

# 4,5,6

## Kool G Rap

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

4, 5, 6 is in the mix - I'm hittin them with trip's  
Headcrack, time to get the bread black!  
4, 5, 6 is in the mix - I'm hittin them with trip's  
Headcrack, time to get the bread!  
I rolled on every cee-lo corner that I know inside the city  
Kiddies, I got a fat mitt in my pocket lookin pretty  
So who wanna get paid on the block? A thousand's in the pock'  
Now go and grab your knots from the stash spot  
I shake them up and shake them up roll and I break em up  
Two ? and a pound-cake ("Yeah nigga, wake em up!")  
Keepin my fingers wrapped around the joint in case niggaz  
start brawlin, because I see em FALLIN to the strong point  
One by one they losin down the line  
A fifty buck roll, a duck blows, old nigga pay me mine! ("Damn nigga!")  
I grab the dice, place your price, all you men are mice  
Riffin as I'm sippin on a Heineken and gettin nice  
I shake em up they papes are gettin dead, nigga sittin on a Beretta  
said he wanna bet that I don't throw a better  
Now the game is surrounded by some money hungry bitches  
I put the kisses on my fists and rolled the triple sixes  
And once again it be the point, that I shoot  
that be puttin crazy loot, in the pocket of my army suit  
Now who wanna come throw another round  
I rolled a fo', a six, hold up, NOW I seen a fuckin pound  
Yeah you nigga know what the name of the game is  
I'm in yo' anus, cee-lo you know that shit that made a nigga famous  
Because I'm on the ding-dong, I can't go wrong  
Rollin for two hours long and STILL rollin strong  
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"Bettin Grants with the cee-lo champs" -> Nas

I make em sweat from beginners to the vets, I'm a threat  
Some niggaz double up on they fifty bets  
I gotta be nice to the dice, so I'm talkin to em  
I step back, gave a snap on the sidewalk and threw em  
Nigga went and put his foot in the way see, and tried to ace me  
now I've got niggaz rollin to that bitch Tracy  
Yeah, but Tracy ain't so gentle, niggaz thought she was simple  
and loses with two deuces and a fuckin pimple ("A loser!")  
I crack another brew, sit back and watch what niggaz do  
Who threw that 2-U? I'm rollin the whole fuckin crew  
One by one niggaz come payin, that fell to the trey and  
furlough inside the bait, that's what a nigga sayin  
Your luck is tough, I'm makin enough to buy a kilo  
Uh-oh, look out below, I think I rolled another cee-lo  
Pick up my crap, niggaz don't get back a DIME of that  
And keep my hand right by my waist where my nine is at  
One more test, and niggaz quittin, that's zero  
Broke, cryin broke, I'm doin backstrokes in cee-notes  
Crazy pockets are empty, what a god damn shame  
Niggaz you know the name of the game - word the fuck up!  
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