

LL Cool J, Farmers Boulevard (Our Anthem)

(Hey man, don't you realize
In order for us to make this thing work, man
We've got to get rid of the pimps, and the pushers, and the prostitutes?)

Ba-ha-ha-ha...
Yes, yes, y'all

[Cool J] □ Ah, ah
That's funky
[Marley Marl] Yeah
Hey yo, Marley, man
[Marley Marl] Yo, what's up, man?
[Cool J] □ Hey yo, man
You know
We was gettin busy on the album everyday
We been gettin funky, but
I wanna take this jam back to Farmers
Knowmsayin?
[Marley Marl] Yo, let's go back on Farmers
And get some of them early MC's
You used to be kickin it with back in the day?
[Cool J] □ Yeah, yeah, yeah
[Marley Marl] Yo, let's do a jam with them
[Cool J] □ Aight, bet
But first I gotta like introduce it
Youknowmsayin?
[Marley Marl] Aight, kick it...

(Farmers Boulevard)

[LL Cool J]
Back in the days, before I was Cool J
I used to hang up on the corner, pumpin Games People Play
Sittin on a garbage can, rhymin to my man
Talkin bout big money and future plans
I always told the brothers, if I got a contract
When the money started flowin, I'd be back
To do a jam, against all odds
Introducing rapper 1 from Farmers Boulevard

[Bomb]
Hey yo, B-o-m-b, bomb explosion
Attack like a cat when I'm trapped and I'm closed in
Sharp-ass claws, and I break all laws
In a while all jaws, cause I'm perfect, no flaws
Now I'm back to Farmers on some new improved
(Sh...) I'm makin moves, not fakin moves
So don't you never come around here, talkin that talk
Or walkin that walk, you'll get played like a sport
Football, soccer, whatever you savour
You're a tramp and a pussycat, ready for labor
Ha! L'll have you breakin locks
I'll have you cookin fried rice in a big steel box
The type of skills that I got reigned for years
No worry or cares, your crew'll shed tears
'Hip-hip-hooray, he's back!' Yo, save the cheers
Suckers, I'm drinkin forties of beers
On the Boulevard

[Cool J] □ Funky, funky, funky rhymes bein said here
[Marley Marl] Hey yo, hey yo
Hey yo Uncle L, let's go...
[Cool J] □ Yeah man, I wanna check out my man Big Money Grip
Yo, what's up, man

Kick a little somethin

[Big Money Grip]

Kick out the can and slam
Summertime, C.I.A. step into the jam
Reach for the mic, and the punks start to fold up
And the brothers start fleein like it's a hold-up
Some step aside, but a few play me close
Never worry, cause the brother who cross me's gettin burried
And the fool who wants to deal with another dose
I see to it in a hour that the mutha is comatose
Farmers Boulevard, the place
Handin me a mic is like givin a chainsaw to Leatherface
Smokin MC's in an instant
At my side bustin caps is T-Boogie, my assistant
Throw that speaker in the trash
Why's that? Cause Gangster Boogie gave the woofer a gash
Big Money Grip makin you get up
Farmers Crew's in effect, we never heard of a head-up

[Marley Marl] Yo, yo, yo

It's kinda funky out here on the boulevard, yo
[Cool J] □ Yeah, we livin chinese people in a turkish bath, baby
[Marley Marl] Hi C over there, man
[Cool J] □ Yo, what's up Hi C...

[Hi C]

Hi C on the scene, at last to bust a funky rhyme
More than a line on time, because I'm gettin mine
Never underestimate the skill of a great one
The Boulevard Lord, shorts, never take none
Another funky rapper from around the way
Leavin bodies at a party, cause somebody gotta pay
Boy, you been told, put your lips on hold
All you remember is a barrel and a mouth full of gold
Spreadin terror on the street like they was in the past
Any punks on the block, yo, never could last
And I never feel sorry for a sucker I gained on
Any slick talker, yo, he's bound to get rained on
At any Farmers party at my side is a Mag
(One time a sucker got ill and went out in a bodybag)
Fear will erupt through the heart of another
The Farmers Crew will never fall, that's word to the mother

[Marley Marl] Yo, yo

It's kinda funky out here
Yo, yo, yo, Hi C
Yo man, y'all kinda funky out here, yo
I was -
Yo, what's up?
[crew member] ...9 years ago, man
Youknowmsayin?
[Cool J] □ Farmers Boulevard, baby
[Marley Marl] Yo, I was kinda -
I was kinda stagnant to sleep on it
But yo, L
Won't you - won't you sum it all up for the people, aight?
[Cool J] □ Aight, let me sum this up

[LL Cool J]

Now you heard the brothers speakin bout the street that we're from
Rhymes hittin, beats kickin, you can't get none
F-a-r-m-e-r-s passin the test
Marley Marl in the background doin the rest
Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti-do, do-ti-la-so-fa-mi-re-do, kato

Get up out my face before I play you like Play-Doh
I did a jam against all odds
And it was dedicated to Farmers Boulevard

(Farmers Boulevard)

Keep on

(Farmers Boulevard)

To the beat, y'all
A funky beat, y'all
Yes, yes, y'all
You don't stop