

Kool G Rap & DJ Polo, Letters

"What are you going to do?" (2X)

☐"Nigga!"

"The K the double-O the L the G-R-A-P letters"

☐"My mic sound nice, check one"

"The K the double-O the L the G-R-A-P letters"

☐"Sound nice" (cut and scratched)

(Kool G. Rap)

Rougher than Gotti, in tone

Got a body harder than Flintstone

Your girl got her skins boned

I'm diggin her down with my skintone

It's Brown-er than Bobby cause humpin is my hobby

Down in the end zone, with mens, that made her friends moan

Listen and learn and turn on your tuners if he looney

? ? I break, bang zoom, like Honeymooners

I don't want singers, but finger snappers, speaker slappers

The wickeder rapper the dapper rapper's when I flap my trapper

Got that ass gassed by Amoco, you know you ain't man to go

dead up, head up, so I set up to slam a hoe

I don't give a heck, but I don't peck on a redneck

You wanna pull cards, you're a dead deck, bed check

Lead my from tec, come and step up and get your head red

Wait a sec, you comin to see what's left?

I gotta catch my breath, rappers slayed

or played like Jeff to the left

And none of you nitwits can get with this hit shit

You dipstics, even Miss kiss, but no lipstick

I don't run a style but a mile to bust a child

Big ol snappy happy rappers smile like Gomer Pyle

Hell, I'm ringin bells with a ding-dong

I play you like ping-pong

You swingin on my ding-a-long King Kong

I pop bad cops, I got a pig a day habit

Bing bing BANG, just like the ricochet rapid

Grab it, your sound is just like a lady baby, maybe

you're old as Grady, still in the 80's, metaphors born in Haiti

I pop to the top, now the hip-hop glock pop rocks

Whenever it drops, I run over rappers at the record shop

You name your best I'll say, who, like owls

Pass me a towel, and I'ma move my bowels all over his vowels

Bring ten men, then I'll send my venom in em

You ain't gonna win em cause he got a women's momentum

And I don't wanna hear from this queer

Cause one of these niggaz just doesn't belong here

My rhymes are like the nine millimeter Beretta

Cause anything rappers could do yo I could do it better

"The K the double-O the L the G-R-A-P letters"

☐"My mic sound nice, check two"

"The K the double-O the L the G-R-A-P letters"

☐"sound nice" (cut and scratched)

You no-frill slow toy, cheap thrills, no joy

My lyrical skills give me Pillsbury Doughboy

Back, I'm packin em up like Jack the Ripper

Some pally'll I'm pullin the zipper

Finger popped, the better the batter or flipper

You're out of date, you must be the Late Show, I hate those

puttin on the brakes slow, uh-oh, better get Maaco

Dead-on, head-on collision, bad decision

You wanna see me nigga you better check your vision

It ain't 20/20 money silly bunny your funny

Your ass'll get smashed just like a crash test dummy

Retire, an MC that Oscar Meyer could take
Some of you wacky rappers just play anyway
that's B-O-L-O-G-N-A
So come and swing wild, mild child, and get your style hurt
HEY HEY HEY! Should I say it's Fatter than Albert
Play at your own risk, if you diss, got a lotta hot groups
turnin cold, better go and sip on some Swiss Miss
Inner city, actin like bitties, you're pussy
so here kitty kitty, come get some milk from my hoe's titties
Cross at the green not in between or get hit G
Red light, green light, one two three
Out for the dash, but in the flash, you shoulda let me pass
'fore crash, now that ass is in a bodycast
Everytime I put out my records and tapes
Motherfuckers go bananas like this was Planet of the Apes
Grapes I bust em like cherries and lay down, bitches purchase tickets
to ride the dick and sit down it like a Greyhound
Down with the clowns actin like killers, as good as wooden soldiers
See niggaz, you ain't even Magilla Guerillas
Bass in your face, stingin like mace
I'm bringin the right taste, hangin like waist
Pick up the pace