It's A Shame

Kool G Rap

And once again it's big G, runnin the number rackets
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 pirahnas
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-are 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 dopefiends 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 cool 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 want to holler
It's a damn shame, what I gotta do just to make a dollar
Living in this game, sometimes it makes you want to 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 lucci 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 see-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 want to holler
It's a damn shame, what I gotta do just to make a dollar
Living in this game, sometimes it makes me want to holler

No it ain't no sleeping over [Repeat until fade]

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by WILSON, NATHANIEL THOMAS / VENABLE, ANDREW
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/