

Good Die Young

Kool G Rap

Only the good soldiers die young
To stay alive up in these streets you gotsta fly one
Fore the flamers make you famous aimin to ply one
Niggaz is dyin' over pie crumbs, the live ones
(Only the good die young)
Only the good soldiers die young
Over chips they'll leave you drippin witcha side numb
Come out the fort with your torches up and ride Dunn
No one survives with a shy gun inside slums
(Only the good die young)

The bullies are back
Gettin' the news that's tragic, feuds are graphic
Moves through the traffic
Break any rules you lose your attic
Who's in the habit of usin' the static
Make somethin' ooze out your cabbage
When dudes with ratchets, can pay your dues
Stools on the mattress, bruised and battered
Blown out your shoes and your fabrics
With Jakes searchin' for clues and maggots
My crew is savage, we carry no dead weight
Bet they hide you when I slide kid
All my tools is packaged, and lose you faggots
Stay coppin' them jewels with karats, so who's the rabbit
Trix are for kids, in the buggy eye six on the strip
Strictly for big wigs, so tell me what this is
A nigga that's bout his biz, a nigga that don't forgive
A nigga that don't renege, a nigga that bust a cig, rupture your ribs
Front and I'll bring it to you 'xactly where you live
BGF surround the crib, throw a pound to the kid
Hit a fry when the good die young

Yo it's a whole city of animals
Cannibals, bloodthirsty niggaz that hammer you
And handle you, shots makin you flammable
That's what an evil man's plan'll do
Vandal you, candle you, dismantle you
Leavin' your fam and crew, pan a few blocks
Bodies in camera view, for a grand or two
Land you on channel two
When niggaz can't eat, that's what the fam'll do
Leave you for the mantle, examine you
For the van to come transfer you
Too late to bandage you, too much damage to you
The coroners know how to manage you
Down in they land they planted you
That's what the cannons do, forever branded you
Spare cannoned you, abandoned you, rock you to sleep
Niggaz surrounded you, death wish granted you, fan at you
Went to my hundred shot clip when they flip and throw a grand at you
Peel your shit open like a can of brew
Then they work from the mandible, havin' you livin' where the salmon do
The good die young, redrum, who left to take a stand for you

You cock a hot bet (?) and catch a popped vessel
And shot vestibule; you got testicles

Beef bring a nigga get shot visible
Rock with the best of you; then it's back to the block
The blacktops we open up shop and clock decimals
Fake cops, scrape from the teeth hot for residue
The foul slang liver(?) page, reach for that shit on your waist
Every killer in the place get hit in the face
Turn around, simmer down nigga, get in the safe
What you fear when the shots is blowin; shed a tear for the one
that caught one under the ear inside of his top popped open
It's death for all niggaz that left with the glock smokin
Came in with hot toast and left the whole spot soakin'
Fuck y'all niggaz not knowin', we make your seeds stop growin'
Guerilla nigga, we keep rhymes flowin'
Bust a four pound, man down, found in the lot swollen
Drama brung, all inside the slum, the good die young

[Chorus]