

Letters (Clean Edit Version)

Kool G Rap & DJ Polo

"What are you going to do?" (2X)
"Nigga!"
"The K the double-O the L the G-R-A-P letters"
"My mic sound nice, check one"
"The K the double-O the L the G-R-A-P letters"
"Sound nice" (cut and scratched)[Kool G. Rap]
Rougher than Gotti, in tone
Got a body harder than Flintstone
Your girl got her skins boned
I'm diggin her down with my skintone
It's Brown-er than Bobby cause humpin is my hobby
Down in the end zone, with mens, that made her friends moan
Listen and learn and turn on your tuners if he looney
? ? I break, bang zoom, like Honeymooners
I don't want singers, but finger snappers, speaker slappers
The wickeder rapper the dapper rapper's when I flap my trapper
Got that ass gassed by Amoco, you know you ain't man to go
dead up, head up, so I set up to slam a hoe
I don't give a heck, but I don't peck on a redneck
You wanna pull cards, you're a dead deck, bed check
Lead my from tec, come and step up and get your head red
Wait a sec, you comin to see what's left?
I gotta catch my breath, rappers slayed
or played like Jeff to the left
And none of you nitwits can get with this hit shit
You dipstics, even Miss kiss, but no lipstick
I don't run a style but a mile to bust a child
Big ol snappy happy rappers smile like Gomer Pyle
Hell, I'm ringin bells with a ding-dong
I play you like ping-pong
You swingin on my ding-a-long King Kong
I pop bad cops, I got a pig a day habit
Bing bing BANG, just like the ricochet rapid
Grab it, your sound is just like a lady baby, maybe
you're old as Grady, still in the 80's, metaphors born in Haiti
I pop to the top, now the hip-hop glock pop rocks
Whenever it drops, I run over rappers at the record shop
You name your best I'll say, who, like owls
Pass me a towel, and I'ma move my bowels all over his vowels

Bring ten men, then I'll send my venom in em
You ain't gonna win em cause he got a women's momentum
And I don't wanna hear from this queer
Cause one of these niggaz just doesn't belong here
My rhymes are like the nine millimeter Beretta
Cause anything rappers could do yo I could do it better "The K the double-O the L the G-R-A-P letters"
"My mic sound nice, check two"
"The K the double-O the L the G-R-A-P letters"
"sound nice" (cut and scratched) You no-frill slow toy, cheap thrills, no joy
My lyrical skills give me Pillsbury Doughboy
Back, I'm packin em up like Jack the Ripper
Some pally'll I'm pullin the zipper
Finger popped, the better the batter or flipper
You're out of date, you must be the Late Show, I hate those
puttin on the brakes slow, uh-oh, better get Maaco
Dead-on, head-on collision, bad decision
You wanna see me nigga you better check your vision
It ain't 20/20 money silly bunny your funny
Your ass'll get smashed just like a crash test dummy
Retire, an MC that Oscar Meyer could take
Some of you wacky rappers just play anyway
that's B-O-L-O-G-N-A
So come and swing wild, mild child, and get your style hurt
HEY HEY HEY! Should I say it's Fatter than Albert
Play at your own risk, if you diss, got a lotta hot groups
turnin cold, better go and sip on some Swiss Miss
Inner city, actin like bitties, you're pussy
so here kitty kitty, come get some milk from my hoe's titties
Cross at the green not in between or get hit G
Red light, green light, one two three
Out for the dash, but in the flash, you shoulda let me pass
'fore crash, now that ass is in a bodycast
Everytime I put out my records and tapes
Motherfuckers go bananas like this was Planet of the Apes
Grapes I bust em like cherries and lay down, bitches purchase tickets
to ride the dick and sit down it like a Greyhound
Down with the clowns actin like killers, as good as wooden soldiers
See niggaz, you ain't even Magilla Guerillas
Bass in your face, stingin like mace
I'm bringin the right taste, hangin like waist
Pick up the pace

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