

LL Cool J

"Jump On It"

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(Intro)

No cut

Pure raw

We sold out

You bought more

(Verse 1)

It was meant to be

Hip hop died, reincarnated through me

Now the promoters gotta double my fee

'Cause these pop melodies ain't fucking with me

Get back on your tour bus roll some rockly

Hell your crew twisted in the -ahhh- not me

Hell through (time) and the game in my speed

'Cause water down hip hop we do not need

Yes sir, I got the real recipe

A little bit of old E and bon bon Z

I guess by now you can tell you miss me

The baddest motherfucker in rap history

One to the temple put you out your misery

That's not an album, that's a frisbee

Tangle with LL boy that's risky

Them boys is backwash, we want whiskey

(Hook)

(Jump on it! jump on it!)

When the chips is down you gotta fight for the crown

(Jump on it! jump on it!)

Tell them boys over there get down or lay down

(Jump on it! jump on it!)

I got the house of pain for your little pop clown

(Jump on it! jump on it!)

Don't get it criss cross we're taking over the town

(Verse 2)

Roll up on your set pull out the 4 pound

Who's pitching out here blast them off the map

The game got us bored, no rebound

Claims he's hardcore how he sound

My radio's a bunch of noise in the background

For a factory manufacturing pop clowns

That's what happens when LL ain't around

The pop stars flooding and the hip hop drowns

DJ suffer while sarada goes round

You screaming? got the real creaming
Welcome to hip hop, we're out here fiending
Watch a program directed in the bin and
Went from cruss group to a boy band screaming
When it come under the car I ain't leaning
I wish I could bump the brim creaming
I tell you what, play my stupid -- call it even
(Hook)
(Jump on it! jump on it!)
When the chips is down you gotta fight for the crown
(Jump on it! jump on it!)
Tell them boys over there get down or lay down
(Jump on it! jump on it!)
I got the house of pain for your little pop clown
(Jump on it! jump on it!)
Don't get it criss cross we're taking over the town
(Verse 3)
What y'all want, no cut!
What y'all need, pure raw
What we do, we sold out
All because... you bought more!
No affects on my voice, that's my choice
Hard raw beat make a soft voice moist
Get the dinero bring the heat like Jon Voight
Timbaland music, rolls royce
Hit you in the head like a fat joint
Back to the S's big meat in Detroit
L so perceptive shrud in the droit
Bad motherfucker, now you get the point?
(Hook)
(Jump on it! jump on it!)
When the chips is down you gotta fight for the crown
(Jump on it! jump on it!)
Tell them boys over there get down or lay down
(Jump on it! jump on it!)
I got the house of pain for your little pop clown
(Jump on it! jump on it!)
Don't get it criss cross we're taking over the town
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