

# Money In The Bank

Kool G Rap

"Money in the bank yeahhhh"  
"Rocked and rolled but then you rolled and rocked"  
"Money in the bank yeahhhh"  
"Rocked and rolled but then you rolled and rocked"

Listen  
You get upset when you hear the Large Professor  
On your girl's cassette deck expect  
Nothin comin soft 'cause I'll never throw weaker blows  
I'll kick you in your [ass] and your breath'll smell like sneaker soles  
Now how's that for a fixin'?  
You'd better rather go to Roy's, cause I ain't kickin' science fiction  
I kick a size nine sneaker or boot  
Chop chumps to stumps, and they remain minute  
The Sheik, I get deep, and always leave with the wet meat  
Because of my technique, I'm the one you let speak  
I collect crops and props like spinach  
I'm vintage, your single sums up to a ten inch  
My soul brother Van Paul and Pete Rock  
Keep the funk flowin' until the last beat stops  
The soul man, can't have you leavin' on a stretcher  
Probably, have you leavin in leather, I catch a body  
From wreckin' slum rappers, but to be frank  
I don't give a [fuck] I got money in the bank

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"Rocked and rolled, but then you rolled and rocked"  
"Money in the bank, yeahhhh"  
"Rocked and rolled, but then you rolled and rocked"  
"Money in the bank, yeahhhh"  
"Rocked and rolled, but then you rolled and rocked"

This is the stage of Triple-X  
When you're sittin' by your radio, screamin', "Freddie Foxxx goes next"  
Those beholdin' the words of a master  
Find mental disaster, as I kick it faster  
Whoever opposes me, and what I feel  
Might find their legs bein' replaced by steel  
This is a brand new year, and the penalty is death  
So there won't be a lot of suckers left  
I grab the mic, and I load it like a long four-fifth  
Huh, and dare you to riff  
Or even sneeze as I blow you to your knees, have you curled up  
In a corner like a dog, with hoof in mouth disease  
Spittin' razor blades, cuttin' veins you can't stitch  
I got you screamin like a [bitch]  
I took your microphone, you can't get it back  
Because your rap was wack  
I'm comin' fifty strong in an armored tank  
And takin' money to the bank

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"Money in the bank, yeahhhh"  
"Rocked and rolled, but then you ro.. rolled.."

Cool G. Rap for your first selection, get up on it  
To my opponents, let me just demonstrate for a minute  
Crooks gettin' hooked, to my book, just like an addiction  
Stop your diction you drop, the science fiction  
Let's get specific you can't get with it  
I'm too terrific and scientific, forget it  
Don't even try to limp it, you're not ready to make hits  
You still got a learner's permit  
Poppin' that [shit], you better sit  
Here's a word, of a third degree burn, so listen and learn  
You're missin' a turn, so you better get, concerned  
My challenger, check the calendar  
I'm as live as a .45 caliber, Colt  
With a silencer, wettin' up, suckers I be settin' up  
Button up, while I'm cuttin' up, never lettin' up  
I don't link up, with suckers with raps that shrank  
Thanks sonny, I'm takin' money to the bank

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One in the chamber, eight in the clip  
Pull out a razor, watch your rhyme book rip  
It's Ant Live, liver and deliveries get liver  
With G. Rap, and we're the sole survivors  
MC's want to try me, but can't escape, my clutch  
Too much, caught in the ropes, like double dutch  
You want to run up, you better run up light  
Cause like a whorehouse shippin' out [pussy] tonight  
Believe me I ain't goin' out like a brick parachute  
Or a fruit, or a guy that wears Brut  
Cologne, I'm violent prone, so leave me alone  
I'm about to set fire to the microphone  
And leave the mic so hot you need potholders for this  
Due to burnt wires it's cordless  
(Yo Ant Live make suckers walk off the plank)  
Not now, I'm takin' money to the bank

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