

# Kool G. Rap & DJ Polo, Foul Cats

Intro/Outro: repeat 2X

Foul cats schemin up the setup  
Tryin to leave me and my cream wet up  
Two in the head, leaded up  
Call the coroners to make they bed up  
Infrared shit from neck up  
Before they got to lit the tec up

[Kool G Rap]

It was a setup, my nigga got hit, they blew his chest up  
The hollow tips ripped his vest up, son is messed up  
and blessed up; call my cast up -- it's time to dress up  
Four-fifth and Smith-n-Wessed up, ready to press up  
and f\*\*k their nest up, the enemy is Hennessey to sessed up  
Actin up, hit my motherf\*\*kin man up  
Never again will he stand up, yo Big Jan hook the plan up  
Pull the masks, pull the van up  
These niggaz tryin to hit the fam up; these small times cats  
Yo f\*\*k that, I can't see that, where them niggaz be at?  
Where they hang at? Where they live at? Where they slang at?  
(Aiyyo Son one is a known cat, he walk around with the chrome gat  
This hoodrat know where the nigga home at)  
Well here's a quarter baby, go and phone that  
This motherf\*\*ker bout to get his shit blown back  
His whole dome clapped, we cock back the gats and started cruisin  
Up the boulevards and avenues-n, I'm short fusin  
and two biscuit usin; mad hot but, not in the mood for losin  
We hit the strip pickin up clues and  
we on the heels of this nigga shoes and  
out the blue when, we see the chick the nigga screwin  
Pushin his whip with the ice cuban  
Hemmed her up sweet, put heat to her wig piece, the zig piece  
to this nig's beefs, this bitch named Charise  
from East New York, listen bitch, you better talk  
Or get your whole frame surrounded, with white chalk  
Pulled the rat in back of the van, bitch we don't want you  
we want your man, you understand?  
The hoe said, "Please, I got his house keys, the nigga got  
five keys and mad cheese, a hundred G's"  
Lie to me bitch you gettin one of these  
Four-five C's in both knees, she said, "Honestly I promise G  
I'm not lying," then the hoe started crying  
We hit the road me and my niggaz flying  
to the crib in Jackson Heights, the nigga live three flights up  
He type buck, but I ain't givin a f\*\*k  
Grab his bitch up, make the hoe go first in case  
the nigga buck, open the door up, and put the stunt in front  
Then we all started creepin, he stretched out  
up on the sofa sleepin, yeah me and my cats standin there  
just peepin, money's about to get laced  
My nigga Ty threw a glass of whiskey in his face  
Big Jan ready to blaze the place; he on his way  
to Amazing Grace -- nigga woke up and saw the big guns  
Me and my two sons, he knew he was done  
You hurt a loved one, step back about to let him have one  
Yo f\*\*k that, aiyyo black, where the sack of heroin at?  
I'm bout to give cat some motherf\*\*kin railroad tracks  
We dumped the whole bag inside a spoon and left the room  
to heat that, and came right back, yo grab the nigga arm black  
Put raw shit in the nigga vein, watch the needle drain  
Went from being restrained to mad 'tane  
Less than a moment nigga started zonin  
His mouth foamin, lookin like he possessed by The Omen

His bitch was reachin for the phone and, I had to smack her  
with the chrome and, left her on the floor moanin  
Cocked back, I had to finish this, know my stee'  
we leave no witnesses, shot and got the f\*\*k out the premises

Outro