

Kool G. Rap & DJ Polo, Death Wish

(“Rappers go six feat under”) (Repeat 4x)

You're scared straight as soon as G Rap penetrates
You wanna escape, but you got a date to meet fate
Run for your life when I'm starting
Suckers are getting turned to missing motherf**kers on a milk carton
Danger, when I rearrange and change a face, ace
You're being replaced by a stranger
I injure, and escape like a ninja
You got struck by a f**king revenger
A bullet inserted in your head, a shot got
Murdered, nobody seen shit, nobody heard it
F**k around, the price is more than McDonald's pays
And you can sing my blues to Billie Holiday
Put your ass in my path and I'm a blast it
Mind over matter, I burn like battery acid
Terrorizing, sizing up the guys-a
Finger on trigger, when I pull it, a bullet flies in
G's a madman, came from the Badlands
Crush niggas in my bare hands like beer cans
Leaving a gash like the New York Slasher
Showing my inches in a trench like a flasher
You got a problem, I'm a problem solver
Solve more problems with a .357 revolver
Come near you pay dearly
And I can barely hear when you talk so speak up clearly
On a sole role, the golden mic holder
And I flatten your ass just like a steam roller
Pity for niggas I waste
Try to disrespect, get the taste of a neck brace
I got your ass on target
You got beef? You better save it for the motherf**king meat market
Rhymes choke you like a headlock
If a sucker's asleep, I turn his shit into Bedrock
Come on son, get done in
Niggas are running like the redcoats is coming
I enlist punk niggas that want some of this
And what's left is the breath of a death wish

(“Rappers go six feat under”) (Repeat 4x)

A pimp that loves shrimps and lobster
And for a hobby I'm hitting niggas up like a mobster
I got a story for each little poor territory
The ghetto glory in all categories
The death threats I received from the head vests
I'm riffing, the suckers stiffen up like a dead pet
The troop that stoops to brutality
Giving all nationalities a taste of reality
Kool G Rap is here to draw
And any sucker that tries to beat him, you meet him in a morgue
All victims unidentified, so check it
You gotta see if it was the sucker from the dental record
What I use to torture liars:
Either fire, barbed wire, live wire, or pliers
So you thought you could last?
Go and get a green thumb because your ass is grass
Eric B. is the undertaker
His pockets swoll because he's rolling in more dough than a baker
Quiet type, but I won't have it
Cause when I swing with the boys I get noisy like traffic
So if you know what I know, see what I see
G Rap is down with a mafioso posse
And I'm quick to go stick other suckers

With a smile just like a sick motherf**ker
A bullet inside the sucker's guts and
Hit butt and his nuts, we throw him in the Hudson
This is for all the non-believers
They receive a gash in their ass from a meat cleaver
Don't even try to get fast
You know the time because I'm 5 seconds off your ass
A nightmare leaving you suckers breathless
You stepping to Kool G Rap, then that's a death wish

("Rappers go six feet under") (Repeat 4x)