

Kool G Rap "Take 'em To War"

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Shit ain't never gonna change, fuck it
Time to load the clips, then we take 'em to war
Niggaz wanna flip, then we take 'em to war
Break a nigga proper, then we break him some more

I represent the murderers and felony offenders
Who either bought time out, to get these legal tenders
Surrender, nah, I'm goin' out with a bang nigga
Fuck Pataki, I gotta do my thang nigga

Forty-four mag, bustin' into action
Brains left in particles, fragments and fractions
Grimm, the money stacker, heat packer
I'm lurkin', I'm waitin', attackin' like a linebacker

Fuck what you heard, crime pays
And always, unorthodox, I hold my pistol sideways
We kill crews, hearts go numb
And if retaliation comes then yo, fuck it, it just comes

Yo, who you? I'm Dr. Death motherfucker ever heard of me?
Close your eyes, cross your fingers, time for surgery
I'm already dead, so nah, you can't murder me
'Cause quantities of entities enter me evilly

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Since I murder for hire, rapid fire's what I require
Makin' niggaz perspire, so send a message through
the wire
'Cause violence is contagious, it got me bustin' gauges
The '95 Larry Davis and I'm wettin' niggaz for wages

Queens is the home of 1, the known felon
And ain't no tellin', when I'ma crack your fuckin' melon
For the right amount of chips, I spit clips and hit whips
Leavin' niggaz bloody, the leather seats is where the
shit drips

With the pound-seven, I be creepin', rockin' niggaz
while they sleepin'
Shots repeatin', leavin' faggot niggaz leakin'
When I cock back the iron, niggaz is dyin', marchin' to
Zion
'Cause the pound-cake, roars like a lion

Word son, niggaz be collapsin', 'cause my weapons is
Ready for action, makin' your heart catch contractions
In the underworld, shootin' gallery niggaz lose calories
'Cause my salary's based on fatalities

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Here I come to get some motherfuckin' wreck but first I
gotta
Umm vest check, uncheck, clip one check, clip two
check, I'm set
So let a motherfucker move a muscle
When I tussle they'll be piecin' niggaz back like fuckin'
puzzles

'Cause Kool G. Rap is known for bringin' mad noise, a
bad boy
When I was younger always carried guns, I never had
toys
Grimm, gimme the infrared they see me and I'm puttin'
red dots
On niggaz foreheads to makin' motherfuckers Indian

You got beef? Go get yourself a wreath, because it's
murder
'Cause I put holes in my beef like fuckin' White Castle
burgers
So now I gots to run up on a clown with the fo'-pound
Cock back, rock black, gun a nigga down

I see em, he's comin' out the fuckin' coliseum
And hopped into a BM, shit!
Put in my clip and then I dipped into the ride that my
man had
Parked on the sidewalk, then we start to glide

I'm rainin' on him, faster nigga, oh yeah, we're gainin'
on him
Oh shit he's with somebody else, fuck it, put his brain
on him
Boom boom, no survivors, lifted the nigga out his seat
When they find him, he'll be a backseat driver

But I ain't finished with the trigger yet, I'm lightin' up a
cigarette
Bang bang, I left the other nigga wet
It's G. Rap baby, you know me, you try to hurt this
I split your fuckin' top and leave a fingerprint on
purpose

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