

# Let The Games Begin

Kool G Rap

Yo I come in the form of danger lurkin  
Blastin the mad streets and merkin  
Shot at strangers from out the Ranges and Suburbans  
Curtains for anybody perpin  
Leave in a hearse for certain  
Blood on the curb and bandages like turbans  
We roll a ?durbin?  
All in this dirt, puffin the herb an'  
We bring the verbs in  
Double action's loaded with Germans  
Area's urban, block's hot where we be swervin  
Gun fights strike like a serpent  
People nerves jerkin  
Lay down any person  
Strictly for just talkin rehearsin  
The skills remain tight as Holy Mary the Virgin  
Slowly carry the burden  
So we varied the shit you heard an'  
Hit you with the different methods and versions;  
We simply,  
Let bullets rip until the clip is empty  
Get laid in your tracks as if you was ??  
Hit you like Jack Dempsey  
The mac packin MC, with gats clappin like an M.P.  
Over your friendly wimpy, frame like an M.D.  
Blow you until your block's windy  
Be on short of a shot frenzy  
My glocks don't stop til the cops hem me  
Blow holy hollow tops in me  
Hazardous shit - guns is accurate  
Sendin niggaz to meet the King of Nazareth  
Playin me close has a risk  
I bash clicks like they was massacres  
Blast the tear gas, thinkin I'm pacifist  
That's the fifth, one last kiss before your ash is missed  
These bastards is gettin clapped by the strap at the wrist

Chorus: Kool G. Rap (repeat 2X)

Yo let the games begin  
The tec and mac-10 flames begin  
Thugs to the end, my whole crew insane with sins  
Hammers to firing pins  
Me and my kin be makin you spin  
The Lord or The Devil takin you in

It's the Corona Queens apocalypse  
My block is hit with the dark eclipse  
Takin no hostages, so grab the glocks and clips  
The rap's apostle-ist, niggaz to Loch Ness  
Large as Colossus is  
Mumblin shit get shot at the esophagus  
A Thug Saga novelist  
Sex in this rap shit monogamous  
Rainin like the drop is while you be topicless  
Blow money monopolist - do it for eons  
Shinin like it's, neon - heart colder than freon

Decidin which MC to pee on;  
Baby cause that's the shit that we on  
Niggaz go to Warrick like Deion  
Put the G on  
I analyze guys with Montana eyes  
To vandalize any man alive, soon as the hammer rise  
Cut em down like samurais  
Kickin that real shit that you fantasize  
Niggaz step aside or recognize  
G. the real cat, pack the steel cat, baby feel that  
Leave you layin flat witcha shit clapped and peeled back  
Battle-actin rap shit'll put you in back of a Cadillac  
A bad decision; fuck up your whole vision like cataracts  
Red roses on a dead foe  
Layin in wet clothes from head blows  
Your whole brain be exposed  
Get your body torn out the frame from lead throws  
None of my victims ever bled slow  
Stiff as Al Capone, that's how it go

Chorus