

# 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 motherf\*\*kers 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 f\*\*king revenger  
A bullet inserted in your head, a shot got  
Murdered, nobody seen shit, nobody heard it  
F\*\*k 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 motherf\*\*king 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 motherf\*\*ker  
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)