

# Let's Go

Kool Moe Dee

[Intro]

Reporter: So, tell me... How do you feel about 'Jack the Ripper'?

[Evil Thriller laughter]

(Get him!)

[Verse 1]

Want me to get him? Well I got him  
My mouth is an Uzi and I shot him  
With the hundreds of rhymes and rhythm designed  
To make him rewind, this time I draw the line  
He's mine...just chill  
Don't nobody touch him 'cause Imma get ill  
The boy's phony as a three-dollar bill  
And this time I shoot to kill  
Just like a sucker you took the bait  
Now you're like a dead fish on my dish, too late  
So party people kick your feet up, I'm about to heat up  
You're hungry for a battle, now it's time to eat up  
Boy, I'm gonna chew you, 'cause I knew you was  
Talkin' that junk, punk, now Imma do you  
The way you should be done, call you my son  
Make you say "Daddy, I don't want none"  
I've had enough of you actin' tough  
You huff, puff, grab your stuff you cream puff bluff  
Talk about a battle, but you don't want to do it  
You got yourself into it, you blew it  
You egomaniac, I'm a brainiac  
You came back with a stone cold plain attack  
Your rhymes are weak-wack, how can you speak that?  
You need to sneak back to the drawing board Jack...  
The Ripper, down with my zipper  
You get paid to be a Moe Dee tipster  
Tryna knock the way I rock, get off my jock  
Imma knock you out the box, let's go...  
Let's Go!

[Verse 2]

Put up or shut up, get up, yeah what up?  
Huh, get on the microphone and get cut up  
Talk about how your records went double platinum  
With those lyrics?! Huh, I laugh at them  
So you got paid, take the money you've made  
Bet it on yourself, are you afraid?  
Money talks, B.S. walks  
When I stalk like a hawk a victory is chalked  
So put your money where your mouth is, you don't know about this  
Battlin's for real men, and I doubt if  
You can even hang or give a run for the money  
You're just a sucker, and it's funny  
How you never ever had a drop of juice in New York  
And now you go on tour and try to talk that talk  
You try to act like you're a big man, but you're a big fag  
Stridin' and hidin' while ridin' my big man  
You ain't got a chance in the world  
Your records were smokin', but you sound like a girl...  
[How you like me now? I'm gettin' busier  
I'm double platinum] Hold up, is he a  
Man or a girl? What in the world?  
You sound like Cheryl the Pearl

And you want to battle me on the microphone?  
Leave that crack alone, let's go...  
Let's Go!  
I said, Let's Go!  
Come on, boy! Let's Go!  
Better than me?  
[Verse 3]  
Picture that with a Kodak  
I don't take no shorts and you know that  
I roll hard, run the rap yard, put up your guard  
I don't get even, I get odd, Todd  
Always one up on ya  
And I tried to warn ya  
You slept, you took a backstep  
Ruined your rep and wept, you should've kept  
Your mouth shut, you know what?  
You gotta say you're sorry [I'm sorry] So what?  
You call me a punk, you want to see who's soft?  
Put the microphone down, let's square-off  
You need a hand, you got hands for  
Tryna be me, now LL stands for  
Lower Level, Lack Lustre  
Last Least, Limp Lover  
Lousy Lane, Latent Lethargic  
Lazy Lemon, Little Logic  
Lucky Leech, Liver Lipped  
Laborious Louse on a Loser's Lips  
Live in Limbo, Lyrical Lapse  
Low Life with the loud raps, boy  
You can't win, huh, I don't bend  
Look what you got yourself in  
Just usin' your name I took those L's  
Hung 'em on your head and rocked your bells  
Now, here we go, blow for blow, let's throw  
Rhyme for rhyme, yours and mine, and yo  
When it's time to battle rhyme I know  
How to make it flow, so let's go  
To the ring, rapper's sing and swing  
Words and verse, see who deserves to be king  
Serve a blow to that ego  
As if you didn't know, let's go...

Let's Go!

Let's Go!

[Verse 4]

How can you say you're the best?  
Get put to the test in front of a million and fess  
Tried to withdraw because you saw  
The juice I got's not like before  
Huh, I'm formidable, unforgettable  
You're submittable, you look pitiful  
Yeah you're headstrong, but you're dead wrong  
want to survive? Stick with the love songs  
Take off your shirt, flex and flirt  
And leave the real hard rhymes to the hard rhyme experts  
If you don't, boy you'll get hurt  
Feel like dirt and have to revert  
To comin' on stage butt naked  
To make up for what you can't do on record  
Open your eyes twice the size and realise  
I'm on the rise and you're on the demise  
Ostracized by my reprise  
Step in my face and watch how that head flies  
I mean business and I'm serious

I ain't sellin' out and now here he is  
Frontin' and fakin' and talkin' about makin'  
The money from money, now don't you know they can  
Use your support 'cause you've got caught  
Signed, sealed, delivered, sold and bought  
A puppet on a string with no heart  
A fool and his money will always part  
You used to be a rapper, turned into a businessman  
Loafin' on the job and cheatin' the fans  
I'm too potent, powerful and spiritual  
Mental, emotional, physical and lyrical  
You want to beat me? It's gonna take a miracle  
You've got a lock on my jock like a pitbull