

# LL Cool J "No Airplay"

Visit "[No Airplay](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

*[Intro:]*

Y'all wanna put it on tape and do all the real  
*[BACKWARDS]*?  
Ya just wanna go straight to dat? Aight  
You don't wanna mix it or nuttin? Aight let's do it  
You want me to do the hook part too?  
Check it out uhh, check it out uhh  
Yeah it's that Uncle L *[BACKWARDS]*, you know, word up  
Ain't no doubt about this, I'm settin this *[BACKWARDS]*  
right in here  
Yeah yeah yeah, I'm gonna sex this up, yeah go like  
this here  
Check it out

*[Verse 1:]*

I'm beatin *[BACKWARDS]* against the *[BACKWARDS]* up  
out their boots  
Flame throwin their troops, they can't recoup from  
drinkin acid soup  
Spectacular, benacular, miraculous raw *[BACKWARDS]*  
Scooped off the concrete to make a hit  
Tearin *[BACKWARDS]* out the hinges, competition  
cringes  
in the trenches, killin for mere inches  
Word to mama, I tongue kiss a piranha  
Electricute a barricuda for tryin to bring the drama  
I get more ass than a toilet seat  
So put your ballerina shoes on and tiptoe down my  
*[BACKWARDS]*  
Your mother *[BACKWARDS]* deathwish will be soloist  
R-double O-K-I-E you ain't stylish  
It's mother *[BACKWARDS]* arson from here to Parsons  
You're *[BACKWARDS]* dawson, it's murder, when I step  
in the door run  
for your mother *[BACKWARDS]* life, get ghost  
or taste the toast and get your *[BACKWARDS]* hung on  
a goalpost  
Startin at'cha neck to check ya for respect  
Ya back get snapped, your lower spine gets wet  
Hips get ripped and then your thighs start to slide

I'm up thru *[BACKWARDS]* hole and *[BACKWARDS]* up  
your inside

*[Hook:]*

And don't be gettin no airplay  
A jam that'cha love, a jam that'cha love  
It's a jam that'cha love that don't be gettin no airplay  
A jam that'cha love, a jam that'cha love

*[Verse 2:]*

Yeah, the rugged ass style I possess  
They got the *[BACKWARDS]* goin from Bel Air to baggin  
up sess  
*[BACKWARDS]*! Mother*[BACKWARDS]* right  
*[BACKWARDS]* in his corn  
You shoulda never put me on this mic, you was warned  
I got *[BACKWARDS]* chasin behind my path for garbage  
bags  
hopin to bring in to throw old rhyme to one of da fags  
Huh, I'm on my mother*[BACKWARDS]* game like dat  
I put it in your chest and make your heart go flat  
All the mother*[BACKWARDS]* tracks in the world can't  
save ya  
when I drop these chains on ya brain and enslave ya

Once you was on a pedestal now ya gettin ridiculed  
*[BACKWARDS]* is critical, we're fightin at the pinnacle  
I'm burnin *[BACKWARDS]* like a cracker do a cross  
Ain't no three-in-a-row tic tac toe, this is a real flow  
boss  
Makin *[BACKWARDS]* understand my language  
then they rap and vanish and camouflage the damage

*[Interlude:]*

To whom it may concern, youknowhutl'msayin?  
We're gonna do this right here, word is bond, huh huh  
Cos it's a jam that you love that don't be gettin no  
airplay  
(A jam that'cha love that don't be gettin no airplay)  
I wanna do that one right yo

*[Verse 3:]*

To whom it may concern on this mother *[BACKWARDS]*  
test  
I got the zest to clip ya thru ya vest  
Little shortys with big 40's talkin loud, actin proud  
BLAOW! Now ya chokin off a black cloud

Rollin El's til your brain swells  
Inhale deep sleep and dust me off them old ass Rock  
The Bells  
You mother [BACKWARDS], you fruitcakes, you fakin  
jacks  
You [BACKWARDS] don't want it, I'm burnin up the wax  
I'm a trailblazin, gun totin, renegade  
black ass New York [BACKWARDS] choppin like a blade  
Bullshinanigans, country ass mannequins  
Mother [BACKWARDS] frontin and I bet you ain't no  
slam again  
Yeah what? I siad it and [BACKWARDS] sweat it  
What? You catch a heat-seekin missile in ya gut

[Outro:]

Ha ha, word is bond yo  
It's a jam that'cha love that don't be gettin no airplay  
Yeah, ha ha, word is bond  
Y'knowhutl'msayin? I'm catchin mother [BACKWARDS]  
wreck in here,  
knowl'msayin?  
[BACKWARDS] to all them rookies, [BACKWARDS] word  
up ha ha  
Yo I got the laugh, word, knowl'msayin?  
And sometimes [BACKWARDS] skill boys, you just gotta  
laugh at  
mother [BACKWARDS]  
Ha ha, yeah uhh  
A jam that'cha love that don't be gettin no airplay  
A jam that'cha love, a jam that'cha love  
Yeah, I wanna shout it out to my mother [BACKWARDS]  
[BACKWARDS] around  
Farmers  
My [BACKWARDS] Zeus, knowl'msayin? My mother  
[BACKWARDS] minnan right  
diddere  
Spit at the tissturn t-t-t-tables all L willing a-a-a-able,  
youknowl'msayin?  
Get mad busy in this [BACKWARDS], y'knowl'msayin?  
My [BACKWARDS] don't give a [BACKWARDS], word up  
Set that [BACKWARDS] off right, uhh

Visit [LL Cool J](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.