

# 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