LL Cool J, God Bless

[Intro:]

Uh Definitely gonna be butter, nahmean? It's gone be butter, nahmean? Uh, swerve on em, uh yeah Crack the Mo, here we go I'm in the mood to let the chickenheads flow Son, no doubt, god it's real Every member of my clique is equipped with steel Suga, let's (HEESHA!), uhh, god bless

[Verse 1:]

Just the type of man that can lace the crowd Which ya hands on ya [BLANK] or you could raise them proud I bust shots off Put my hands on my shorty and I make it hot-ter I got a lock ya, flavour to bring Got the championships so I'ma savour the ring Church boy, raised by my grandmomma Home-bred, I dead all the drama I'm like the mystical funk technician It's a sign of the times, guards on a mission

[Chorus:] God bless ya lover, god bless you [x4]

[Verse 2:]

Have mercy! Nowadays I got them other niggas acting thirsty Bless the sky, energy created by my third child Swerve wit it, get it get it Feels good to bust shots at the critics You crave more taste of my funk When my track drop ain't enough space in ya trunk Soul for real, but not the group I'm solo goin for dolo in the drop Coupe I distribute melodies while ya gold trees Step a dip like a flip, '96 kis

[Chorus x 2]

Matter fact take it to the bridge

[Bridge:] God bless God bless ya lover [repeat]

[Verse 3:]

Honey dippin off my Nautica sleeves With them Gortex boots, that compliment all the cheese Shouldn't hate me cos I'm raw (I thought you fell off kid!) You said that shit before But you see miracles when you're lyrical Off some LL shit, chickens get hysterical Cos I..... form like Voltron Let's get it on and take ya chime bomb [explosion] Knock it off I like your style but it's a slight bit soft Son, the LL rule, huh I pick it up and lay it down mad cool It'll cost you a fortune (What?) For me to make it hot, heat it up and keep it scorchin

[Chorus to fade]

[Outro: (over chorus)] It's all built for '96 kid! No diggity, ?Rehaud? lace me Nahmean? Lil Chris in the house Ol Moms, Big E and the fam Yo son, who's next?