

Kool G. Rap And Dj Polo "Death Wish"

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Rappers go six feat under
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You're scared straight as soon as G Rap penetrates
You wanna escape, but you got a date to meet fate
Run for your life when I'm starting
Suckers are getting turned to missing motherfuckers
on a milk carton

Danger, when I rearrange and change a face, ace
You're being replaced by a stranger
I injure, and escape like a ninja
You got struck by a fucking revenger

A bullet inserted in your head, a shot got
Murdered, nobody seen shit, nobody heard it
Fuck around, the price is more than McDonald's pays
And you can sing my blues to Billie Holiday

Put your ass in my path and I'm a blast it
Mind over matter, I burn like battery acid
Terrorizing, sizing up the guys-a
Finger on trigger, when I pull it, a bullet flys in

G's a madman, came from the Badlands
Crush niggas in my bare hands like beer cans
Leaving a gash like the New York Slasher
Showing my inches in a trench like a flasher

You got a problem, I'm a problem solver
Solve more problems with a .357 revolver
Come near you pay dearly
And I can barely hear when you talk so speak up clearly

On a sole role, the golden mic holder
And I flatten your ass just like a steam roller
Pity for niggas I waste
Try to disrespect, get the taste of a neck brace

I got your ass on target

You got beef? You better save it for the motherfucking
meat market
Rhymes choke you like a headlock
If a sucker's asleep, I turn his shit into Bedrock

Come on son, get done in
Niggas are running like the redcoats is coming
I enlist punk niggas that want some of this
And what's left is the breath of a death wish

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A pimp that loves shrimps and lobster
And for a hobby I'm hitting niggas up like a mobster
I got a story for each little poor territory
The ghetto glory in all categories

The death threats I received from the head vests
I'm riffing, the suckers stiffen up like a dead pet
The troop that stoops to brutality
Giving all nationalities a taste of reality

Kool G Rap is here to draw
And any sucker that tries to beat him, you meet him in
a morgue
All victims unidentified, so check it
You gotta see if it was the sucker from the dental
record

What I use to torture liars:
Either fire, barbed wire, live wire, or pliers
So you thought you could last?
Go and get a green thumb because your ass is grass

Eric B. is the undertaker
His pockets swell because he's rolling in more dough
than a baker
Quiet type, but I won't have it
'Cause when I swing with the boys I get noisy like traffic

So if you know what I know, see what I see
G Rap is down with a mafioso posse
And I'm quick to go stick other suckers
With a smile just like a sick motherfucker

A bullet inside the sucker's guts and
Hit butt and his nuts, we throw him in the Hudson
This is for all the non-believers

They receive a gash in their ass from a meat cleaver

Don't even try to get fast

You know the time because I'm 5 seconds off your ass

A nightmare leaving you suckers breathless

You stepping to Kool G Rap, then that's a death wish

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