

Black Widow

Kool G Rap

She tossed the flamer '94 walked into danger
Behind the wall fought with a banger
Trapped in the beast, gas released, a rat deceased
Back on the street, back on her feet
Clappin' the heat

She's dressed to kill
Iced-out head to toe, a snake in black
She's cleared, to, get ill
She's about the dough, the black widow

Yo, she was a tight bird, female version of Iceberg
To put in the right words
Played the right curves, beige and white birds
The type she served it was quite superb
Ran through the city in a white suburb
Lived in a predominantly white suburb
She liked the herb, rockin' all the richest type of furs
Make your life submerge if you strike a nerve
Dough she like to splurge
Shine of her light blurs from off her finger
Honey was off the ringer, the way she tossed the flamer
'94 walked into danger, behind the wall fought with a banger
Trapped in the beast, gas released, a rat deceased
Back to the street, back on her feet
Clappin' the heat, from the back seat, in back of a jeep
Stackin' the heat, pilin' the ones
Made her point when violence was brung
Regulated and balanced the slums
Brought in a cat with a talent for guns
Click quick to silence a Dunn
Convoys of black limos
Employs strapped with mack millos
Bustin' off caps through a cracked window, that's the MO
Push your wig back, make you a black Leno
The feds on her tracks got the phones tapped for info
Tryin' to map the dividend flow, and where the ends go
Checkin' on whose name the Benz go
Who pushes the buttons when Mac-10's blow
A rose on a black satin pillow
The silhouette of her web, killin' for blood spill, a black widow

[Chorus]

She's (out for blood) dressed (for the kill) to kill (bustin' slugs)
Iced-out (shit is real) head (livin' crime) to toe (life of crime)
A snake (droppin' heads) in black (pullin' nines)
She's cleared (dodgin' heat) to (play the street)
Get ill (let the guns blow, had to eat)
She's about (copped the raw) the dough (went to war)
The black widow (beef no more, cold fours at your door)

She was married but four times a widow
The fifth time ditto, kiddo
Step out of line, kitko, she spit nines and shi-dells
Put a pound to the tip of your niddose
Put em in line piddles
Diamond-stud shinin' the clito', the web spinnin'

With bloodstains soaked in the bed linen
Spread venom, known for bustin' the lead grinnin', tilted red brimmin'
Makin' the lights inside of your head dimmin'
Givin' head to men and, leave a knife in they chest with a red ribbon
Bread to swim in, foes get left deader than Lennon
Threads of linen, sippin' gin with a shread of lemon
Dead-up thoroughbred, slim and trim and stackin cake like Emminger's
Under the down coat brown coat like cinnamon
She went to have the Benjamins, for that she injure men
Send a squad to go and injure men that injure men
On top of that she popular, hit the opera
Francis Ford Coppola, mezzanine she's with binoculars
You even think about poppin' her, stoppin' her, moppin' her, droppin' her
Hard with bodyguards divin' on top of her
Cops in they Blu-Blockers watchin' her, steady clockin her
Jock her, dreamin' of knockin' her, thinkin' a scheme for knockin' her
Dress provocative, show the cleavage between her knockers
Bust a sock off with a blocker to rasta inside her locker
She cover the bills though, restaurant delicatessen Armadillo
White Willow, strike of the black widow

[Chorus]

She held a white weddin'
Type settin' just like a sight from heaven
Spend twice the bread'n from her last rice on her head'n
All types of presents, striking presence
Bodyguards ready to light they weapons, ignite the Wessons
Refuse to live the life of a peasant
Days and nights was right and type pleasant
At the foot of the aisles, took vows
With all the criminals and crook pals
That put smiles on niggaz' necks while they look foul
Piles of cops peepin' her central book files
Beef them niggaz cook wild, groom lookin shook style
Forced into marriage, horse and a carriage
Remember lifespan shorter than average, lady boss flossin her carats
Dreams to get rich and perish in Paris
Cherish the cabbagem, makin' her path out of the church passage
Thugs they do they dirt massive
Skirt slashed, first class, Doni Amberg glasses
Flirt with her lashes
Snapshots, smirk for the flashes
Plots to leave her murked in the masses
Two killin' experts on the grasses
Put in they Tec work for the cashes
Leave the Earth hurt with a passion
Two louds shots burstin' in action
Made her head jerk from the blastin
Lady down, holdin' her shirt gaspin', hit by another turf assassin
Reason not even worth askin; the facts are real, though
Got her cap peeled for stackin' real dough
Lifestyle brillo when you're rollin' for krill dough
Death of a black widow