

Ill Street Blues (A Capella Version)

Kool G Rap & DJ Polo

Aw yeah word up word to mother. Here comes G. Rap with another one why'all.

We going to swing it like this...

I'm right in front of my front steps thinking of a plan

Looking like Raggedy Ann no dough in hand kicking a can

Thinking of a plot to pull some bank in

Because I'm dead and stinking

Soles on my shoes winking t shirt is shrinking

Soon I see some ties and my eyes open wide quick

Who's that with you, chick? Bill Blass my sidekick

What's up, black? Give his hand a smack

Up pulls a Cadillac, yo baby we'll be back

Jumped right on inside, not too many people saw us

Thinking about who gotta get robbed because the mob got a job for us

The drove us down to the sober section

Of town where the clowns don't be paying for protection

The want us to send a message to Jimmy the bartender

Lend a friend the money next you're ripping off his car fenders

He's coming up short cause he snorts

Coke, dope, nope, and hope he don't get caught

He owes some Benjamin Franklins, every last bit of em

But Jimmy's pockets are empty, so now we gotta get rid of him

But Jimmy's wife is with him and they don't want to involve her

Hopped out the back seat they gave me a revolver

Blass, you distract him while I go and whack him

Entered through the back side of the bar and then attacked him

He's screaming for his life, reaching for his wife

Shot him in the back of the head and shanked him with a knife

And that goes for anybody who's gotta pay they dues

You lose, cause I got the Ill Street Blues[Chorus:]

You lose, cause I got the Ill Street Blues (repeat 4x)

Suckers I clobber, because my town is full of cops and robbers

You're not promised tomorrow in this Little Shop of Horrors

So I got to get with the business of hit quick

Moneygrip's pocket's looking thick so I stick Slick

Hold it right here, hands in the air, I know you got the loot

Or better yet, face down on the ground, empty your pockets troop

Hit the deck I got the Tech right on your neck

And I expect to make a buck to heck with a traveller's check

But if a vic' tries to choke me

I'll have to smoke him like I'm Smokey the Bear, so okie dokie
Goodbye, or bon voyage, have a good journey
Don't even try begging for your life, that don't concern me
So to the next weasel that freezes
Your begging and your pleases only getting your closer to meeting Jesus
Yeah, I shake a schmuck just to make a buck
Then I break a duck and if the duck gotta get bucked then I don't give a fuck
Hyper as a sniper piping niggas like a plumber
Cold vicking and sticking up the ones that run the numbers
Or even a bigger score, the lady in the liquor store
Go inside and kick in the door, pull her then I'm stickin her for
Money or your life, honey hurry and choose
You lose, because I got the Ill Street Blues[Chorus]Extra extra read all about it in the papers
The boss tried to rape us, so we tossed him off the skyscraper
Because he pulled some other people to try and hit us
Get us, but none of them did us, he must be trying to kid us
But that's dead, I'll thank God in the red, 'cross the bread borders
So nobody can short us, he fled down to headquarters
Ready to put some work in, we're not a lazy crew, we'll do a job or two
But yo, the man can't even stick me with some Crazy Glue
Ready to tore him even more because she saw him
We took out all the lookouts in the front and kicked his door in
What's up snake, why'd you violate?
Because I'm a hossa (What's that?)
Yo, that's a pig that don't fly straight
Getting ready to jab him, I grabbed him by the necktie
Homie tried to get fly, and swing I gave him a decked eye
You know the evil that men do, hell is where the men go
We snatched him by his hands and feet and threw him out the window
Up, up, and away cause I don't play, clown
Buck, buck, buck, take that with you on the way down
I'm hoping you got springs and wings on your shoes
But you lose, because I got the Ill Street Blues

Songwriters

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