

## Jettingham

### "Ill Bomb"

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Pimp shit, uh  
Uh, pimp shit  
Yeah, turn my shit up a little bit  
My vocals, uh, uh  
I hypnotize ya eyez and then you recognize  
That the sparkles of my chrome shoes paralyze  
Gettin' money like this, people want my vibe  
Full of jealousy and pride, hate the way I ride  
Sometimes ya speak, sometimes ya don't  
Figure this nigga souped up, cause he couped up  
Guaranteed to rip shit, soon as its louped up  
Ya niggas slept, 20 girls panties wasn't wet  
I'm a star, double the dick, the double R  
Never score hard to leave the bubble scarred  
Not the car, it's the man, daddy cool put it down  
No comparin' me to ya'll, nigga is such a clown  
L.A. worth paper, ask Russell Simmons who put 'em up  
in that skyscraper  
Ask my dogs up at Fubu, who made them major  
LL nigga, now who's next that need a favor  
Drop a bomb on 'em  
Remain calm on 'em  
Peirce the nipples, throw the LL charm on 'em  
Keep gangsta shit pumpin through my system  
When my strobe lights flash you cant miss' em  
Listen

Call my name, ooh  
Call my name, uhh  
Call my name, aw yeah  
Call my name

59th street bridge up a roadway, do about a buck  
Pumpin Mobb up in the Cadillac truck, don't give a fuck  
Gold tint, goldiggen broads getting bent  
We can fuck, but you ain't getting 10 cent, Who want it?  
Lay the facts out until the cats out  
Set 'cha back out, sweat 'cha tracks out, blow out your  
weed  
You wake up in the mornin to a note, "Nigga had to  
leave."

Be easy, you shoulda teased me, instead of bein  
sleazy  
I wouldn't do a threezy, come across more floss than  
gold teeth  
I learned you cant eat, if ya hold beef, with niggas  
underneath  
Still I'm a lyrically hold it down  
L back in town, 'case the bell sound for second round  
Some of these old ctas is funny, fuck who's legendary  
I'm tryin to get this money  
Drop a bomb on 'em, and pour a dom on 'em  
As soon as the track come on, I transform on 'em  
Keep gangsta shit pumpin through my system  
Strobe lights flashin cant miss' em  
Listen

Call my name, ooh  
Call my name, uhh  
Call my name, aw yeah  
Call my name

Rappers don't reall want it, they might claim they do  
They know I'm catchin bodies, go 'head name a few  
After I blaze you, I get a doughnut  
Don't want no blood up on my chrome shoes  
Lord have mercy, this rookies got it confused  
You thought you caught me slippin, I was falsely  
accused  
Sleepin with my eyez wide shut, like Tom Cruise  
They wishin an impossible mission to see me lose  
Lay up time to choose, all I hate is on the left  
You hopin and prayin you get to hear me take my last  
breath  
Lyrically, but I gang bang the track, chop sling like  
Cracker  
Hundred keys a month, you fuckin up G backs nigga  
Invincible, unstoppable ya'll niggas ain't ill your  
illogicale  
This is L, the pigeon thriller, dream fulfiller  
A little somethin for ya ice guerillas\  
Drop a bomb on 'em  
When its time to attack Quiet Storm on 'em  
Hold ya nuts and keep ya palms on 'em  
Keep gangsta shit pumpin through my system  
When my strobe lights flash you cant miss' em  
Listen

Call my name, ooh  
Call my name, uhh  
Call my name, aw yeah  
Call my name

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