

Take 'em To War

Kool G Rap

Shit ain't never gonna change... Fuck it!
Time to load the clips, then we take 'em to war.
Niggaz want to flip, then we take 'em to war.
Break a nigga proper, then we break him some more.

I represent the murderers and felony offenders,
Who either bought time out, to get these legal tenders.
(Surrender!) Nah, I'm goin' out with a bang, nigga.
Fuck Pataki, I gotta do my thang, nigga.
Forty-four mag, bustin' into action.
Brains left in particles, fragments and fractions.
Grimm, the money stacker, heat packer.
I'm lurkin', I'm waitin', attackin' like a linebacker.
Fuck what you heard, crime pays.
And always, unorthodox, I hold my pistol sideways.
We kill crews, hearts go numb,
And if retaliation comes then yo, fuck it, it just comes.
(Yo, who you?) I'm Dr. Death, motherfucker, ever heard of me?
Close your eyes, cross your fingers, time for surgery.
I'm already dead, so nah, you can't murder me,
'Cause quantities of entities enter me evilly.

Since I murder for hire, rapid fire's what I require.
Makin' niggaz perspire, so send a message through the wire.
'Cause violence is contagious, it got me bustin' gauges.
The '95 Larry Davis, and I'm wettin' niggaz for wages.
Queens is the home of one, the known felon,
And ain't no tellin', when I'm a crack your fuckin' melon.
For the right amount of chips, I spit clips and hit whips.
Leavin' niggaz bloody, the leather seats is where the shit drips.
With the pound-seven, I be creepin', rockin' niggaz, while they sleepin'.
Shots repeatin', leavin' faggot niggaz leakin'.
When I cock back the iron, niggaz is dyin', marchin' to Zion.
'Cause the pound-cake, roars like a lion.
Word, son, niggaz be collapsin', cause my weapons is
Ready for action, makin' your heart catch contractions.
In the underworld, shootin' gallery niggaz lose calories,
'Cause my salary's based on fatalities.

Here I come to get some motherfuckin' wreck, but first I gotta,
Um, vest check, uncheck, clip one check, clip two check, I'm set.
So let a motherfucker move a muscle.
When I tussle, they'll be piecin' niggaz back like fuckin' puzzles.
'Cause Kool G. Rap is known for bringin' mad noise, a bad boy.
When I was younger, always carried guns, I never had toys.
Grimm, gimme the infrared, they see me, and I'm puttin' red dots
On niggaz foreheads, to makin' motherfuckers indian.
You got beef? Go get yourself a wreath, because it's murder.
'Cause I put holes in my beef, like fuckin' White Castle burgers.
So now I gots to run up on a clown with the fo' pound.
Cock back, rock black, gun a nigga down.
I see 'em, he's comin' out the fuckin' Coliseum,
And hopped into a B-M, shit!
Put in my clip, and then I dipped into the ride that my man had,
Parked on the sidewalk, then we start to glide.
I'm rainin' on him, (faster nigga.) oh yeah, we're gainin' on him.
(Oh shit, he's with somebody else.) Fuck it, put his brain on him.

Boom, boom, no survivors, lifted the nigga out his seat.
When they find him, he'll be a backseat driver.
But I ain't finished with the trigger yet, I'm lightin' up a cigarette.
Bang, bang, I left the other nigga wet.
It's G. Rap, baby, you know me. You try to hurt this,
I split your fuckin top and leave a fingerprint on purpose.