

Kool G. Rap & DJ Polo, Go For Your Guns

"Get down let's see your hands, see your hands!
Let's see your hands, everybody, hands!
Everybody let's see some hands! Huh?
Don't nobody move!
Don't get out of the car, stay where you're at"

Verse One:

Niggaz in the street that I dislike
You better get this right
These days what the f**k is a fist fight
Picture me puttin niggaz in headlocks
When I can lick off shots, and put they ass in a box
Cause if you steppin to me tryin to throw a right hook
You're just lookin to get your motherf**kin life took
Cause I can't wait to be a niggaz fate
So while you lift weights, I'm liftin lite-ass nickel plates
So if you wanna misbehave nigga
I'll have to kick it to the motherf**kin grave digger
Yeah motherf**ker you heard it
Doin all that rope-a-dope shit, nope, your dopey-ass murdered
Niggaz'll be the Karate Kid
But I'll be in prison doin a motherf**kin body-bid
So you can take all that Rocky shit home
Sylvester Stallone ain't shit against Al Capone
Cause I ain't got no patience or energy
for motherf**kers and punk-ass suckers that wanna injure me
Step up and play me like I'm soft
Bitch I don't knock motherf**kers out, I'm knockin motherf**kers off
Leavin the scene like Machine Gun Kelly
Two to the head about four cross the belly
Steady givin niggaz the runs
F**kin clam put your fists down and go for your guns

"Alright, on the ground, face down face down on the ground
Get on the ground
Hands behind your head"

"So, so what are you gonna do?
Beat-beat the crap out of me?" NO!

Verse Two:

You punk-ass niggaz better hop or chill
Cause my glock can kill twenty motherf**kers with boxer skills
That's how I put a niggaz head out
The murder scene needs more than Visine to get the red out
And I don't give a f**k if you know Judo
Cause I'ma blow your motherf**kin ass to Pluto
And when I blast the trey niggaz pass away
Put in the ground til your silly clown ass decay
So all you niggaz with the jokes
(Is everybody ready?) Well dibbida-dat's all folks
Cause nigga you don't want the nine to go (boom)
Niggaz like Tyson woulda died a long time ago
Ran outta luck when I struck on you sucker ducks
No uppercuts you'll be another motherf**ker bucked
Gettin all rumps in stuffed up boots
Hell no, I'm givin motherf**kers burial suits
Your little T.K.O was A.O.K.
My way is R.I.P., niggaz are D.O.A.
Dead on Arrival
So nigga you better come with your gun if you want survival
From the Mak-11

And those are real shots on the motherf**kin track 7
I ain't kickin niggaz buns
If it's a bitch I'ma wetta you better go for your guns

"Yo wassup, what the f**k is up now man?
What?
Where my money at man?
Hey yo, yo I told you I'd see you when I see you
Aww man you act like you wanna fight
What what? Yeah yeah alright yeah, I wanna fight" *BOOM*

Verse Three:

Rollin up on niggaz wearin wigs
Cause I got a Sig for you nigs and all you motherf**kin pigs
Kool G Rap's a bad decision
F**k front page I'm puttin niggaz on television
I got heart kid if you want we can throw it out
But you ain't got no heart motherf**ker when I blow it out
Straight out your back
Cause you got attacked by the mack let's see you black belt dat
Picture me doin some pushups, and get ambushed up
And put in a box all squooshed up
So motherf**ker be a learner
Cause I can't hit or wrestle a niggaz without pullin out my burner
So when a motherf**ker want to fight
You f**k around with G and you'll be fightin Death tonight
So you don't wanna get loose G
Cause I'm givin more flat lines to niggaz than loose-leaf
So come on Bruce Lee
Yo I'ma show you who the motherf**ker is with all the juice G
So if you wanna intimidate
A nigga like me, great, will make your f**kin head disinigrate
I'm sendin niggaz to Bedrock
Look out for the red dot
Or get your motherf**kin head shot
Niggaz are dialin 911
Huh, you little bitch niggaz go for your guns