

Kool G Rap

"She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not"

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I run rappers like races cut them like razors
Burn them like lasers and stun them like phasers
Cause my brain thinks and it blanks your memory
banks
Sharp as shanks and poetry is like a cleat hanks
Give me a pena typa writer then
I'll cut your whole posse into gingerbread men
With diction sparked from friction
Plenty of dope like the pope cause it's a G Rap
prediction
Tower going outer space, louder bass
Replaces the weak rap race
Ashes to ashes, flashes of smashes and crashes
Another big man bashes
Fright, it's a silent night but it's a violent fight
My talent might explode like dynamite
Lyrics blast out or leave it will cast out
Fast and at last all rappers passed out
Wax the vocal tracks all out like whistles
Clear like crystals, loud like pistols
Here to get it straight for the '89 era
This is a killer G
In a trilogy of terror

Uh
Yeah

Lightning and thunder, rappers going six feet under
Kool G Rap makes you wonder
No blunders or mistakes, this takes hard concentration
Effort, for the method, meditation
Visions of light, collisions, tight decisions
Suckers'll end like divisions
Listen I'm like a seed from a demon, a blessing from
an angel
Way more mysterious than Bermuda's Triangle
Riddle fit to hit, put together bit by bit
Like a do-it-yourself kit
Then I'll hold your soul on a remote control
So-called MC's will freeze so cold
Then get viewed and examined in a test tube

If you're a square, you freeze into an ice cube
Talent switches, words to riches
You get stitches, rhymes are wicked like witches
Horror, terror, pain, rip like a hurricane
Freeze like cocaine, or you get a smoke brain
G Rap, Polo, Doc the Butcher all together
We're forever
The trilogy of terror

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