

LL Cool J / Grandmaster Caz**"This is Ring Tone M"**

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[Chorus: Grandmaster Caz (LL Cool J)] Clap ya hands
and to the beat, ya'll Because the heat'll make you,
clap ya hands and say You go the one for the cash, two
for the safe (This is ring tone murder) Let's dog the
place [LL Cool J] My bars are like a bullet, blow your
head right off Hate on the trigger, pull it, give your
mouth a night off Give your sound man a c-note to cut
your mic off The promoters need me, nigga, you just a
write-off After that, hit the dress room, turn the lights
off Score on the fourth broad, let her break my pipe off
I used the word 'off' seven times in a rhyme You dumb
enough to think I got a limited mind But before you
start tweaking, critiquing, pressing rewind Einstein
understand, that your third eye's blind You lack
creativity, that's why you don't sign They calling me a
genius, it's about time I'm like the tattoos on your
mama's behind I bounce up and down, and at the end
I'mma sign And I will humiliate anybody that want it I'm
back on stop, it hurts little homey, don't it? [Chorus] [LL
Cool J] It's obvious these clowns don't know who I am
Most who didn't get the message, nigga, check the
spam Get your facts right, take your dick out your hand
No homo, but you probably on the low-low, damn They
call Uncle L, I'm from the north side of Queens Now you
looking at me, like what does that mean It means I
crush you and every coward in between For sounding
like girls with them sweet sixteens And I don't give a
fuck about who's old or young From what I hear, the
graveyard got room for everyone Test Big Ellie, come
and get your head sprung Which coffin you want, the
blue or the red one? I ain't gang banging, that ain't the
muthafuckin' point The point is, I spark these niggas
like dust joints The point is you gon' pay me what you
owe me plus points Listen to the sound of revenge, it's
my voice [Chorus] [LL Cool J] Run around talking bout
I'm twice ya age But I was rich at 17, you got some shit
to explain Rap game's like a movie, niggas playing the
role But your poker game's too weak, you're forced to
fold All this hating and debating shit, made me cold
Ready to blast, separate ya body from your soul
Conniving ass cowards get dropped in a hole These

niggas is shook like Pinky's ass on the pole I'm the
bridge over troubled water, pay my toll I'm the rules to
the game, you obey my code I'm the center of the
bomb, I'm the part that explodes You are not hip hop,
nigga, go write for Vogue You are not a king nor
prince, you just a toad You ain't a G, you a hoe, you
sweeter than Rocky Road Battle anybody, who want it?
Let me know I just had another birthday, nigga, more
dough [Chorus]

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