

# Kool G. Rap & DJ Polo, Trilogy Of Terror

I run rappers like races, cut them like razors  
Burn them like lasers, and stun them like phasers  
Cause my brain thinks and it blanks your memory banks  
Sharp as shanks and poetry is like a cleat hanks  
Give me a pen, a typewriter then  
I'll cut your whole posse into gingerbread men  
With diction sparked from friction  
Plenty of dope like the pope cause it's a G Rap prediction  
Tower going outer space, louder bass  
Replaces the weak rap race  
Ashes to ashes, flashes of smashes and crashes  
Another big man bashes  
Fright, it's a silent night but it's a violent fight  
My talent might explode like dynamite  
Lyrics blast out or leave it will cast out  
Fast and at last all rappers passed out  
Wax the vocal tracks all out like whistles  
Clear like crystals, loud like pistols  
Here to get it straight for the '90 era  
This is a killer G  
In a trilogy of terror

&lt;br&gt;  
Uh  
Yeah

Lightning and thunder, rappers going six feet under  
Kool G Rap makes you wonder  
No blunders or mistakes, this takes hard concentration  
Effort, for the method, meditation  
Visions of light, collisions, tight decisions  
Suckers'll end like divisions  
Listen I'm like a seed from a demon, a blessing from an angel  
Way more mysterious than Bermuda's Triangle  
Riddle fit to hit, put together bit by bit  
Like a do-it-yourself kit  
Then I'll hold your soul on a remote control  
So-called MC's will freeze so cold  
Then get viewed and examined in a test tube  
If you're a square, you freeze into an ice cube  
Talent switches, words to riches  
You get stitches, rhymes are wicked like witches  
Horror, terror, pain, rip like a hurricane  
Freeze like cocaine, or you get a smoke brain  
G Rap, Polo, Doc the Butcher all together  
We're forever  
The trilogy of terror