

LL Cool J "Ill Bomb"

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Call my name, call my name, pimp shit, uh
Call my name, call my name, uh, pimp shit
Call my name, yeah, turn my shit up a little bit, my
vocals

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 looped 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 charms on 'em
Keep gangsta shit pumpin' through my system
When my strobe lights flash you cant miss' em, listen

Call my name
Call my name
Call my name
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, gold diggen 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' cant miss' em, listen

Call my name
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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
Of eleepin' 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
A hundred keys a month, you fuckin' up G backs nigga

Invincible, unstoppable
Y'all 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

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