

## Cool For August

### "Blast a New Asshole"

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[ Verse 1: Grand Daddy I.U. ]

Yo, I'm terrorizin the slums  
Beatin niggaz like drums for large sums  
As five-o comes, I fill they ass full of dum-dums  
So play the rear or get blown back  
The U's a stone mack, I'm burnin your chest like cognac  
I feel no remorse, the boss is blood-thirsty  
Laughin while you punk niggaz beggin for mercy  
Don't even waste your breath, just face your death  
I kill off crews with no clues or traces left  
All you find left behind is a death sign  
And 12 dead niggaz hit up from the Tec-9  
My brain is diseased with tendencies of homicide  
Last punk who tried to bring the drama, his mama died  
I got a plan to kill the motherfucking pope  
And send his body parts back to God in an envelope  
Niggaz say when you sin you got to pay  
But I don't give a fuck, cause I'm goin to hell anyway  
Wet shit like Machine Gun Kelly  
I blow a nigga guts straight out his motherfucking belly  
As I carry the hit out, watch the Tec spit out  
2 in your fucking chest, blowin your whole shit out  
The one in your head tearin your brain out the case  
At point blank range rippin the veins out your face  
I laugh and leave your ass layin dead  
With big-ass chunks of meat hangin out your  
motherfucking head  
Punk

[ CHORUS ]

There's no time to waste  
Gotta go, get the cash flow  
Bitch niggaz fuck around  
Make me blast a new asshole

[ Verse 2: Big Snow ]

Yo, take all caution, cause Big Snow's known for  
extortion  
I take what I want, and what I want is large portions  
So cough up your money and your jewels  
Your shirt and your shoes, punk motherfucker, you

know the rules  
I take mine at just one glance at the waistline  
Niggaz be wishin they heard my name through the  
grapevine  
Face to face, hesitation is unknown  
Once spotted, you're lookin down the barrel of my  
chrome  
(Yo Snow, leave that alone) Nigga please  
Cause if a nigga sneeze I'm blowin his ass into  
smithereens  
No time for talk or walkin around  
Lay that ass on the ground  
Cause that's the way it's goin down  
Cause in this day and age a nigga gotta pay his dues  
God bless the fools if a nigga refuse  
Cause I chose either life or death  
And even Jesus Christ paid the price cause ain't no  
disciples left  
No exception, protection's the way  
No discrimination, cause even mama duke got to pay  
I'm playin you for keeps, so we will live in a torture  
Will cost ya, from Big Snow, the Steady Flow enforcer

[ CHORUS ]

[ Verse 3: Kid Capri ]

Ease off, you bitch niggaz, please get off my back  
It's the number one Kid, Tape Master mack  
And bitch niggaz that step up, they gettin wet up  
Head up, I'm fed up with the fake nigga set-up  
It's easy to die, fuck around and you will  
Quicker that you ever thought you would, for real  
I come thick like a shake, bitch, don't forget  
Step to niggaz real quick, cause I ain't scared of shit  
So test this, I leave your fucking face a mess, it's  
( ? ) and I tickle her breastes  
A five day blow-out all up her ass  
She'll be missin for a while cause that ass wouldn't last  
To beat her punk man up, so bad he couldn't stand up  
I woulda did it sooner, but he ran when I ran up  
I'm stompin through the '90s with my 94 Timbs  
Rollin in a Benz with the chrome-dipped rims  
And niggaz wanna talk shit, fuck the whole  
congregation  
I'm number one, so there's no need for aggravation  
Let it be known, Kid Capri is on  
Tell a friend on your motherfucking telephone

[ CHORUS ]

[ Verse 4: Taheim ]

I put rappers into trauma from my microphone drama  
I'm new on the block, but got the skill of an oldtimer  
My posse deep, niggaz sleep and catch mad rounds  
Homicide call my crew the Black Bloodhounds  
The wick-wack step back or catch a mack slap  
Tryin my hands, pussy cat get your skull cracked  
I never fronted, never stunted, never will, paw  
I rip rhymes so fucking bad they made a mic law  
But what the fuck, I'm still buckin diesel like a truck  
I'm slidin skins across my sheets just like a hockey  
puck  
So wanna-be-me's try to see me, but I'm too  
outrageous  
On the d-l, shit I do be makin frontpages  
The black sheep, I'm in deep like it's a life thing  
Cause since I was born, goddammit, I was ghetto-  
trained  
Matter of fact, check this track and tell me what you  
found  
Big Taheim is beatin pussy motherfuckers down

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