

## **Kool G. Rap And Dj Polo "It's A Shame"**

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And once again it's big G, runnin the number rackets  
wearin Pele jackets  
Fast loot tactics, I'm well up in the millionaire bracket  
The boss of all bosses, I own racehorses and a fortress  
corridors with olympic torches and Mona Lisa portraits  
Ja'causezis and saunas and eatin steak at Benny  
Harner's  
Bentley's limousine the front yard stream is full of  
pirahnas  
I'm set, a private jet, I drink a lot of Beck's  
Get a lot of sess condo and duplex, diamond infested  
Rolex  
Deliver a crown at the world units with silver china  
Sippin on finer wine-r you see more shines than  
diamond miners  
The Highness, kingpin of heroin  
I'm thorough when I have to bring the terror in  
Handle business in each and every borough in  
town or city, I'm rollin like Frank Nitty, I'm rich and  
pretty  
Back up kiddies, I got crimies that's grimy and gritty  
A nigga that's spunky and likes to keep his pockets  
chunky  
Makin most of my money, from all the dopefiends and  
junkies  
I learned from the best the ones that's livin  
and the ones that's put to rest  
So I bless my chest with a vest and pack a Smith-N-Wes  
And then I'm off to get the snaps, not the scraps  
The game is be a real mack, the name is Kool G Rap

Now it's a damn shame, what I gotta do just to make a  
dollar  
Living in this game, sometimes it makes you wanna  
holler  
It's a damn shame, what I gotta do just to make a dollar  
Living in this game, sometimes it makes you wanna  
holler

I got a fly hoe up under the wing, a swinger that does  
her thing  
And if you step inside my ring, she'll bang it out and

make your brains hang  
She sits at resteraunt tables with mink foxes and sables

Drinkin Cherenade brand label she'll rock a sucker's  
cradle

And yeah, honey is more bounce to the ounce

She walks around with lucci in large amounts

Millions inside Swiss bank accounts

Her name is Tammy, got a beach house in Miami

Rides around with a small jammy in her silk and satin  
panties

A down hoe, a Foxy Brown hoe, standin her ground hoe

And if you clown yo she'll turn into a bust a round hoe

Fly as a Heaven's Angel got sapphires in her bangles

Diamond earrings hangin dingle gettin money from all  
angles

She's pretty under the New York city bright lights

and real light, way after midnight, I hit it cause the slit's  
tight

Wake up early and make my rounds, break up break  
down

Packin a silver four pound, some clowns be trying to  
get down

Light up a smoke and grab a stack of C-notes

Them slick stick up kids don't get no free dough bro  
cause I ain't tryin to be broke

I goes all out for G Rap and this honey nothin funny

It's a damn shame, what I gotta do to get the money

Now it's a damn shame, what I gotta do just to make a  
dollar

Living in this game, sometimes it makes me wanna  
holler

It's a damn shame, what I gotta do just to make a dollar

Living in this game, sometimes it makes me wanna  
holler

No it ain't no sleeping over (8X, then fade)

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