

LL Cool J, Eat Em Up L Chill

Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Chill
(Eat em up, L)
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(Eat em up, L)

[VERSE 1]

Bring on the mo's and ho's
Don't snooze or doze
Cause I'm rippin up shows
Hold your nose, dead bodies are around
I leave scratch marks under the tears of a clown
I write rhymes that shine like lipstick
So much material, but not materialistic
Imperial styles I use
When the mic is lifted the crowd is amused
Come with it, if you feel you're full-fledged
Or yell "Geronimo!" and jump off the edge
Your e-n-d is near when I appear
The stage is yours, but wait until the smoke clears
Rhyme sayer, and I'm here to lay a load
So watch a player when he's playin in player mode
Uncle L's bad, and you're soon to say
Cause I rip the mic until the toon decay

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[VERSE 2]

MC's are dumb, I catch em in a dragnet
You're not complete, I'm battlin a fragment
So creative and witty and outstandin
And I be demandin that you're abandoned
In the desert or a wild west town
While I'm at your crib on a cherry-go-round
Where will she stop? No one knows
Like I said before, bring on the mo's and ho's
I know my abc's and my p's and q's
Just chill and listen to the rhyme cruise
All aboard, the cod is a reward
Some were ignored when they toured for they bored
The crowd was aloud, lyrics weren't endowed
Took a crack of the 40 and went to show em how
You like me now, but you didn't before
Cause you forgot I was raw

Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Chill
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Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Chill
(Yo, eat em up, L)

Ah

Future of the funk, ah

(Go 'head, baby)

(Do it)

Go 'head, baby

(Do it)

Yeah

(Do it)

Chill

(Eat em up, L)

Chill

(Eat em up, L)

Chill

(Eat em up, L)

Chill

(Yo, eat em up, L) (2x)

[VERSE 3]

It's so visual the way I'm throwin down

Visualize MC's goin down

In a barrage of bullets combined with rhymes

The moral of the story is: I'ma get mines

I saw the cord-less, boy, I'm gonna house that

Your rhymes are cheesy, you found em in a mouse trap

Don't try to front while the freestyle's droppin

He wants to battle, he must be needle-poppin

You better notify your next akin

Cause when I begin it's like a needle to the skin

If you wasn't prepared

Then you ought to be scared

But even if you was

You're aware what the rhyme does

I remember when you was an amateur

Writin your rhymes, starin at my signature

Bought the album, analyzed the style

Tisk-tisk (Hatchew!) God bless you, child

I'm unique when I speak to a beat

Another rapper'll fall when the mission's complete

I daze and amaze, my display's a faze

Every phrase is a maze as Uncle L slays

The competition that's lost in a freestyle

Cause on the mic I'm the golden child

With the magical wand that they're callin a mike

And when MC's approach it turns into a spike

Chill

(Eat em up, L)

Chill

(Eat em up, L)

Chill

(Eat em up, L)

Chill

(Eat em up, L)

Why don't you just chill

(Eat em up, L)

Yeah

Yeah

I wanna say what's up to my man Kool Herc
And my man Afrika Bambaataa and the Zulu Nation
Know what what I'm sayin
My man Marley Marl and DJ Clash
My man B-Blast
Rush Town
Def Jam
We in the house
Of course I gotta say what's up to my homeboys EPMD
Yeah
I get busy
Peace