

Kool G Rap "Foul Cats"

Visit "[Foul Cats](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro/Outro: repeat 2X

Foul cats schemin up the setup
Tryin to leave me and my cream wet up
Two in the head leaded up
Call the coroners to make they bed up
Infrared shit from neck up
Before they got to lit the tec up

[Kool G Rap]

It was a setup my nigga got hit they blew his chest up
The hollow tips ripped his vest up son is messed up
and blessed up; call my cast up it's time to dress up
Four-fifth and Smith-n-Wessed up, ready to press up
and fuck their nest up, the enemy is Hennessey to
sessed up
Actin up, hit my motherfuckin man up
Never again will he stand up, yo Big Jan hook the plan
up
Pull the masks, pull the van up
These niggaz tryin to hit the fam up; these small times
cats
Yo fuck that, I can't see that, where them niggaz be at?
Where they hang at? Where they live at? Where they
slang at?
(Aiyyo Son one is a known cat, he walk around with the
chrome gat
This hoodrat know where the nigga home at)
Well here's a quarter baby, go and phone that
This motherfucker bout to get his shit blown back
His whole dome clapped, we cock back the gats and
started cruisin
Up the boulevards and avenues-n, I'm short fusin
and two biscuit usin; mad hot but, not in the mood for
losin
We hit the strip pickin up clues and
we on the heels of this nigga shoes and
out the blue when, we see the chick the nigga screwin
Pushin his whip with the ice cuban
Hemmed her up sweet, put heat to her wig piece, the
zig piece
to this nig's beefs, this bitch named Charise

from East New York, listen bitch, you better talk
Or get your whole frame surrounded, with white chalk
Pulled the rat in back of the van, bitch we don't want
you
we want your man, you understand?
The hoe said, "Please, I got his house keys, the nigga
got
five keys and mad cheese, a hundred G's"
Lie to me bitch you gettin one of these
Four-five C's in both knees, she said, "Honestly I
promise G
I'm not lying," then the hoe started crying
We hit the road me and my niggaz flying
to the crib in Jackson Heights, the nigga live three
flights up
He type buck, but I ain't givin a fuck
Grab his bitch up, make the hoe go first in case
the nigga buck, open the door up, and put the stunt in
front
Then we all started creepin, he stretched out
up on the sofa sleepin, yeah me and my cats standin
there
just peepin, money's about to get laced
My nigga Ty threw a glass of whiskey in his face
Big Jan ready to blaze the place; he on his way
to Amazing Grace -- nigga woke up and saw the big
guns
Me and my two sons, he knew he was done
You hurt a loved one, step back about to let him have
one
Yo fuck that, ayyo black, where the sack of heroin at?
I'm bout to give cat some motherfuckin railroad tracks
We dumped the whole bag inside a spoon and left the
room
to heat that, and came right back, yo grab the nigga
arm black
Put raw shit in the nigga vein, watch the needle drain
Went from being restrained to mad 'tane
Less than a moment nigga started zonin
His mouth foamn, lookin like he possessed by The
Omen
His bitch was reachin for the phone and, I had to smack
her
with the chrome and, left her on the floor moanin
Cocked back, I had to finish this, know my stee'
we leave no witnesses, shot and got the fuck out the
premises

Outro

