

# LL Cool J, Droppin em

[LL Cool J]

Just like Pauline you all-in..

Oooooahhhh

Brace yourself, I'm the ace with grace

I'ma win the race and make you feel disgrace

In any case, yo, I'm movin like a steeplechase

MC soldiers -- about face

Now step off, I need room for my takeoff

My custom made lyrics slays, yours are soft

I think you better tape this, yo, you can't escape this

Yo, I planned it out just like a landscapist

Whipper-snapper back up for comin crap up

I plan to trap a MC and kidnap em

Phony, so skip the baloney

You and your cronies need to jump on a pony

and roll, cause you're just a rookie

When it was time for rap school, you musta played hooky

I'm the show-stopper, your rhymes are improper

I'ma teach you like the master taught the grasshopper

Just gettin warmer, I'm a transform a

regular rhyme into a barnstormer

Try to jump I'll bump you chump, my job is thorough

Any MC, state city or borough'll get ragged

I drop like a sandbag

Serious as the mob - I don't play tag

Best of the batch, no man can catch up

Hoes can't be passed, a battle's a mismatch

I flip lyrics, like a acrobat

and avoid combat like a diplomat

But when it's time for battles, ?? jacked or killed

It's a thrill to drill a run of the mill Bill

with my skill, I'm the lord of the rhymes

And I be writin at a rate that pace way past my bedtime

I rock the mic unlike

some brothers I know, I guess they flow, PSYCH

I'm droppin em

Droppin em

Yo, you're all in, stiff as a mannequin

I'm sharp as a pen and I'ma teach discipline

I get busy like it's two of me

Evidently, I'm hated by a few MC's

But so what? I just max like I'm playin the sax

and take the crowd to the climax

Yo - Cool J, I'll never go astray

I'm funky you can hear me at the Milky Way

You're weak, wick raps, I'm cool as jazz

Got razamatazz ask my man Shabazz

I know you're afraid because I'm self-made

I invade, and blow up like a hand grenade

MC's are terrorstruck, I'ma run amuck

Cause your rhymes suck, you made a record on potluck

Just a toy boy, can't stop my convoy

Rhymes I said last year were just decoys

I'm like a fox, you annoy me like chicken pox

I'm back with a style that's unorthodox

You musta had a teaspoon full of bull

I'm like The Hulk, with more bulk, I'm powerful

They try to get with this, to me that's an insult

Boys shouldn't mess with an adult, that's too difficult

I enter like a giant sayin fee fi foe fum

Then rock the auditorium until it's pandemonium

I'm droppin em

Yo E, droppin em

Don't sleep - cause I'ma go deeper

All you sleepers, I'm the Grim Reaper  
My rhymes are rising, the angle's gettin steeper  
I hated Mussolini Martini so I'ma sweep a  
emcee, like he's one of the two  
Break him into fragments right in front of you  
Mic check one two, is too fundamental  
My rhymes are monumental over an instrumental  
In the center, I had to enter  
Tormentor mentor experimenter and inventor  
of lyrics, so all you non-believers  
It'll echo in your dreams at night when you receive a  
rude awakening, you can't do anything  
You enter my kingdom and you cry as men bring  
gifts to the prince of excellence and magnificence  
Alarm clock rings, you wake up, and you're convinced  
that the crew invader, soloist exterminator  
greater evader of ducks, concert crusader  
is BAD, my nickname's the circuit breaker  
Eatin up the world, acre by acre  
I'm droppin em  
Word to mother, droppin em!  
Knowhatl'msayin? Straight til 1999, droppin em!  
Yo, year two thousand, yaknahmsayin?  
Audi man  
Yo I'm droppin em