

Kool G Rap

"Letters"

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"Late last night two undercover police officers
were found brutally murdered in a Fort Greene
apartment building in Brooklyn New York.
At this time police have no suspects.
Now to the weather but first..
G tell em what time it is!"

[Kool G. Rap]

I got a chance to get some money so I'm takin it
No joke because this bein broke shit just ain't makin it
Cause I grew up in the fast line
See my pops ran the numbers and my moms held the
blackjack games
Now I'm able to leave the cradle
I don't remember the dinners, only the kilos on my
kitchen table
Sittin right beside a pistol
And I'm watchin my pops, pick up bricks made out of
crystal
While he was countin the green
I seen nothin but strainers, containers, scales and
rocks on a triple beam
People was too afraid to stick him up
Because he had the most notorious brothers to come
and pick him up
When I reached ten years old
I never recalled seein any more money and drugs in
the household
Cause now pops was on his feet
And to keep us from gettin hurt he kept his dirt in the
street
And if he tried to attack, your family's wearin black
because he just got your death, put on a contract
Another sucker to rub
Even my mother's walkin around packin a .357 snub
And many cops dropped dead
I seen a man pull out a pistol and blow off an
undercover's head
Cause it's hard to get by
And that's why, when you're young in the streets
you gotta live and let die

Some say this ain't the life to choose
Rage is snapped away you get a page in the Daily News
But I just wanna get paid off
Cause if I was workin a regular nine to five I'd get laid
off
Some people say, sellin weight, is a death date
But I can't wait, to set up shop, in the next state
I ain't worried bout a brother tryin to take mines
Cause my plot comes with a hundred shot nine
Police are right on my heels
But I'm always one step ahead of the punks makin
dope deals
They can't stop me cause I'm proper
And if they ever try to raid they better bring choppers
or helicopters
I broke a lot of punks ribs
Dumpin they bodies in lots, then I ran and shot up the
cribs
Because a brother ain't fakin it
If there's a record for killin the most niggaz then yo I'm
breakin it
I wish a brother would flex
I spray him up and then take all of his money and give
his girl sex
That's how I'm livin in the street
You either give a sucker two in the head, or you'll be
dead meat
I'm sendin punks six feet deep
And gettin money in lumps, cause this ain't Twenty-One
Jump Street
You wanna stop what I supply
Aiyyo, the hell with that, I gotta live and let die

Police, police! Everybody down, everybody down!
Don't fucking move, get down! *beep beep*
Hey, where is everybody? *Beep Beep*
Look, there's nobody here *BEEP BEEP BEEP*
What's that fucking noise? *BEEP BEEP BEEP!*It's a bomb, it's a bomb, let's go
Get the fuck out of here! *flatline sound*

You gotta live and let die *explosion*
Forget all that bullshit about savin the soul
Some chump'll pump your ass full of bulletholes
So I'm out to make a killin
And all you suckers are chillin cause I ain't just an
ordinary villain
I got a rep for mass murder
If you look bigger, I just pull the trigger, a female I just
hurt her

I got the .38 long
But a dame can get the same if she's comin out of her
mouth wrong
And if you try to oppose this
next time you see your mother she'll be covered with
roses
It ain't about a fair fight
Because I only get open for smokin suckers in daylight
Another punk bites the dust
Cause I just bust blood out your butt like pus
The broke life I ain't missin
Because now I got a lot, and that's more than a pot to
piss in
And if I'm sellin you ki's
Just put the G's on the bed, and then go head and take
a freeze
And while you're numbin your tongue with the yum yum
I pull out a gun, cause I want every last crumb
I put a slug in your face
Then I waits to start packin the trap back in the suitcase
Another punk had to fry
I don't want to do it but yo I gotta live and let die

"Earlier this morning, five cops were killed
and six were wounded in a raid gone bad.
Police have no leads. For any information,
please call, 1-800-Stool-Pigeon.
Now back to you Rob."

"A forty-nine year old unidentified male
went berzerk last night, openly firing
with a twelve gauge shotgun in a crowded
downtown resteraunt. 14 people are dead
including three children and four others
suffered serious injuries. Police have
a suspect in custody but are not releasing
any information until they complete their
investigation.."

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