

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 wanna 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 Shit ain't never gonna change, fuck it
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Break a nigga proper, then we break him some more 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 1, the known felon
And ain't no tellin', when I'ma 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 Shit ain't never gonna change, fuck it
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Here I come to get some motherfuckin'
wreck but first I gotta
Umm 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 gotta 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 BM, 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

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