

It's a Shame (Da Butcher's mix)

Kool G Rap

And once again it's big G, runnin' the number
Rockets wearin' Pele jackets fast loot tactics, I'm
Well up in the millionaire bracket The boss of all
Bosses, I own racehorses and a fortress corridors
With Olympic torches and Mona Lisa portraits
Jacuzzis and saunas and eatin' steak at Benny
Harner's Bentley's limousine the front yard stream
Is full of piranhas I'm set, a private jet, I
Drink a lot of Beck's Get a lot of sess condo and
Duplex, diamond infested Rolex Deliver a crown at
The world units with silver china sippin on finer
Wine-r you see more shines than diamond miners The
Highness, kingpin of heroin I'm thorough when I
Have to bring the terror in Handle business in
Each and every borough in town or city, I'm rollin'
Like Frank Nitty, I'm rich and pretty Back up
Kiddies, I got crimies that's grimy and gritty A
Nigga that's spunky and likes to keep his pockets
Chunky makin' most of my money, from all the
Dope fiends and junkies I learned from the best the
Ones that's livin' and the ones that's put to rest
So I bless my chest with a vest and pack a
Smith-N-Wes And then I'm off to get the snaps, not
The scraps The game is be a real mack, the name is
Kool G Rap

Now it's a damn shame, what I gotta do just to
Make a dollar Living in this game, sometimes it
Makes you wanna holler It's a damn shame, what I
Gotta do just to make a dollar Living in this
Game, sometimes it makes you wanna holler

I got a fly hoe up under the wing, a swinger that
Does her thing And if you step inside my ring,
She'll bang it out and make your brains hang She
Sits at restaurant tables with mink foxes and
Sables drinkin' Cherenade brand label she'll rock a
Sucker's cradle And yeah, honey is more bounce to
The ounce She walks around with Gucci in large

Amounts Millions inside Swiss bank accounts Her
Name is Tammy, got a beach house in Miami Rides
Around with a small jammy in her silk and satin
Panties A down hoe, a Foxy Brown hoe, standin' her
Ground hoe And if you clown yo she'll turn into a
Bust a round hoe Fly as a Heaven's Angel got
Sapphires in her bangles Diamond earrings hangin'
Dingle gettin' money from all angles She's pretty
Under the New York city bright lights and real
Light, way after midnight, I hit it cause the
Slit's tight wake up early and make my rounds,
Break up break down packin' a silver four pound,
Some clowns be trying to get down Light up a smoke
And grab a stack of C-notes Them slick stick up
Kids don't get no free dough bro 'cause I ain't
Tryin' to be broke I goes all out for G Rap and
This honey nothin' funny It's a damn shame, what I
Gotta do to get the money

Now it's a damn shame, what I gotta do just to
Make a dollar living in this game, sometimes it
Makes me wanna holler It's a damn shame, what I
Gotta do just to make a dollar living in this
Game, sometimes it makes me wanna holler

[Repeat x8]

No it ain't no sleeping over

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