

LL Cool J "Ill Bomb - Funkmaster Flex & Big Kap Featuring LL Cool J"

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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 eyes 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 it's loped 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 y'all, nigga is such a clowns

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 can't 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 can't 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 cats 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' can't miss' em

Listen

Call my name, ooh

Call my name, uhh

Call my name, aw yeah

Call my name

Rappers don't really 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 dough nut

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 eyes 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

Y'all niggas ain't ill your illogical

This is L, the pigeon thriller, dream fulfiller

A little somethin' for ya ice guerrillas

Drop a bomb on 'em when it's 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 can't miss' em
Listen

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

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