

Kool G Rap, Holla Back

[AZ]

Yeah.. it's 2G

Brooklyn-Queens connection

Y'all bout to feel somethin, y'all never felt before

Aiyyo G, you know I'm like a trey-eight special

I'm close range

Fuckin with you I gotta get AK material, banana clip style

Let's do this, let's do this

[Tito]

Blow the spot like tea kettle whistles

Federal slugs, the lead'll kiss you

Infrared burners'll never miss you

All digital, hard physical, spittle you riddle you

Priest prayin over your body while you in critical

Come in a few, give out a doz this what the semi do

See what the Henny and Rmy do

BGF, Black Gorilla Family jet, Black Godfather finesse

Fifty caliber hole surroundin your chest

Bentley blue steel armored cars with boulder baguettes

We live in effect, blaze a gun while poppin a Tec

Recognize killers, nigga, pop a collar to that

Gorilla breed to the death, that's the shit that I rep

Code of silence, addicted to havin fattened the violence

AK-47 rapidly firin, got love for bloodshed and the sirens

Take banana clips to my gun, to keep my shit off balance

My heart filled with malice

[Chorus: Kool G Rap - repeat 2X]

Yo, if you livin thug, holla back (Holla back)

My bitches strippin in the clubs, let the dollars stack (Let em stack y'all)

This one's for all my OG's and street scholar cats (All my street cats)

And if a nigga act up, funeral parlor cat

Pop a collar to that (Pop a collar to that)

[Nawz]

Yo, wavin cash, gun in the stash, the click on smash

From rockets that blast, yo we in your pockets for cash

Burgundy mask, bullets like a surgery slash

Internally burn your staff and dismember your ass

Coroners bag from autops' to medical lab

I leave you leakin like Carlito watch your memory flash

Quicksand for fam, tied a fuckin brick to your hands

I'm sicker with the Henny liquor with the clip to your man

When it's on it's on, do your moms bodily harm

Firstborn'll be your first gone, beef goes on

Permanent cash, put you in the tourniquet fast

Feed you glass and use you to fertilize the grass

Puff green when we fiendin to murder ya whole team

For cream, the infrared beams'll shatter your dreams

I flatter your queen and rip her right out of her jeans

Intervene and it's the homicide scene for your team

[Chorus]

[AZ]

From hideous acts on the one gettin rid of the gats

A nigga back, no parole, now how pretty is that?

The city is trapped, bottles popped, Phillies is cracked

Niggaz is strapped, half bent, illin, spillin they 'gnac

Cars tinted, my rap image too large to mimmick

We mob in it, fake niggaz dissolve in minutes

It's codes to it, real killers they know music

Even hoes on the low at the shows lose it

Courvoisier-sippin, this slim nigga stay flippin
My ways different, duck when the AK spittin
It's more to it, verbal wisely, all fluent
In real life this is how the dogs do it
Double-edged sword, rep for y'all seein the board
See y'all home soon, it's better than seein the morgue
So what's the conflict, who wanna Don with this?
For the streets strictly we got the bombest shit

[Chorus]

[Kool G Rap]

Two violent niggaz sit at the round table, in brown sables
Chains hangin down to the navel
Brooklyn and Queens connect get down fatal
Hold the four-pound stable
Won't hesitate to rock a clown's cradle
Get put in the dirt like ground cable
Found from bloodhound nasals
Or deep in the river get found naval
That shit y'all spit sound fable
"American Me" style, knife in the anal; who 'round to save you?
I leave you from waist down disabled
Face split like a round bagel
Found in a hospital gown witcha crown stapled
Wrong one to tangle with, a gym star, spangle your shit
Use your handkerchief to strangle your bitch
Single niggaz out on the strip and bang in a clip
Slugs from a Desert Eagle mingle the click
A force of habit, for me to let it rip across your attic
Never violent with a silent but I toss your cabbage

[Chorus]

(Beotch!)