

## Nuff Said

## Kool G Rap

Here's the motherfuckin magnificent  
I'll even bag innocent motherfuckers  
See suckers like there was ten I sent  
So if you come in my way - great, I pull out the trey - eight  
Kool G. Rap's your fate, and not your playmate  
So all you niggaz on the floor, bitchin that shit is dead  
Tell it to the motherfuckin mortician  
So get ready to let the led out, I'm knockin niggaz dead out  
And blowin the back of your fuckin head out  
Cookin niggaz better than mama's dinner  
So let the drama enter, I'm sendin niggaz to the trauma center  
Because I'm rollin with force, tearin niggaz out the frame  
Like they was pictures of a bitch that I divorced  
Boss, so come on nigga, get wild and loose  
I whoop your motherfuckin ass and get arrested for child abuse  
Even your bitch can get it nigga  
I shove the barrel of a nine up her behind  
And pull the fuckin trigger  
Goin Psycho like Norman Bates, G. you better sedate  
Because lately niggaz ain't able to take me  
It ain't a man in the land that can stand G. Rap  
Save that candy-rap, shit for the handicapped  
Niggaz'll get slayed like a bunch of play pirates  
Fuckin with me, y'allld rather fuck with the AIDS virus  
Cause I set em up wet em up like sprinkles  
And put niggaz to sleep longer than Rip Van Winkle  
The quicker the shit, the quicker the hit, I'm peakin a fit  
Leavin niggaz sicker than Liberace's dick  
Good luck, another hood bucked  
I kick you so far up your ass I get my motherfuckin foot stuck  
See I manage to give niggaz more than a bandage  
Blue Cross and Blue Shield, couldn't cover the motherfuckin damage  
Cause I'm bold and bigger, puttin manholes in niggaz  
And holdin triggers up, to them golddiggers  
So if you all over my dick just like a rubber  
My rap is so fat, I make ? and ? ? blubber  
You better duck, I'm like a volcano when I erupt  
You bitch-ass rappers'll get fucked  
And you'll be one hoe, like Marilyn Monroe  
Left on death row, because I let the gun go  
Bang blow your motherfuckin brains out  
But you need more than detergent to get that motherfuckin stain out  
Cause I serve more crabs than Red Lobster's  
When I pop shots, I leave lotsa dead mobsters  
Put down the microphone whether unknown or famous  
You're out of luck and I don't give a FUCK what your name is  
Boy you better split, cause I'ma house shit  
My dick'll be rich if you niggaz  
Wants to put your money where your mouth is  
Gassed up ass nigga, come set it  
Cause when I pick up the gun, that be the end of the unleaded  
Now you could be a gold or a platinum artist  
But deep down, you fuckin silly clowns know who's the hardest  
Niggaz I watered down with the quarter pound  
Cause my slaughter sound can be caught around  
And found the slaughter town  
For the clowns got eighty rounds worth of ammo

Play it again Sam, put on my jams, fuck a piano  
I'm leavin lame niggaz brain dead  
Aww fuck it, nuff said