

Death Blow

Kool Moe Dee

To the break of dawn
To the to the to the
Times up punk
Yeah yeah Time to settle the score
To the break of dawn another dumb move
Ha ha ha, this time it's over boy
This is me and you head to head let's go Here we go beat down round 2
Heads up punk 'cause it all comes down to
Me and you face to face head to head
Mic to mic I like the weak shit you said To the break of dawn-- beats: nitro
Lyrics: weak
say goodnight 'cho
Star Trek shades, man cut the joke
Let's get serious and go for broke You still got a lock on my jock like a pit bull victim
before you pull it off you thought Mr. Pitiful
Here's some mouthwash, G
Your breath smells like my jockstrap C-A-U-S-E, you're ridin' me, T-O-D-D, junior Moe Dee
Stop biting, chewing, swallowing
Who in the hell told you that you could do what you were doing
Raise up son, I need jock relief Here's a toothpick, now get my jock out your teeth
You swallow it, yea, finish, burp
Now let a real man go to work
'Cause I'm a whip you like your daddy, beat ya like a baby Sick ya like a dog, dropping lyrics wit rabies
Cut ya like a knife 'cause you're nuthin' but hype
You're sliced and diced and iced twice for life
I'm a treat ya like a hooker punk, change your clothes Put you on the streets wit your "Jingle it " hoes
Keep talking about me and I'll keep pimping
Just bring me that money and take this last whipping
How can one man be so dumb You're trying to come off and don't know how to come
You're young and dumb and quick of the tongue
high strung bum
come and get done
I'll do you wit a death blow Kill 'em, kill 'em
I'll hit ya wit a death blow My lyrical beat down will leave ya in a coma
'Cause you can't hang without a high school diploma
Your brain is fatigued, you're out of your league
You're running out of gas and you're tank is on "E" Somebody buy him a heart 'cause he's petro
Take you're whipping like a man brother let go
No apologies, tears or violins

Get your black suits 'cause I ain't smiling I'm shooting the gift of gab, brother you're ripped in half
Soon as the mic is past, you won't live to laugh
If there's laughter, I'll get the last one
You loafed on the lyrics and you caught a bad one So who's got no style, look at your profile
You can't dance, can't dress and you're so foul
Still wearing played out 4-finger rings
Played out fat gold chains and things You changed your look now change your game plan
Trying to dress but you still wear name brand
Brother, you look crazy weak
And it gets worse when we hear you speak So you ain't got a chance in hell
You'll be known as the late LL
The man who lost one, one too often
Came wit a soft one and went to his coffin A close casket they won't show ya
When I finish, you're mama won't know ya
'Cause I'm a rip you limb from limb
You tombstone'll read he had no win So RIP, Rest in peace, rip 'em
D.I.D., dead indeed, did 'em
H I T, hitman, so whatcha hit 'em wit
A rhyme silencer, I hit 'em wit a death blow Kill 'em, kill 'em
I'll hit ya wit a death blow If mama said knock me out, come do it
You can't win and that [unverified] knew it
I'm a send you home in a body bag
With a mic in your throat and a jock for a gag You're out of here, over, finished, all in
And Marly Marl can't save you from fallin'
'Cause as soon as you came back what did you do
To the break of dawn, another dumb move You can't go hard, you're just so so Todd
"I'm that type of guy?", oh my God
It's gets no rougher comes no weaker
Marly hooked the beats so now you need a Writer to bring you back from hell
Because I'm a rock up L
Low life loser, lifelike loon
A lackadaisical, listless lunatic
lives lifeless, living likeness
Lusting longing lyrics like this
Little league, lard larcenist liar
Label ledger, left the leper liable, lull, lateral learning
Lax, languid, latent lurking
Language, language, local logo
Light laboring, limited local Now LL's a laughing stock
'Cause I bit that ass to the last stop
I watched you fall like Hitler fell
And now you're down to a broken L You're records ain't hot and you're shows don't sell
Yo, tell 'em how you fell L, hard as hell
You came back and you thought you had me
But think about it,

who's your daddy Kill 'em Big daddy, I don't want none
I did 'em wit a death blow
To the break of dawn
To the, to the, to the, get him out of here[Unverified]

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