

## The Isley Brothers

### "Death Wish"

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("Rappers go six feet under") (Repeat 4x)

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

("Rappers go six feet under") (Repeat 4x)

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 swoll 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

("Rappers go six feet under") (Repeat 4x)

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