Kiss Of Death

Sparkadia

They tryin-they comin' for my head po
They're tryin' to put pressure on a nigga
Huh, short notice
Got sumpin' for them niggaz though yo
I'm like the Dow Jones of rap, my stocks is high
And it never was all of, so stop the lies
Mothafuck as'll blow your brains out, and watch you bleed
The same niggaz that you trust, let 'em watch your seed
You got a dead niggaz, money don't stop the greed
That's why now I gotta rock my vest, pop my 3
And whoever die first, may God forgive
The nigga who lives, sometimes you gotta handle your biz
To my niggaz when I die, keep inhalin' the lye
And come to my wake high, when your tellin' me bye
What goes around comes around, am I comin' or goin'?
All I'm tryin' to do is leave you numb, gunnin' or flowin'
I might cock back the gauge, and start shootin' at 'cha people
I'm lookin' for the devil 'cuz money's the root of evil
And 'Kiss won't be happy 'til my Bezel look see-thru
Until I flood N Y with pediquo and diesle
Catch me with the top, off my whip
Bust my gun while it's still tucked so you could hop, off my dick
I run with a few parolees, all thieves, that rocks ice
Blue pacholies and rolies
At the mob meetin', keep quite when the God speakin'
Squeeze my joint, 'til my mothafuckin' palm squeakin'
And nevermind who the lox'll sign to that's right
What difference do it make nigga?
Just listen to the tape nigga c'mon
Jay to the mmwwaa, hustle coke, ryde or die
Kiss hand-wash money, let it drip dry
Jay to the mmwwaa, keep cowards on their toes
Kiss push the drop, rock the ice, get the hoes
Jay to the mmwwaa got the smash on the block
Kiss got the label's tellin' niggaz not to drop tell 'em
Everthing you get, you really don't expect naw
'Cuz when you Jay to the mmwwaa, you kiss to the death
Yeah, Yo, Yo
I wanna know, is the promise land heaven or hell?

'Cuz the niggaz that made promises, most of them fell
If you hungry, then I got some niggaz servin' the shells
With no sauce, and they silver, only take one to kill you
It's a small world, so you better guard your secrets
And it's easy to get money, but it's hard to keep it
Never was the one that like to hound no bitch
All I do is try to keep niggaz around me rich
Screw all-a-y'all cowards, I consider you lames
Had to save my lunch money just to get in the game
That was back when I used-ta have a mean back-spin
And no mack-10, it was just bats then
U know, beat a nigga down, take his rope
Now we-a, heat a nigga down, take his coke
And you can call me if you wanna bye them thangs
I get 'em half-price 'cuz papi know my name
Call me, Jay to the mmwwaa
And everything you got in your livin room, I got in my car
'Cept for the bar I try to put a little money away
'Cuz you know they say, tommorrow ain't promised today
Either bubblin' or strugglin', nuttin between
Or have a grimie nigga like me, fuckin' ya Queen
And the Kiss only do shit with niggaz I know that's right
And the outside nigga can't fuck up my flow c'mon
Jay to the mmwwaa, hustle coke, ryde or die
Kiss hand-wash money, let it drip dry
Jay to the mmwwaa, keep cowards on their toes
Kiss push the drop, rock the ice, get the hoes
Jay to the mmwwaa got the smash on the block
Kiss got the label's tellin' niggaz not to drop
Everthing you get, you really don't expect
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