

# Kool G Rap & DJ Polo, Bad To The Bone

I'm bad to the bone, with a style like Al Capone  
I'ma smile while I give you the dial tone  
Eatin shrimp and girls I be pimpin  
Walk like I'm limp, this brother ain't simpin  
Not to mention, I'm winner of Mack Daddy conventions  
I get a lot of attention  
Sleepin in sheets that's made of satin  
with one of my money makin honies, she's mixed Spanish and Latin  
She's a fly type of swinger  
Twenty carats on her fingers, minks on every coat hanger  
In a highrise, made for only fly guys  
With a size that attracts the ladies eyes  
Keepin the stash and the cashflow  
Profile's kept low, more dough than Barry Manilow  
Fly cars, I got diamonds in jelly jars  
To earn respect, collectin bar fight scars  
Slick talkin with a chick when I'm walkin  
Midnight stalkin, all the suckers be hawkin  
And I max while you be waxin your Cadillacs  
Smooth as a fax, but I can cut you like an axe  
Big spender, cause I'm a winner like Bruce Jenner  
I burn all beginners and let em simmer like a TV dinner  
On the phone cause I'm hard like stone  
Holdin my own, cause I'm bad to the bone

I'm gettin cash and, ladies receive my passion  
Parties I'm crashin with a flashy type of action  
On stage, I kick outrageous  
And I enslave the bravest, more diamonds than Sammy Davis  
I'm more dramatic than Dallas is  
More pretty than a palace is, hands no callouses  
Give me a clever girl and I'll outfox her  
The man that rocks her in pure silk boxers  
So what you want honey a chump or a champ?  
Visa or food stamps, Latins or lamps?  
I run the game like Sega  
Go to war like Noreaga, hit like Schawrzaneggar  
Excitin when I'm fightin I'm frightenin  
Stick chicks slick in quick like greased lightning  
Ladies I'll love you all tomorrow like Annie  
And I bet you'll all leave with wet panties  
Cause I can make a eighty yard dash come back fast  
Wrap rappers all up in the back, like a jackass  
Police wanna harass me  
Cause I got all the material that has me lookin jazzy  
The MC patroller  
Pockets so fat, I flat em down with a dough roller  
Dead zone when I strike the microphone  
G. Rap's known, cause I'm bad to the bone

I never needed a helpin handin  
I'm outstandin, type of guy, girls never abandon  
And when I'm rollin with force, three across your belly  
Knockin suckers out the box like I'm playin skelly  
Cause I pull out the .45 if you offend me  
And leave the barrel of it smokin like a chimney  
Rhymes are dynamic, voice is titanic  
Gigantic, suckers get frantic and then panic  
A smooth talker, cause I'm a Queens New Yorker  
My rhymes bring more Good Times than Jimmie Walker  
A bumrusher, cause I'm a crusher of hardrocks  
When I turn thirty, I'll still be dirty as Redd Foxx  
Try to cope, what I wrote, get a sore throat  
My lyrical notes float like sailboats

I keep it steady for the petty sucker rappers I'll be ready  
I got more bodies than Frank Netti  
Battles I win em cause I send em to hell when I begin em  
Because I put it in em like a venom  
Discover the toughest rap brother you ever seen  
Not a fairy, but milky like the Dairy Queen  
Movin around like a smooth choreographer  
Posin my hoes in all clothes for the photographer  
On video, show I makin your girlfriend moan  
Cause I'm bad to the bone