

# ILL Street Blues

## Kool G Rap

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

[Chorus]

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