

Utada Hikaru

"Let the Games Begin"

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[Kool G. Rap]

Yo I come in the form of danger lurkin
Blastin the mad streets and merkin
Shot at strangers from out the Ranges and Suburbans
Curtains for anybody perpin
Leave in a hearse for certain
Blood on the curb and bandages like turbans
We roll a durbin
All in this dirt, puffin the herb an'
we bring the verbs in
Double action's loaded with Germans
Area's urban, block's hot where we be swervin
Gun fights strike like a serpent
People nerves jerkin
Lay down any person
strictly for just talkin rehearsin
The skills remain tight as Holy Mary the Virgin
Slowly carry the burden
so we varied the shit you heard an'
hit you with the different methods and versions;
we simply,
let bullets rip until the clip is empty
Get laid in your tracks as if you was ??
Hit you like Jack Dempsey
The mac packin MC, with gats clappin like an M.P.
Over your friendly wimpy, frame like an M.D.
Blow you until your block's windy
Be on short of a shot frenzy
My glocks don't stop til the cops hem me
Blow holy hollow tops in me
Hazardous shit - guns is accurate
Sendin niggaz to meet the King of Nazareth
Playin me close has a risk
I bash clicks like they was massacres
Blast the tear gas, thinkin I'm pacifist
That's the fifth, one last kiss before your ash is missed
These bastards is gettin clapped by the strap at the
wrist

Chorus: Kool G. Rap (repeat 2X)

Yo let the games begin
The tec and mac-10 flames begin
Thugs to the end, my whole crew insane with sins
Hammers to firing pins
Me and my kin be makin you spin
The Lord or The Devil takin you in

[Kool G. Rap]

It's the Corona Queens apocalypse
My block is hit with the dark eclipse
Takin no hostages, so grab the glocks and clips
The rap's apostle-ist, niggaz to Loch Ness
Large as Colossus is
Mumblin shit get shot at the esophagus
A Thug Saga novelist
Sex in this rap shit monogamous
Rainin like the drop is while you be topicless
Blow money monopolist - do it for eons
Shinin like it's, neon - heart colder than freon
Decidin which MC to pee on;
baby cause that's the shit that we on
Niggaz go to Warrick like Deion
Put the G on
I analyze guys with Montana eyes
to vandalize any man alive, soon as the hammer rise
Cut em down like samurais
Kickin that real shit that you fantasize
Niggaz step aside or recognize
G. the real cat, pack the steel cat, baby feel that
Leave you layin flat witcha shit clapped and peeled
back
Battle-actin rap shit'll put you in back of a Cadillac
A bad decision; fuck up your whole vision like cataracts
Red roses on a dead foe
Layin in wet clothes from head blows
Your whole brain be exposed
Get your body torn out the frame from lead throws
None of my victims ever bled slow
Stiff as Edgar Poe, that's how it go

Chorus

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