

Kool G Rap, My Life (Remix)

[N.O.R.E. - speaking]

N-O-R-E, Nore, Niggaz On the Run Eatin *coughing*

So let's big up Kool G. Rap because that's the motherfucking man

You un' the dig, Kool G. Rap, man, you know what I'm sayin'?

Godfather of gangsta, ghetto, project, complex, co-op, hip-hop

G. Rap influenced me in, not in any way but in every way almost, you know the dig?

N.O.R.E. - Nore, G. RAP!

If y'all don't know about G. Rap, y'all don't know about rap!

[G-Wise * vocoder]

G. Rap - see you again, baby (my life nigga)

[Chorus: G-Wise * vocoder]

All of my life, I live

I'll be thuggin with youuuuuuu

Rock it out baby, knock it out baby

Won't stop 'til I die for this

I'll be keepin it trueeeeeeee

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

[N.O.R.E.]

Yo, yo

It's mafia ties, rules, let 'em fuck each other's wives

Niggaz is real stupid and they think like chicks

They was dealing with ounce money 'til I bought the bricks

I done walked through the valley of the shadow of death (yeahhhh)

And smoked cigarettes, constant, step for step (oh yeah)

Island-style, four-bill and mop your neck

I got the bandana, see, it's already a "B"

I'm like Santana from American ME

They call me D.A.N. - Dead All Nore (D.A.N. - Dead All Noreeeee)

And I got guns, y'all ain't got nothin for me

Fuck the popo, cuz niggaz don't leave no prints (prints)

Niggaz gave me a brick and ain't seen me since (yeahhhh)

Now I'm out the game like Kane and them

And now niggaz want me, I ain't blamin them

I got guns that stretch south, macs and tecs out

I big'd up, copped the five, fuck a six, what!?! (ohhhh oh oh)

[Chorus]

[Capone]

I speak on phones in Kohl's, my shit stay tapped

Like Gregory Hines, wild since seventy-nine

I'm federal time, still an enemy of the state

They had to beat the murder case back in eighty-eight (tell 'em bout it)

Judge Hoffman gave fifteen to Q-God's

Started riots in the jungle like the Rodney King charges

In L.A., what up essa? (whaddup) I spray tre' pounds (yeahhhh)

To nueva, I'm loco nigga (loco)

I'm the one that made attempts on the popo bigger

I put crazy work in, (that's right) fuck who criticize my verses

I only rap, cuz the streets is sour

The money is good and I couldn't find sheets for powder

I could get on some bullshit, (on some bullshit) y'all niggaz understand me?

I keep heat like Miami, fry for family (what? fry for family)

Rubbing tat for infaninity, I curse the game

Menace to Society like O-Dog and Kane (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

[Chorus]

[Kool G. Rap]

All of my life, uh-huh uh-huh

Nigga into warm mansion rooms, wall to wall with handsome goons

Half-naked bitches dancin to tunes (uh-huh)
Marble floor to the terrace nigga, glance at the moon
Play the jacuzzi 'til your hands get blue
Rugs tight, bright as the white sands of Cancun (yeahhhh)
Skylights up in the ceilings for the plants to bloom
Nigga we crop grams in dunes, Cuban cigar brand of grandest fumes
Prison niggaz that ran balloons
Shut down shop from Jan. to June, and still cop land in the boons
Fuck women in tanning rooms
Every last fingernail on their hand groomed, self built do
Down to the mink pelts, gator belts and silk suit
If I can't stack a nigga cap get peeled loose
Word to them cats that died on the street, it's spilled juice
So where that Don be? In the calm breeze in the palm trees
Bomb G under the armpiece (yeahhhh)
Livin in harmony, coke farm pharmacy
Bulletproof armory, school of the hard knock honory
Washin the jackpot like laundry
Fuckin Don of the year nominee, honestly (All of my...)

[G-Wise * vocoder - two voices at once]
Life, we spend, someone - know someone
We spend, (yeah) we spend...
And what about - where you come from (where you come from, where you)
What about - You will get up on-on... My life, my life, my life

[Chorus]

[Kool G. Rap]
What.. uh...uh-huh
Yeah, thug shit, Queens clicks