

# LL Cool J, It Gets No Rougher

[Intro: LL Cool J]

Let me tell you somethin' about an a-b-c style  
The a the b the c the d the e the f the g the h the i the j the k  
the l the m the n the o the p the q the r the s the t the u the v  
w, x, y, z, it's bullshit to me

[LL Cool J]

Rhyme to the rhythm of a or should I give a brother time  
and move on, you better get another vick to work with - or quit  
Cause I'm on some ol' L shit  
Capable of murder but I never committed  
Takin' no shorts so you better forget it  
Tracklin' the world on my tone deafen station, taught her  
Supercalifalistic emcee excutioner  
Wicked witch, diggin' your ditch  
givin' ya stitch by stitch, ain't this a bitch  
Sweeter than lemonade, stronger than a hand-grenade  
Rhymes are laid, go deeper than a mermaid  
Louder than a siren, I'm not retirin'  
Despirin', admirin' the way I'm gettin' fly and  
I sees ecleptoos and I resent those  
brothers who slept on, when they shoulda kept on  
Rollin' with rush it don't get no rougher  
I stopper, huffer and puffer, a buffer, suffer  
I was holdin' back the man superior, right?  
You wanna take my title, yo, you'll be aight  
You stand below the plateau I stand on  
You want my faction to put the man on  
I Shake'n'Bake and break the laws of gravity  
And if you chew on, you'll get a cavity  
Cause I'm a giant, and you're a pee-wee  
And all that LL shit, you can't see me  
You're cheap and weak, incomplete and off-peak  
ER-ERM!! Cause it gets no rougher  
It gets no rougher

Yo man, you know how to take the order a-b-c emcee's youknowwhatl'msayin'?  
Yo, cuttin' ain't no joke, yo L, release the juice on 'em

[LL Cool J]

I release the juice smack dab in your face  
Do damage, I'm pickin' up the pace  
My mics' like a torch when I'm walkin' at nighttime  
straight to the dome, it's like a pipe-line  
High speed, stronger than Thai-Weed  
And before you pick up the mic to get fly  
You need all the dope khaki's that you can feature  
So I can serve you, you know the procedure  
Listen to the man intellectualize, visualize  
Your whole posse gettin' paralysed  
I don't wanna hear no alibi's, don't apologize  
ER-ERM-ERM, I 'll put the highs' in your EYES!!  
The bass in your face, like you ditch the attorney, I'm on the case  
With rhymes that'll hit ya, get ya and sit ya down  
The competition is booty get the picture now?  
Skip the record, my road, to get me-a-go  
I'm figurin' yo, nigga you know  
I won't allow, not now, no way, no how  
any form of disrespect, you better bow  
Time gets rough to swamp I do it pump  
in between my jaws adversaries got chomped  
The cordless mic is my only utensil  
Lyrics you be runnin', I break 'em like a pencil  
Cause I'm massive, and you're a small fry

You're all in, a stunt, a fall-guy  
Outta order I smolder blacks to make you SUFFER!!  
Cause it gets no rougher, it gets no rougher

Shut up, the alley cats' got attention to get  
and drop these L dope lyrics on ya, the beat is pumpin', youknowl'msayin'?  
Tell 'em

[LL Cool J]

Let me ask you ask a question...  
You could take the game of rap and rule it alone  
Demonstrate many styles on the microphone  
Build an empire like an African King  
I had to show Apu Jack the Ripper could swing  
I'ma rappers nightmare, I crush my opponents  
There's only one title - I own it  
Emcee's flip-flop, I bust out the workshop  
They try to eve'sdrop, goin' to make rock  
Aerodynamically, it's all automatically  
the way I jiggly full of originality  
Shay-shop 'em and stop 'em like a cheetah and an antelope  
Then I cut 'em like a cantalope - on the table  
they ain't able, I'm a legend, not a fable, gotta keep it stable  
Crack your back bone, harder than grimstone  
Doin' your justice overseein' like a chaporone  
Huh, on the hip-hop scene, I got shit sewn up like a sewin' machine  
Eat a rapper like a sandwich, leave 'em in a bandit  
Crack the stage and leave the audience damaged

[Interlude: LL Cool J]

Yeah, get funky on that cut, get funky on it  
(Yo, L, them lyrics is dope man youknowl'msayin'?  
you better raw sick for years..) this how we do it dogg  
(...Pump that good man, let's cut us some real, real somethin')  
Yo, bust this

[LL Cool J]

I'm kinda like a soldier, see I told ya  
When I pick up the mic I'ma hold ya  
captive, a mack-tive, I'll make sure I'll track it  
L'll speak a cell a sneak as your backs' gettin' weaker  
I freak the beat and get shieker  
Rule over King, you're too over-eager  
You're tryin' to make a move for  
I'ma prove you're ridiculous  
I think he was jealous and in the mood for an ass-kickin'  
When you mess with, the man with the plan  
mic in his hand and a fresh skit  
R-O-U-G-H-E-R, ROUGHER!! So here we are  
Face to face, mic to mic, man to man  
While your battle ship is sinkin' in quicksand  
Strappin' to the bottom like a two-ton anchor  
And break, pull the rope, point blank, I'm a sniper  
Rapper like a pack, step on 'em like a mack  
My DJ Cut-Creator scratch a record like a cat  
E at my side with pride who got a bigger rep  
Shh... smoke the mic like a cigarette  
Every puff is rough I pull, kill a bull  
One toke, your crews' a joke  
I run through rappers like runnin' through rubber holes is  
Nigga, I'm comin' up roses  
Step back - I got the title - bear-witness to a dope recital  
I've killed many men my friend and I'ma do it again and again and again  
Cause it gets no rougher

[Outro: LL Cool J]  
YouknowI'msayin'? I'm rulin' this game  
It don't get no rougher, peace, LL Cool J