

Kool G Rap & DJ Polo, Death Wish

("Rappers go six feat under") (Repeat 4x)

You're scared straight as soon as G Rap penetrates
You wanna escape, but you got a date to meet fate
Run for your life when I'm starting
Suckers are getting turned to missing motherfuckers on a milk carton
Danger, when I rearrange and change a face, ace
You're being replaced by a stranger
I injure, and escape like a ninja
You got struck by a fucking revenger
A bullet inserted in your head, a shot got
Murdered, nobody seen shit, nobody heard it
Fuck around, the price is more than McDonald's pays
And you can sing my blues to Billie Holiday
Put your ass in my path and I'm a blast it
Mind over matter, I burn like battery acid
Terrorizing, sizing up the guys-a
Finger on trigger, when I pull it, a bullet flies in
G's a madman, came from the Badlands
Crush niggas in my bare hands like beer cans
Leaving a gash like the New York Slasher
Showing my inches in a trench like a flasher
You got a problem, I'm a problem solver
Solve more problems with a .357 revolver
Come near you pay dearly
And I can barely hear when you talk so speak up clearly
On a sole role, the golden mic holder
And I flatten your ass just like a steam roller
Pity for niggas I waste
Try to disrespect, get the taste of a neck brace
I got your ass on target
You got beef? You better save it for the motherfucking meat market
Rhymes choke you like a headlock
If a sucker's asleep, I turn his shit into Bedrock
Come on son, get done in
Niggas are running like the redcoats is coming
I enlist punk niggas that want some of this
And what's left is the breath of a death wish

("Rappers go six feat under") (Repeat 4x)

A pimp that loves shrimps and lobster
And for a hobby I'm hitting niggas up like a mobster
I got a story for each little poor territory
The ghetto glory in all categories
The death threats I received from the head vests
I'm riffing, the suckers stiffen up like a dead pet
The troop that stoops to brutality
Giving all nationalities a taste of reality
Kool G Rap is here to draw
And any sucker that tries to beat him, you meet him in a morgue
All victims unidentified, so check it
You gotta see if it was the sucker from the dental record
What I use to torture liars:
Either fire, barbed wire, live wire, or pliers
So you thought you could last?
Go and get a green thumb because your ass is grass
Eric B. is the undertaker
His pockets swoll because he's rolling in more dough than a baker
Quiet type, but I won't have it
Cause when I swing with the boys I get noisy like traffic
So if you know what I know, see what I see
G Rap is down with a mafioso posse
And I'm quick to go stick other suckers

With a smile just like a sick motherfucker
A bullet inside the sucker's guts and
Hit butt and his nuts, we throw him in the Hudson
This is for all the non-believers
They receive a gash in their ass from a meat cleaver
Don't even try to get fast
You know the time because I'm 5 seconds off your ass
A nightmare leaving you suckers breathless
You stepping to Kool G Rap, then that's a death wish

("Rappers go six feet under") (Repeat 4x)