

## The Isley Brothers

### "Jive Talk"

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A letter to you suckers, each and every one of you duck  
mothafuckers,  
your girl puckers her lips so I stuck her.  
You're gellin' me, yo, so what the hell you tellin' me?  
Now I'm-a show you fuckin' with me is a felony.  
I'm crushin. Tell you suckers to start hushin'.  
Shush, no discussion, cuz I'm-a start rushin'.  
The payback, and I attack the pack that's wack.  
The black mack: brown like a Cracker Jack.  
Slick and quick. I got pick a bic to stick,  
to kick some shit, chicks I dick with.  
The One. Give up the fun with the gun, my son.  
I don't run, I kick mothafuckers done.  
It don't matter, I make niggas scatter,  
teeth start to chatter, your head I'm-a splatter.  
Arraigned. Breakin' to maintain and watchin' my name  
bring you pain.  
I'm standin' on your blood stain.  
Hard to hold. I'm bold, I roll real cold.  
Too much soul, dick made of gold.  
I rolled niggas to hell; you tried to swell but fell.  
Now get well or die like a dry cell.  
A rap villain. Chillin' and i don't give a fuck about a  
killin'  
cuz I'm still in effect when you're illin'.  
A terrorist. I terrorize like an assassin.  
Yes, I'm trespassin', your ass I'm harassin', huh.  
Talk is cheap. I'm keepin' ya six feet deep, so don't  
sleep  
when I creep, you'll leap like athletes.  
Slammin'. Examine what I'm jammin'.  
Hey, I don't play -- I burn like a gamma ray.  
Labeled prey, played to pave the way. Mothafuckers  
are scared straight...

[Interlude for shout outs, leading to a freestyle-like  
verse]

Check this out...

The creature feature, searcher, preacher, teacher,  
taught to rough the cap to rap to ya and reach ya.

Musical master, mind reacts as a brain that has the  
knowledge is answered.  
You're just a Kit Kat, on some Tic-Tacs, but I'm a Big  
Mac, cuz I'm G Rap.  
Fully equipped with a hip hop lip, my memory bank is  
like a microchip.  
My bass will give a shake, or if not quake,  
it'll make you, sucker MC, wanna jump in the lake.  
Cuz I'm murder, homi-cide, color.  
Must kill and destroy with excitement and drama.  
Weakest, I'll seek her, you become weaker.  
My art is the smoke, my materials and media.  
So rap alert for ya, devastate the area.  
I'll give a grain of your...lyrical mania.  
Power source, and a G enforced, your headboards,  
and they could be rap wars.  
So come one or two, 'cept for a few.  
Doubles and couples -- and I'll grip 'em like tools.  
Cuz boy, you can't handles this, none or any, one or  
many, some or plenty.  
Cuz I'm not the stranger, just the rhyme arranger.  
Highly explosive, keep out, danger.  
Packin' Gs while you try to beat me,  
but for these MCs who go on and wannabe Gs.  
What I write is in a smoking section; here's an injection  
of rap perfection.  
So what the heck, you select my dialect.  
Next man's cassette, yo, reject and eject.  
Cuz I could use a technique, smart as an antique.  
Beats that I repeat show you that I can speak  
totally, probably, you rappers wanna copy me.  
It takes strategy just like Monopoly.  
Figure it out:  
Kool G Rap is about makin' armies and crews look like  
Girl Scouts.  
Cuz when I start rappin', I keep the people clappin'.  
Suckers taht be yappin' won't think that this'll happen...  
  
(Yo MCs, all wannabe Kanes and Chuck Ds, skeeze, Fs,  
Gs,  
Rock Shantes, Ks, L-M-N-O-Ps hit the backs of my reeds,  
faccimilies.  
Freeze...catch the wave, later; rappers got the alphabet  
but I'm an Alpha Beta Kappa...rappers, they form my  
alumni  
step to this if you're prejudiced... PEACE!)

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