

# Kool G. Rap & DJ Polo, It's A Shame

And once again it's big G, runnin the number rackets  
wearin Pele jackets  
Fast loot tactics, I'm well up in the millionaire bracket  
The boss of all bosses, I own racehorses and a fortress  
corridors with olympic torches and Mona Lisa portraits  
Ja'causezis and saunas and eatin steak at Benny Harner's  
Bentley's limousine the front yard stream is full of pirahnas  
I'm set, a private jet, I drink a lot of Beck's  
Get a lot of sess condo and duplex, diamond infested Rolex  
Deliver a crown at the world units with silver china  
Sippin on finer wine-r you see more shines than diamond miners  
The Highness, kingpin of heroin  
I'm thorough when I have to bring the terror in  
Handle business in each and every borough in  
town or city, I'm rollin like Frank Nitty, I'm rich and pretty  
Back up kiddies, I got crimies that's grimy and gritty  
A nigga that's spunky and likes to keep his pockets chunky  
Makin most of my money, from all the dopefiends and junkies  
I learned from the best the ones that's livin  
and the ones that's put to rest  
So I bless my chest with a vest and pack a Smith-N-Wes  
And then I'm off to get the snaps, not the scraps  
The game is be a real mack, the name is Kool G Rap

Now it's a damn shame, what I gotta do just to make a dollar  
Living in this game, sometimes it makes you wanna holler  
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I got a fly hoe up under the wing, a swinger that does her thing  
And if you step inside my ring, she'll bang it out and make your brains hang  
She sits at resteraunt tables with mink foxes and sables  
Drinkin Cherenade brand label she'll rock a sucker's cradle  
And yeah, honey is more bounce to the ounce  
She walks around with lucci in large amounts  
Millions inside Swiss bank accounts  
Her name is Tammy, got a beach house in Miami  
Rides around with a small jammy in her silk and satin panties  
A down hoe, a Foxy Brown hoe, standin her ground hoe  
And if you clown yo she'll turn into a bust a round hoe  
Fly as a Heaven's Angel got sapphires in her bangles  
Diamond earrings hangin dingle gettin money from all angles  
She's pretty under the New York city bright lights  
and real light, way after midnight, I hit it cause the slit's tight  
Wake up early and make my rounds, break up break down  
Packin a silver four pound, some clowns be trying to get down  
Light up a smoke and grab a stack of C-notes  
Them slick stick up kids don't get no free dough bro  
cause I ain't tryin to be broke  
I goes all out for G Rap and this honey nothin funny  
It's a damn shame, what I gotta do to get the money

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No it ain't no sleeping over (8X, then fade)