

Freddie Foxxx f/ Kool G. Rap**"Cook a Niggaz Ass"**

Visit "[Cook a Niggaz Ass](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"My motherfucking name is Bill Blasting Aiiyo Foxxx, cook a nigga ass" [Freddie Foxxx] Now I'ma lay this lyric down quick like I planned A real smooth style from the militant mack man So rappers that feel they got hot enough to flow with me Put your mic down punk, you can't roll with me Cause I can take it better than the best And hogtie you motherfuckers and blow holes in your chest So understand that I come rough and rugged and wicked and tough Until you motherfuckers had enough, yeah The master of the microphone, I'm not a star in glitter A bitch get in my face popping shit, I'm gon' hit her Break her fucking legs so the bitch can't stand And then grab a forty-five and put a slug in her man Drag 'em to a hole where they can't be found Then throw dirt on 'em by the pound Now every time I go to a Hip Hop show I check the set To see how many rappers I can wet Because I scheme while they're dancing, I beat up high and hell I chase down their DJs and whip 'em with a belt And then I go to dressing rooms looking for my victim See that my right-hand man already kicked 'em And stomped 'em, put the nine barrel in his mouth I drag 'em to the stage and take 'em out I'm sick and tired of seeing all of you wannabe tough guys Wannabe rough guys, I'm giving ya puffed eyes Man I'm knocking niggaz off in '93 And saying 'What's up?' to all the niggaz in jail that's down with me The rapper that used to be my man And then he got too cool for motherfuckers in dealer's pants He went Hollywood, you lost your style and your flavour And looked for Freddie Foxxx to save ya But yeah I see ya drowning and you reaching for the paddle I crack you in ya motherfucking head and watch ya brains rattle And then I pull you ashore for more And you'll be wishing that I left you to drown on the ocean floor Twenty-thousand leagues, and my rhyme is still going Like a wave in your face, I'm still flowing I'm nice with the mic like I'm nice with my fist You might think that you can reach out and touch this But when you reach your arm out, you might as well forget it I chop your fucking arm off and beat your fucking ass with it It's fucked up the way niggaz try to play you They try to get

yours when you a hard-striving, working motherfucker
But you know what? I'm barbequing that ass in '93
baby, like this... [Hook] Cook a niggaz ass! {*X6*} Yo
G. Rap, you bad? Well cook that niggaz ass! [Kool G.
Rap] Here I come to get some motherfucking wreck But
first I gotta um, vest check, gun check, clip one check,
clip two check I'm set, so let a motherfucker move a
muscle When I tussle there'll be pieces in niggaz backs
like fucking puzzles Cause Kool G. Rap is known for
bringing mad noise, a bad boy When I was young I
always carried guns, I never had toys Foxxx, give me
the infrared and semi And I'm putting red dots on
niggaz foreheads and making motherfuckers Indian
You got beef? Go get yourself a wreath because it's
murder Cause I put holes in my beef like fucking White
Castle burgers So now I gotsta run up on a clown with
the four-pound Cocked back, rock black, gun a nigga
down I see him, he's coming out the fucking coliseum
Then hopped into a BM, shit Put in a clip and then I
dipped into the ride that my man had Parked on the
sidewalk, then we start to glide I'm raining on 'em,
faster nigga, oh yeah regaining on 'em {Oh shit he's
with somebody else} Fuck it, put his brain on 'em
Boom, boom, no survivors Lifted the nigga out the seat
when they found him, he be a back-seat driver But I
ain't finished with the trigger yet, I'm lighting up a
cigarette Bang, bang, I left the other nigga wet It's G.
Rap baby, you know me, you try to hurt this I'll split your
fucking top and leave a fingerprint on purpose
[Freddie Foxx] If ten niggaz play me, ten niggaz fry If
twenty women love me, then twenty bitches cry This is
Freddie Foxxx and I'll never die And I'ma tell your
motherfucking ass why [Hook] Cook a niggaz ass!
{*X6*} Aiyyo Foxxx, you bad? Then cook that niggaz
ass! [Freddie Foxxx] Freddie Foxxx, said I'm devious, a
lot of niggaz know I'll make a grown man put on high
heels and treat him like fucking hoe I go back to the
dark age of pain When Greeks used to whip to a
motherfucker with a seven-inch thick chain I'm the
epitome of pain I'll drag it out your ass, wet nigga
can't stand the rain I've been around for thirteen years,
I never stall it When niggaz see Foxxx they can't call it I
smile in your face, I make you think it's cool I kidnap
that ass and drag ya down to the swimming pool Hold
ya underwater, pull ya up just before you die Take a
knife and jam it in your eye Never ask why, die rapper
die It was you and I, now it's just I Fuck who got to
watch, it's who got the Glocks And who can outsmart
them stanking ass cops I got a twenty-two snub
stashed in my sock It does more damage than a ten-
millimetre Glock Because the bullets gon' travel from

your foot To your watermelon head, either way your
ass is still dead Call the morgue, cause shit just got
drastic This test he couldn't pass it, so he became the
blasted bastard Cause Foxxx ain't nobody to be joking
with Kool G. Rap and Freddie Foxxx still smoking shit I
still represent it just like I own it My rhyme will take a
niggaz head clean off his body now won't it Since you
pussy nigga, I'm up on it Check you for your
microphone and tone it like I own it Stick an Uzi in your
ass, make you fess up Kick you in your ass, bitch
nigga, pull your dress up [Hook] Cook a niggaz ass!
{*X6*} Kool G. Rap and Freddie Foxxx Yeah, cook a
niggaz ass!

Visit [Freddie Foxxx f/ Kool G. Rap](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.