

Big Tymers F/ Hot Boys

"Take a Loss"

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[JS1 scratches]

Ah

"Everywhere that I go brothers know my fuckin name" -

> Big L, "Yes You May (Remix)"

KGR baby, Kool G Rap

Giacanna nigga

What

'Kool G Rap'

Queens shit

"Everywhere that I go brothers know my fuckin name" -

> Big L

Ya niggas know the half

'Kool G Rap'

[Kool G Rap]

Yo check it yo yo

Yo if it ain't about the dough

than I ain't with it at all

Wrong nigga to call if the bid is too small

People war, spit it the more

Quick fall, double digit and more

When other builders hit 'em with horse

Go shop killin' me mores

Dare at the head, mister shit on the wall

Pitt fall and shiver with morgues

You got big balls and smith 'em

'til they smithen their jaws

and river the floors

Take comes of the safety locks

You better know it for the cake we rock

Or them pies up in the page we spot

Was it for your man, I take these blocks

Twins shot, 'til the stake be hot

Fuck around, you'll get faced be hot

Eighty shots in the grate we dropped

Let it go and trake pound long fluid

Get leaned over the steering wheel with the horn
blowing

Oh shit, blood is out your spelly torn open

Shit up with the weight to nigga Blake Borns growing

[JS1 scratches]

"Kool G Rap"

"You rappin' to me, you lose"

"Going out, how dare you fuck with me"

"Kool G Rap"

"You rappin' to me, you take a loss"

"You lose"

"Going out, how dare you fuck with me"

[Kool G Rap]

Aiyo check it yo

There's only one life to live nigga

Gotta feed the wife and kids nigga

For that loot like ya wid nigga

For that steak and rice and dice nights with big figures

For them chips that bag their bitch with the tight figure

For that yacht down at the dock with that white stip up

For them dinners under the candle-light with nice liquor

For the person brag when G's fallin' this week

with my hand at the back of the chicks' head

blowin' my dick dad

For them guns that got big battles for big lads

For that wall to wall carpet inside the big spread

Yo I'ma pultrate the paddles lay them face down

star ways down placin' rounds 'til the say found

Bitch take down rape now left the lace down

Down on the couch fuck her mouth 'til her face frown

It's all for the cream not behind the wall in the greens

Everything that glitter it call for the scheme

my ball for the team, nigga

[JS1 scratches]

"Get this through your head, you only exist out here
because of me"

"Don't ever go over my fuckin' head again, you
motherfuckin' jew"

Queens shit for real nigga

"Kool G Rap"

"You rappin' to me, you take a loss"

"You lose"

"Going out, how dare you fuck with me"

[Kool G Rap]

G Rap Giacanna

My nigga JS1 coming through

That niggas fall back

That catch hot ones

It's like that Queens shit know what I mean

For the motherfuckin' flat lands

how they call it that?

That's when niggas get laughed flat at

for real you figure it out

[JS1 scratches]

"And that goes to anybody that gotta pay they dues" ->

Ill Street Blues

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