

Lil' Kim F/ Mary J. Blige

"Kiss of Death"

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This should be played at high volume (aha)
Preferably in a residential area

[Jadakiss]

Uh, I learnt the game I know what I want and I'm in it
My time is now and it's gonna be up in a minute
You look a nigga in the eye you can tell if he tinted
These fake rappers gettin by with these hell of a
gimmicks
They act like it's all love only love is ya money
So when over nigga are you a thug or a dummy
I'm neither but I been hot so long it feels like I got a
lifetime fever
And I ain't gotta spit I could cough and still eat ya
And fuck rap I make mills off reefer
Im a man first tired of punchin niggaz
So ima shoot niggaz cause my hands hurt
And god I great guard your space
One hand wash the other both wash the face
And I head crack so much its hard to ace
38 revolver flow is hard to trace, wha

[Styles P] (Jadakiss)

Fuck that pop off till nuthin in the clip left (pop off)
Till nobody in his click left (nobody)
Holdin the head slash throw the split chest
If they ask what happen (tell em it's the kiss of death)
Hustle hard till none of them bricks left (nuttin left)
Stick it up till not a crumb on the strip left (take that,
take that)
Make sure it ain't a chain or a chip left (uh-uh)
If they ask wut happen (tell em it's the kiss of death)
Tell em kiss (thug kiss of death)

[Jadakiss]

Yea yo, this is lox ville and even white America
Let y'all negro's that jadas got skills
You a jackass like Johnny noxville
So I can just imagine how your pops feel
Damn, and you ain't worth my shell
So you can just imagine how the ox feel

Alotta niggaz is thousandaires
Walkin round town frontin like they got mills
For what its worth I'm one myself
But my strength in the hood outruns my wealth
Still might catch kiss in some hot wheels
New Bentley coup wit the stock wheels
Haha, look how I get back to it
Send my young niggaz to do it in a black Buick
I don't spit bars I distribute the crack fluid
All I'm really waitins for niggaz to act stupid

[Jadakiss]

Yea yo, to all my real niggaz sorry for keeping you
waitin
Its ironic but the god was beefin wit satan
I love y'all though my niggaz for even relatin
This ain't kiss talking either I'm speakin for Jason
When u a problem its to keep em from hatin
Niggaz jaws is like laws so easy to break em
Cause if I wasn't on some shit I'm getting on it
Come to me wit your hand out I'm spittin on it
I don't wanna hear what happened
Madda fact I don't even care what happened
Might as well declare the clappin
Cause my bones is old I got a lot of wear and tear from
scrappin
Hate a nigga that ain't never there to see shit
but always hear what happened
The only thing better than money is respect
No love this time nigga
Kiss of death

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