

LL Cool J

"Get The Drop On Em"

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I break a nigga down ugly like Coke, up on the scale
Next step throw a stack up on the third rail
The undisputed, I'm never ever diluted or polluted
You could fuse it, if ya choose it cos it's deep rooted
I make ya maggot ass crawl out tha gutter
For underestimatin as I'm cre-atin the butter
Cliques get clipped like heavy bricks when I'm droppin
I'm wreckin nigga whole shit plus I make a profit
Wicked with this shout, bodies are fished out
I'm wreckin niggas one-by-one but then I miscount
Mispronounced, how do LL bounce
And get ya shit bust? I turn ya faggots into mush
Ya slippin, I'm grippin microphones real tight
Then I crack up the speakers in ya Ac all night
Deliver messages, the prophecy's in me
His Royal Highness, you minus what you claim to be
(Say what?)

Chorus:

Uh, I get da drop on you niggas
I blow it, I make it hot for my niggas
repeat x 3

I blow em, KABOOM, but fuck sound effects
Niggas was sleeping like I was off on a Star Trek
Select my dialect, inspect all my cheques
He claim he gettin money but L cast the cheque
You sell blunt weed, Glock block, horizons
Niggas in the projects find ya hypnotising
You clowns know when I bring forth the heat
Hardcore niggas be wearin panties, lookin sweet
I'm on a journey thru the land of frontin niggas
Nervous motherfuckers with tha hands on dirty triggers
I lay back, niggas beef or let my nuts live
I take my blade, insert it until ya guts give
Execution, the destroyer of ya suspect bunch
What? Drama! You can't believe how I deliver bomb shit
Ya brains split, the pain hits ya little dick

Chorus

You fallin backwards, leanin like a dope addict
Rope niggas claim me, packin automatics
Found his ol' Earth's burner underneath the mattress
Go outside, the bitch up just like a actress
I take ya motherfuckers one-by-one and show ya how
it's done
And dick ya down in front of everyone
Bitch niggas ain't got no type of reason
To say a bullshit rhyme in LL season
I'm freezin, ya bleedin heavily up out'cha rectum
Black and blue, tryin ta hide up in the spectrum
I got ya raw ass bustin straight flat
Head up on the place mat, ready to waste that
Operatin incorporates stimulatn designs
Lay that motherfucker's shit down, nigga resign
Don't lose ya mind, concentratin on how I shine
You never hear a nigga like me, never in time
I blaze it quick, amaze cliques when I flip
I can't believe you niggas forgot who rip shit
It's '96 and niggas like to hold they dicks
I'm breakin shit aside ya doctor's can't fix

Chorus

Fuck the tricks and all them smooth singin grooves
I'm bringin crews, in my ring you swing and lose
With the blues light my fuse, allow me
To show ya crab ass fake niggas how it be
My technique's superb when I'm pissin on these herbs
Crystal clear so you can hear every word
Fuck the goodie-goodie or your moms might hear it
I gotta keep my title locked down so niggas fear it

Uh, I get da drop on you niggas
I blow it, I make it hot for my niggas *repeat x 2* Uh, I
get da drop on you niggas I blow it, I make it hot!

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