

Kool G Rap

"Wanted: Dead Or Alive"

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I'm wanted dead or alive
I stalk the new york sidewalk
All the girls hawk, but i don't stop to talk
I keep stepping with a nine on my waistline
Got 16 shots and i don't waste mine
Never fess cause i'm dressed with a bulletproof vest
Try to test, i leave a bloody-ass mess
Driving a saab that connects with the mob
Bank job, plenty niggers i rob
Blood stains are on my ballys
A sucker got rowdy, so i shot him in an alley
Pumped his face full of dum-dums
Then left him for the cast of rats and the bums
Yo a lot of suckers hate me with a passion
Cause they know i can catch them one night and i ain't
flashing
I got a crazy big posse or should i say a crew?
Of niggers that belong in the zoo
Watch you spit up, blood when you get hit up
One in the head, making sure you don't get up
This is what happens and nobody can't stop it
Crackheads searching a dead man's pockets
Streets are filled with brothers that kill like illville
They murdered before and they still will
Posse's roar in a drug war
Cause some believe in death before poor
Shooting galleries, for a rich man's salary
Pockets so fat they need dough or low calories
I got an order for another manslaughter
Wear the musty badge like his ass fell in water
I had to run up in the kid's crib
For something he did, i didn't dig, the little pig
Anyway i didn't have it
In fact now the little faggot is crawling with maggots
Try to bother the neighborhood godfather
And i'll burn your ass up like

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