

Kool G. Rap, My Life

[G-Wise * vocoder box effect]

Yeahhh, yeh yeh - G. Rap that's gangsta (my life nigga)

[Chorus: G-Wise * vocoder]

All of my life, I live

I'll be thuggin with youuuuuuu

Thug it out baby, thug it out baby

Don't stop 'til I die for this

I'll be keepin it trueeeeeeee

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

[Kool G. Rap]

Yo, yo

Giancanna the name break it down simple and plain

Went from a small chimp in the game to gorilla king pimpin the game

Know how to tempt dames to tense in the Range

Hit the block to pitch rocks, the strength of the name

Limp with a cane, lactosin limp for the king

We even pack toast expend from the flames, my aim

Strictly about makin that bread pop (y'know) blocks red hot

from feds and cops, lookin for rock bottles with red tops

Tradin lead shots with dreadlocks

Infrared dots 'til their head drop, we fled spots

Word on the curb is when it came to birds we spread flocks (no doubt)

No tellin when the bloodshed stop, glide 'til the sled stop

Copped the latest every hot flavor in them crocs and gators

Somebody clique riff, pop the bravest

Out of town trips in whips I got from Avis, drop knots in Vegas

My plot for paper was crockpots of wafers

[Chorus]

[Kool G. Rap]

Nigga into warm mansion rooms, wall to wall with handsome goons

Half-naked bitches dancin to tunes (uh-huh)

Marble floor to the terrace nigga, glance at the moon

Play the jacuzzi 'til your hands get blue

Rugs tight, bright as the white sands of Cancun [yeahhhh]

Skylights up in the ceilings for the plants to bloom

Nigga we crop grams in dunes, Cuban cigar brand of grandest fumes

Prison niggaz that ran balloons

Shut down shop from Jan. to June, and still cop land in the boons

Fuck women in tanning rooms

Every last fingernail on their hand groomed, self built do

Down to the mink pelts, gator belts and silk suit

If I can't stack a nigga cap get peeled loose

Word to them cats that died on the street, it's spilled juice

So where that Don be? (right here) In the calm breeze in the palm trees

Bomb G under the armpiece

Livin in harmony, coke farm pharmacy

Bulletproof armory, school of the hard knock honorary

Washin the jackpot like laundry

Fuckin Don of the year nominee, honestly

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[G-Wise * vocoder box in background to fade]

[Kool G. Rap]

G. Rap nigga..

What, thug shit, Queens clicks

What.. uh-huh

Yeah, thug shit, Queens clicks

Thug shit, Queens clicks

Uhh.. yeah