

# Letters

## Kool G Rap & DJ Polo

"What are you going to do?" (2X)  
"Nigga!"  
"The K the double-O the L the G-R-A-P letters"  
"My mic sound nice, check one"  
"The K the double-O the L the G-R-A-P letters"  
"Sound nice" (cut and scratched)[Kool G. Rap]  
Rougher than Gotti, in tone  
Got a body harder than Flintstone  
Your girl got her skins boned  
I'm diggin her down with my skintone  
It's Brown-er than Bobby cause humpin is my hobby  
Down in the end zone, with mens, that made her friends moan  
Listen and learn and turn on your tuners if he looney  
? ? I break, bang zoom, like Honeymooners  
I don't want singers, but finger snappers, speaker slappers  
The wickeder rapper the dapper rapper's when I flap my trapper  
Got that ass gassed by Amoco, you know you ain't man to go  
dead up, head up, so I set up to slam a hoe  
I don't give a heck, but I don't peck on a redneck  
You wanna pull cards, you're a dead deck, bed check  
Lead my from tec, come and step up and get your head red  
Wait a sec, you comin to see what's left?  
I gotta catch my breath, rappers slayed  
or played like Jeff to the left  
And none of you nitwits can get with this hit shit  
You dipstics, even Miss kiss, but no lipstick  
I don't run a style but a mile to bust a child  
Big ol snappy happy rappers smile like Gomer Pyle  
Hell, I'm ringin bells with a ding-dong  
I play you like ping-pong  
You swingin on my ding-a-long King Kong  
I pop bad cops, I got a pig a day habit  
Bing bing BANG, just like the ricochet rapid  
Grab it, your sound is just like a lady baby, maybe  
you're old as Grady, still in the 80's, metaphors born in Haiti  
I pop to the top, now the hip-hop glock pop rocks  
Whenever it drops, I run over rappers at the record shop  
You name your best I'll say, who, like owls  
Pass me a towel, and I'ma move my bowels all over his vowels

Bring ten men, then I'll send my venom in em  
You ain't gonna win em cause he got a women's momentum  
And I don't wanna hear from this queer  
Cause one of these niggaz just doesn't belong here  
My rhymes are like the nine millimeter Beretta  
Cause anything rappers could do yo I could do it better "The K the double-O the L the G-R-A-P letters"  
"My mic sound nice, check two"  
"The K the double-O the L the G-R-A-P letters"  
"sound nice" (cut and scratched) You no-frill slow toy, cheap thrills, no joy  
My lyrical skills give me Pillsbury Doughboy  
Back, I'm packin em up like Jack the Ripper  
Some pally'll I'm pullin the zipper  
Finger popped, the better the batter or flipper  
You're out of date, you must be the Late Show, I hate those  
puttin on the brakes slow, uh-oh, better get Maaco  
Dead-on, head-on collision, bad decision  
You wanna see me nigga you better check your vision  
It ain't 20/20 money silly bunny your funny  
Your ass'll get smashed just like a crash test dummy  
Retire, an MC that Oscar Meyer could take  
Some of you wacky rappers just play anyway  
that's B-O-L-O-G-N-A  
So come and swing wild, mild child, and get your style hurt  
HEY HEY HEY! Should I say it's Fatter than Albert  
Play at your own risk, if you diss, got a lotta hot groups  
turnin cold, better go and sip on some Swiss Miss  
Inner city, actin like bitties, you're pussy  
so here kitty kitty, come get some milk from my hoe's titties  
Cross at the green not in between or get hit G  
Red light, green light, one two three  
Out for the dash, but in the flash, you shoulda let me pass  
'fore crash, now that ass is in a bodycast  
Everytime I put out my records and tapes  
Motherfuckers go bananas like this was Planet of the Apes  
Grapes I bust em like cherries and lay down, bitches purchase tickets  
to ride the dick and sit down it like a Greyhound  
Down with the clowns actin like killers, as good as wooden soldiers  
See niggaz, you ain't even Magilla Guerillas  
Bass in your face, stingin like mace  
I'm bringin the right taste, hangin like waist  
Pick up the pace

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>