

# Death Blow

Kool Moe Dee

To the Break of dawn  
To the, to the, to the  
Times up punk  
yea yea Time to settle the score  
To the break of dawn, another dumb move  
Ha, ha, ha this time it's over boy  
This is me and you, head to head, let's go  
Here we go, beat down round 2  
Heads up punk 'cause it all comes down to  
Me and you, face to face, head to head  
Mic to mic, I like the weak shit you said  
To the break of dawn, beats nitro  
Lyrics weak, say goodnight 'cho  
Star Trek shades, man cut the joke  
Let's get serious and go for broke  
You still got a lock on my jock like a pitbull  
Victor before you pull it off you thought Mr. Pitiful  
Here's some mouthwash, g  
Your mouth smells like my jockstrap, see-  
A-you-S-E, you're rhyme didn't mean  
?D-O-D-D?, junior Moe Dee  
Stop biting, chewing, swallowing  
Who in the hell told you that you could do what you were doing  
Raise up son, I need jock relief  
Here's a toothpick, now get my jock out your teeth  
You swallow it, yea, finish, burp  
Now let a real man go to work  
'Cause I'm a whip you like your daddy, beat ya like a baby  
Sick ya like a dog, dropping lyrics wit rabies  
Cut ya like a knife 'cause you're nuthin but hype  
You slice and dice and ice twice for life  
I'm a treat ya like a hooker punk, change your clothes  
Put you on the streets wit ya jingling hoes  
Keep talking about me and I'll keep pimping  
Just bring me that money and take this last whipping  
How can one man be so dumb  
You're trying to come off and don't know how to come  
You're young and dumb and quick at the tongue  
You high strung bum come and get done  
I'll do you wit a death blow  
(Chorus)  
Kill 'em kill 'em  
I'll hit ya wit a death blow  
My lyrical beatdown will leave ya in a coma  
'Cause you can't hang without a high school diploma  
Your brain of fatigue, you're out of your league  
You're running out of gas and you're tank is on E  
Somebody buy him a heart 'cause he's petro  
Take you're whipping like a man brother let go  
No apologies, tears of violence  
Get your black suits 'cause I ain't smiling  
I'm shooting the gift of gab, brother you're ripped in half  
Soon as the mic is past, you won't live to laugh  
If there's laughter, I'll get the last one  
You loafed on the lyrics and you caught a bad one  
So who's got no style, look at your profile  
You can't dance, can't dress and you're so foul

Still wearing played out 4 finger rings  
Played out fat gold chains and things  
You changed your look now change your gameplan  
Trying to dress but you still wear name brand  
Brother, you look crazy weak  
And it gets worse when we hear you speak  
So you ain't got a chance in hell  
You'll be known as the late LL  
The man who lost one, one too often  
Came wit a soft one and went to his coffin  
A close casket they won't show ya  
When I finish, you're mama won't know ya  
'Cause I'm a rip you limb from limb  
You tombstone read he had no win  
So RIP, Rest in peace, rip 'em  
D.I.D., dead indeed, did 'em  
A H-I-T, hitman, so whatcha hit 'em wit  
A rhyme silencer, I hit 'em wit a death blow  
Chorus  
If mama said knock me out, come do it  
You can't win and that (record scratch) knew it  
I'm a send you home in a body bag  
Wit the mic in your throat and a jock for a gag  
You're out of here, over, finished, all in  
And Marly marl can't save you from fallin  
'Cause as soon as you came back what did you do  
To the break of dawn, another dumb move  
You can't go hard, you're just so-so Todd  
I'm that type of guy, oh my God  
It's gets no rougher comes no weaker  
marly hooked the beats so now you need a  
Writer to bring you back from hell  
Because I'm a rock up L  
Low life loser, life like luna  
Lafidasical, lispless luna  
Tic liver lifeless, living likeness  
Lusting longing lyrics like this  
Little league, lard larsonist liar  
Label ledger, left the leper liar  
Bull, lull, lateral learning  
Laps language latent lurking  
Language, language, local logo  
Light laboring, limited local  
Now LL's a laughing stock  
'Cause I bit that ass to the last stop  
I watched you fall like Hitler fell  
And now you're down to a broken L  
You're records ain't hot and you're shows don't sell  
Yo, tell 'em how you fell L, hard as hell  
You came back and you thought you had me  
But think about it, who's' your daddy  
Kill 'em... Big daddy, I don't want none...  
I did 'em wit a death blow  
To the break of dawn  
To the, to the, to the, get him out of here  
(Kool Moe Dee Talks)