

# Live and Let Die

## Kool G Rap & DJ Polo

"Late last night, two undercover police officers  
were found, brutally murdered in a Fort Greene  
apartment building in Brooklyn, New York.  
At this time, police have no suspects.  
Now to the weather, but first..  
G tell em what time it is!"[Kool G. Rap]  
I got a chance to get some money so I'm takin it  
No joke, because this bein broke shit just ain't makin it  
Cause I grew up in the fast line  
See my pops ran the numbers and my moms held the blackjack games  
Now I'm able to leave the cradle  
I don't remember the dinners, only the kilos on my kitchen table  
Sittin right beside a pistol  
And I'm watchin my pops, pick up bricks made out of crystal  
While he was countin the green  
I seen nothin but strainers, containers, scales and rocks on a triple beam  
People was too afraid to stick him up  
Because he had the most notorious brothers to come and pick him up  
When I reached ten years old  
I never recalled seein any more money and drugs in the household  
Cause now pops was on his feet  
And to keep us from gettin hurt he kept his dirt in the street  
And if he tried to attack, your family's wearin black  
because he just got your death, put on a contract  
Another sucker to rub  
Even my mother's walkin around packin a .357 snub  
And many cops dropped dead  
I seen a man pull out a pistol and blow off an undercover's head  
Cause it's hard to get by  
And that's why, when you're young in the streets  
you gotta live and let dieSome say this ain't the life to choose  
Rage is snapped away you get a page in the Daily News  
But I just wanna get paid off  
Cause if I was workin a regular nine to five I'd get laid off  
Some people say, sellin weight, is a death date  
But I can't wait, to set up shop, in the next state  
I ain't worried bout a brother tryin to take mines  
Cause my plot comes with a hundred shot nine  
Police are right on my heels

But I'm always one step ahead of the punks makin dope deals  
They can't stop me cause I'm proper  
And if they ever try to raid they better bring choppers or helicopters  
I broke a lot of punks ribs  
Dumpin they bodies in lots, then I ran and shot up the cribs  
Because a brother ain't fakin it  
If there's a record for killin the most niggaz then yo I'm breakin it  
I wish a brother would flex  
I spray him up and then take all of his money and give his girl sex  
That's how I'm livin in the street  
You either give a sucker two in the head, or you'll be dead meat  
I'm sendin punks six feet deep  
And gettin money in lumps, cause this ain't Twenty-One Jump Street  
You wanna stop what I supply  
Aiyyo, the hell with that, I gotta live and let die Police, police! Everybody down, everybody down!  
Don't fucking move, get down! \*beep beep\*  
Hey, where is everybody? \*Beep Beep\*  
Look, there's nobody here \*BEEP BEEP BEEP\*  
What's that fucking noise? \*BEEP BEEP BEEP!\*  
It's a bomb, it's a bomb, let's go  
Get the fuck out of here! \*flatline sound\* You gotta live and let die \*explosion\*  
Forget all that bullshit about savin the soul  
Some chump'll pump your ass full of bulletholes  
So I'm out to make a killin  
And all you suckers are chillin cause I ain't just an ordinary villain  
I got a rep for mass murder  
If you look bigger, I just pull the trigger, a female I just hurt her  
I got the .38 long  
But a dame can get the same if she's comin out of her mouth wrong  
And if you try to oppose this  
next time you see your mother she'll be covered with roses  
It ain't about a fair fight  
Because I only get open for smokin suckers in daylight  
Another punk bites the dust  
Cause I just bust blood out your butt like pus  
The broke life I ain't missin  
Because now I got a lot, and that's more than a pot to piss in  
And if I'm sellin you ki's  
Just put the G's on the bed, and then go head and take a freeze  
And while you're numbin your tongue with the yum yum  
I pull out a gun, cause I want every last crumb  
I put a slug in your face  
Then I waits to start packin the trap back in the suitcase  
Another punk had to fry  
I don't want to do it but yo I gotta live and let die"Earlier this morning, five cops were killed

and six were wounded in a raid gone bad.  
Police have no leads. For any information,  
please call, 1-800-Stool-Pigeon.

Now back to you Rob.""A forty-nine year old unidentified male  
went berzerk last night, openly firing  
with a twelve gauge shotgun in a crowded  
downtown resteraunt. 14 people are dead  
including three children and four others  
suffered serious injuries. Police have  
a suspect in custody but are not releasing  
any information until they complete their  
investigation.."

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>