

Let's Go

Kool Moe Dee

[Intro]

Reporter: So, tell me... How do you feel about 'Jack the Ripper'?

[Evil Thriller laughter]

(Get him!)

[Verse 1]

Want me to get him? Well I got him
My mouth is an Uzi and I shot him
With the hundreds of rhymes and rhythm designed
To make him rewind, this time I draw the line
He's mine...just chill
Don't nobody touch him 'cause Imma get ill
The boy's phony as a three-dollar bill
And this time I shoot to kill
Just like a sucker you took the bait
Now you're like a dead fish on my dish, too late
So party people kick your feet up, I'm about to heat up
You're hungry for a battle, now it's time to eat up
Boy, I'm gonna chew you, 'cause I knew you was
Talkin' that junk, punk, now Imma do you
The way you should be done, call you my son
Make you say "Daddy, I don't want none"
I've had enough of you actin' tough
You huff, puff, grab your stuff you cream puff bluff
Talk about a battle, but you don't want to do it
You got yourself into it, you blew it
You egomaniac, I'm a brainiac
You came back with a stone cold plain attack
Your rhymes are weak-wack, how can you speak that?
You need to sneak back to the drawing board Jack...
The Ripper, down with my zipper
You get paid to be a Moe Dee tipster
Tryna knock the way I rock, get off my jock
Imma knock you out the box, let's go...
Let's Go!

[Verse 2]

Put up or shut up, get up, yeah what up?
Huh, get on the microphone and get cut up
Talk about how your records went double platinum
With those lyrics?! Huh, I laugh at them
So you got paid, take the money you've made
Bet it on yourself, are you afraid?
Money talks, B.S. walks
When I stalk like a hawk a victory is chalked
So put your money where your mouth is, you don't know about this
Battlin's for real men, and I doubt if
You can even hang or give a run for the money
You're just a sucker, and it's funny
How you never ever had a drop of juice in New York
And now you go on tour and try to talk that talk
You try to act like you're a big man, but you're a big fag
Stridin' and hidin' while ridin' my big man
You ain't got a chance in the world
Your records were smokin', but you sound like a girl...
[How you like me now? I'm gettin' busier
I'm double platinum] Hold up, is he a
Man or a girl? What in the world?
You sound like Cheryl the Pearl

And you want to battle me on the microphone?
Leave that crack alone, let's go...
Let's Go!
I said, Let's Go!
Come on, boy! Let's Go!
Better than me?
[Verse 3]
Picture that with a Kodak
I don't take no shorts and you know that
I roll hard, run the rap yard, put up your guard
I don't get even, I get odd, Todd
Always one up on ya
And I tried to warn ya
You slept, you took a backstep
Ruined your rep and wept, you should've kept
Your mouth shut, you know what?
You gotta say you're sorry [I'm sorry] So what?
You call me a punk, you want to see who's soft?
Put the microphone down, let's square-off
You need a hand, you got hands for
Tryna be me, now LL stands for
Lower Level, Lack Lustre
Last Least, Limp Lover
Lousy Lane, Latent Lethargic
Lazy Lemon, Little Logic
Lucky Leech, Liver Lipped
Laborious Louse on a Loser's Lips
Live in Limbo, Lyrical Lapse
Low Life with the loud raps, boy
You can't win, huh, I don't bend
Look what you got yourself in
Just usin' your name I took those L's
Hung 'em on your head and rocked your bells
Now, here we go, blow for blow, let's throw
Rhyme for rhyme, yours and mine, and yo
When it's time to battle rhyme I know
How to make it flow, so let's go
To the ring, rapper's sing and swing
Words and verse, see who deserves to be king
Serve a blow to that ego
As if you didn't know, let's go...

Let's Go!

Let's Go!

[Verse 4]

How can you say you're the best?
Get put to the test in front of a million and fess
Tried to withdraw because you saw
The juice I got's not like before
Huh, I'm formidable, unforgettable
You're submittable, you look pitiful
Yeah you're headstrong, but you're dead wrong
want to survive? Stick with the love songs
Take off your shirt, flex and flirt
And leave the real hard rhymes to the hard rhyme experts
If you don't, boy you'll get hurt
Feel like dirt and have to revert
To comin' on stage butt naked
To make up for what you can't do on record
Open your eyes twice the size and realise
I'm on the rise and you're on the demise
Ostracized by my reprise
Step in my face and watch how that head flies
I mean business and I'm serious

I ain't sellin' out and now here he is
Frontin' and fakin' and talkin' about makin'
The money from money, now don't you know they can
Use your support 'cause you've got caught
Signed, sealed, delivered, sold and bought
A puppet on a string with no heart
A fool and his money will always part
You used to be a rapper, turned into a businessman
Loafin' on the job and cheatin' the fans
I'm too potent, powerful and spiritual
Mental, emotional, physical and lyrical
You want to beat me? It's gonna take a miracle
You've got a lock on my jock like a pitbull