

Kool G. Rap & DJ Polo, Take 'Em To War

Chorus: (all together)

Shit ain't never gonna change.. FUKKIT!
Time to load the clips - THEN WE TAKE EM TO WAR
Niggaz wanna flip - THEN WE TAKE EM TO WAR
Break a nigga proper - THEN WE BREAK HIM SOME MORE

(Grimm)

I represent the murderers and felony offenders
who either bought time out, to get these legal tenders
(Surrender!) Nah, I'm goin out with a bang nigga
F**K PATAKI, I gotta do my thang nigga
Forty-four mag, bustin into action
Brains left in particles, fragments and fractions
Grimm, the money stacker, heat packer
I'm lurkin, I'm waitin, attackin like a linebacker
F**k what you heard, crime pays
and always, unorthodox, I hold my pistol sideways
We kill crews, hearts go numb
and if retaliation comes then yo f**k it, it just comes
(Yo who you?) I'm Dr. Death motherf**ker ever heard of me?
Close your eyes, cross your fingers, time for surgery
I'm already dead, so nah, you can't murder me
cause quantities of entities enter me evilly

Chorus: repeat 2X

(B1)

Since I murder for hire, rapid fire's what I require
Makin niggaz perspire, so send a message through the wire
cause violence is contagious, it got me bustin gauges
The '95 Larry Davis and I'm wettin niggaz for wages
Queens is the home of 1, the known felon
and ain't no tellin, when I'ma crack your f**kin melon
For the right amount of chips, I spit clips and hit whips
Leavin niggaz bloody, the leather seats is where the shit drips
with the pound-seven, I be creepin, rockin niggaz while they sleepin
Shots repeatin, leavin faggot niggaz leakin
When I cock back the iron, niggaz is dyin, marchin to Zion
cause the pound-cake, roars like a lion
Word son, niggaz be collapsin, cause my weapons is
ready for action, makin your heart catch contractions
In the underworld, shootin gallery niggaz lose calories
cause my salary's based on fatalities

Chorus: repeat 2X

(Kool G. Rap)

Here I come to get some motherf**kin wreck but first I gotta
umm vest check, uncheck, clip one check, clip two check, I'm set
So let a motherf**ker move a muscle
When I tussle they'll be piecin niggaz back like f**kin puzzles
Cause Kool G. Rap is known for bringin mad noise, a bad boy
When I was younger always carried guns, I never had toys
Grimm, gimme the infrared they see me and I'm puttin red dots
on niggaz foreheads to makin motherf**kers indian
You got beef? Go get yourself a wreath, because it's murder
cause I put holes in my beef like f**kin White Castle burgers
So now I gots to run up on a clown with the fo'-pound
Cock back, rock black, gun a nigga down
I see em, he's comin out the f**kin coliseum
and hopped into a BM, shit!
Put in my clip and then I dipped into the ride that my man had
Parked on the sidewalk, then we start to glide

I'm rainin on him (faster nigga) oh yeah we're gainin on him
(oh shit he's with somebody else) fukkit, put his brain on him
Boom boom, no survivors, lifted the nigga out his seat
When they find him, he'll be a backseat driver
But I ain't finished with the trigger yet, I'm lightin 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 split your f**kin top and leave a fingerprint on purpose!