims unidentified, so check it  
You gotta see if it was the sucker from the dental  
record

What I use to torture liars:  
Either fire, barbed wire, live wire, or pliers  
So you thought you could last?  
Go and get a green thumb because your ass is grass

Eric B. is the undertaker  
His pockets swoll because he's rolling in more dough  
than a baker  
Quiet type, but I won't have it  
'Cause when I swing with the boys I get noisy like traffic

So if you know what I know, see what I see  
G Rap is down with a mafioso posse  
And I'm quick to go stick other suckers  
With a smile just like a sick motherfucker

A bullet inside the sucker's guts and  
Hit butt and his nuts, we throw him in the Hudson  
This is for all the non-believers

They receive a gash in their ass from a meat cleaver

Don't even try to get fast

You know the time because I'm 5 seconds off your ass

A nightmare leaving you suckers breathless

You stepping to Kool G Rap, then that's a death wish

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