

## LL Cool J

### "Ringtone Murder"

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Clap ya hands and to the beat, y'all  
Because the heat'll make you, clap ya hands and say  
You go the one for the cash, two for the safe  
(This is ring tone murder)  
Let's dog the place

My bars are like a bullet, blow your head right off  
Hate on the trigger, pull it, give your mouth a night off  
Give your sound man a C-note to cut your mic off  
The promoters need me, nigga, you just a write-off

After that, hit the dress room, turn the lights off  
Score on the fourth broad, let her break my pipe off  
I used the word 'off' seven times in a rhyme  
You dumb enough to think I got a limited mind

But before you start tweaking, critiquing, pressing  
rewind  
Einstein understand that your third eye's blind  
You lack creativity that's why you don't sign  
They calling me a genius, it's about time

I'm like the tattoos on your mama's behind  
I bounce up and down and at the end I'mma sign  
And I will humiliate anybody that want it  
I'm back on stop, it hurts little homey, don't it?

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It's obvious these clowns don't know who I am  
Most who didn't get the message, nigga, check the  
spam  
Get your facts right, take your dick out your hand  
No homo but you probably on the low-low, damn

They call Uncle L, I'm from the north side of Queens  
Now you looking at me like what does that mean

It means I crush you and every coward in between  
For sounding like girls with them sweet sixteens

And I don't give a fuck about who's old or young  
From what I hear, the graveyard got room for everyone  
Test Big Ellie, come and get your head sprung  
Which coffin you want, the blue or the red one?

I ain't gang banging, that ain't the muthafuckin' point  
The point is, I spark these niggas like dust joints  
The point is you gon' pay me what you owe me plus  
points  
Listen to the sound of revenge, it's my voice

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Run around talking 'bout I'm twice ya age  
But I was rich at 17, you got some shit to explain  
Rap game's like a movie, niggas playing the role  
But your poker game's too weak, you're forced to fold

All this hating and debating shit, made me cold  
Ready to blast, separate ya body from your soul  
Conniving ass cowards get dropped in a hole  
These niggas is shook like Pinky's ass on the pole

I'm the bridge over troubled water, pay my toll  
I'm the rules to the game, you obey my code  
I'm the center of the bomb, I'm the part that explodes  
You are not hip hop, nigga, go write for Vogue

You are not a king nor prince, you just a toad  
You ain't a G, you a hoe, you sweeter than Rocky Road  
Battle anybody, who want it? Let me know  
I just had another birthday, nigga, more dough

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