

Kool Moe Dee "Death Blow"

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To the break of dawn
To the, to the, to the
Times up punk
Yea yea time to settle the score
To the break of dawn, another dumb move
Ha, ha, ha this time it's over boy
This is me and you, head to head, let's go

Here we go, beat down round 2
Heads up punk 'cause it all comes down to
Me and you, face to face, head to head
Mic to mic, I like the weak shit you said
To the break of dawn, beats nitro
Lyrics weak, say goodnight 'cho
Star trek shades, man cut the joke
Let's get serious and go for broke
You still got a lock on my jock like a pitbull
Victor before you pull it off you thought mr. pitiful
Here's some mouthwash, g
Your mouth smells like my jockstrap, c-
A-u-s-e, you're rhyme didn't mean
? d-o-d-d? , junior moe dee
Stop biting, chewing, swallowing
Who in the hell told you that you could do what you
were doing
Raise up son, I need jock relief
Here's a toothpick, now get my jock out your teeth
You swallow it, yea, finish, burp
Now let a real man go to work
'cause I'm a whip you like your daddy, beat ya like a
baby
Sick ya like a dog, dropping lyrics wit rabies
Cut ya like a knife 'cause you're nuthin but hype
You slice and dice and ice twice for life
I'm a treat ya like a hooker punk, change your clothes
Put you on the streets wit ya jingling hoes
Keep talking about me and I'll keep pimping
Just bring me that money and take this last whipping
How can one man be so dumb
You're trying to come off and don't know how to come
You're young and dumb and quick at the tongue
You high strung bum come and get done

I'll do you wit a death blow

(chorus)

Kill 'em kill 'em

I'll hit ya wit a death blow

My lyrical beatdown will leave ya in a coma
'cause you can't hang without a high school diploma
Your brain of fatigue, you're out of your league
You're running out of gas and you're tank is on e
Somebody buy him a heart 'cause he's petro
Take you're whipping like a man brother let go
No apologies, tears of violence
Get your black suits 'cause I ain't smiling
I'm shooting the gift of gab, brother you're ripped in
half
Soon as the mic is past, you won't live to laugh
If there's laughter, I'll get the last one
You loafed on the lyrics and you caught a bad one
So who's got no style, look at your profile
You can't dance, can't dress and you're so foul
Still wearing played out 4 finger rings
Played out fat gold chains and things

You changed your look now change your gameplan
Trying to dress but you still wear name brand
Brother, you look crazy weak
And it gets worse when we hear you speak
So you ain't got a chance in hell
You'll be known as the late II
The man who lost one, one too often
Came wit a soft one and went to his coffin
A close casket they won't show ya
When I finish, you're mama won't know ya
'cause I'm a rip you limb from limb
You tombstone read he had no win
So rip, rest in peace, rip 'em
D.i.d., dead indeed, did 'em
A h-i-t, hitman, so whatcha hit 'em wit
A rhyme silencer, I hit 'em wit a death blow

Chorus

If mama said knock me out, come do it
You can't win and that (record scratch) knew it
I'm a send you home in a body bag
Wit the mic in your throat and a jock for a gag
You're out of here, over, finished, all in
And marly marl can't save you from fallin
'cause as soon as you came back what did you do
To the break of dawn, another dumb move

You can't go hard, you're just so-so todd
I'm that type of guy, oh my god
It's gets no rougher comes no weaker
Marly hooked the beats so now you need a
Writer to bring you back from hell
Because I'm a rock up I
Low life loser, life like luna
Lafidasical, lispless luna
Tic liver lifeless, living likeness
Lusting longing lyrics like this
Little league, lard larsonist liar
Label ledger, left the leper liar
Bull, lull, lateral learning
Laps language latent lurking
Language, language, local logo
Light laboring, limited local
Now ll's a laughing stock
'cause I bit that ass to the last stop
I watched you fall like hitler fell
And now you're down to a broken I
You're records ain't hot and you're shows don't sell
Yo, tell 'em how you fell I, hard as hell
You came back and you thought you had me
But think about it, whos' your daddy

Kill 'em... big daddy, I don't want none...
I did 'em wit a death blow
To the break of dawn
To the, to the, to the, get him out of here

(kool moe dee talks)

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