

Kool G. Rap & DJ Polo, Mafioso

Verse 1:

Who macks the most shit? smoke ya whole clique like roach spliffs
who's ro's drip enough to hold drifts and float ships?
no mo' shifts, I hold enough chips to toast Criss
It's G. Rap, the cat thats on your wanted most list
I wrote this so you could sweat this and soak this
make you lose ya focus with raps stronger than coke is
we're crime culprits, put hot shit up in you like posters
left for the vultures, we DT's pickin' up cultures
three-thousand volt ya just like the thrid rail
and if you heard shells a herb fell
swift with the words well
jakes on my dirt trail
kicked up enough dust to hurt cells
swerve in SL's, niggas feel me like my shirt's brail
curve the jail cell for jakes that wanna H-block those
niggas in Paco's keep the blocks froze and the shops closed
where the pot grows, young cats coppin' the drop Roves
get the Nacho's, and no cops show when the shots blow
shit's red hot though, the streets remain flooded with D's
bundles of Ki's to maintain a hundred degrees
the main crime wave
we handle the beef in .9 ways
get your mind grazed
my teck-nine sprays your spine blades
when it gets too hot on the block better believe the rhyme pays
put all you cats in cradles if you crave divine ways
diamond ??? rays blindin' you with my shine glaze,
unlike them other rappers that get stuck in a time phase

Chorus - Wanted for ???, major operations, distribution (G. Rap is down
with a mafioso posse) Wanted for ??? major operations distribution,
rackateerin', prostitution, and paid execution

Verse 2:

My corporation's body casin', watch where you pacin'
thug orchestration, this is live niggas you facin'
we paper chasin', for that million baby we lacin'
Fifty Caliber gat embracin'
leavin' you wit' legs without sensation
who's full of malice? what thug's the wildest?
act childish and get your body sent to a stylist
who live the foulest? be grippin' cannons 'till my hands is kalused
pile this paper longer than malice from Ney York to Dallas
purchase a palace, sip Collatas with the whole brigata
bodies get dropped while I attend the opera
land on Casino roofs in Helicopters in Las Vegas Nevada
can't stop until I got a Casa up in Trump plaza
929 Mazda, foreign chicks talkin' with accents like they Sza Sza
cream like Iri Amin Dada
thug saga, slugs burn you like they lava
you and ya bimbo get hit up through ya car window
creep on your benz slow and let ten blow
from out the darkest shadow
my aim's straight as an archers arrow
I'll spark this barrel
hit my target even if the mark is narrow
lay you like a pharoah
with fragments inside your bone marrow
get your wig flown just like a sparrow.

Chorus