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LL Cool J "Straight From Queens"

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Uncle

rippin the microphone

and blowin the stage apart.

These MC's ain't got no heart

they need to guit before they start.

Shakin and breakin 'em down

best at least

f***in 'em up up at least

smackin 'em in a pilek

now have a stomp and a smile G.

Raisin

replacin

like Jason

when I be chasin

these rappers

machetti style

choppin down

their petty style's bassin

All in my face

you got the mic

but I gotta getcha off it

you got my rhyme

now cough it

brother sweat the tip and forfeit.

You're nada

know nota

I'm hotter

You're a slow trotter.

Karate

switch the e into an a

and it's karata.

When I come on

I'm rippin it up

just like a madman.

I fly your head

chop off your legs

and make your head stand.

Tax and wreckin these chumps

all of them I rub out.

You know the time

what's on your mind

you know I never go out.

I be breakin bouts ya boys your block is full of bums see. You never was too clever stick the fork in you you're done G.

The instrument'll rip with the ultimate of all the rappers. Toe to toe whenever I go I guarantee the flow will smack ya. Pumpin ya full a lead just like a 9 kickin it off in half the time takin a break and makin mine you're way behind. Ya needed a title and all the uncle made your title for ya hopin and prayin and wishin that I can't rap but I rip all a yall in half look at me laugh Ya hee-haw style ya kick it Mmmmm I see goodies gimme the mic and hoodie now I'll dick it.

Any

the every

the his

the hers

of those

of theirs

of them.

I see your title

around your neck

just swingin loose

I take your gem.
I'm takin it off you neck
with every line that I select
and rappin it up and cuttin
while I'm starin
with disrespect.

Bustin off yeah squeezin like a vice grip blowin ya off the stage into the crowd so have a nice trip.

I'm takin control I hold the microphone is good as gold fly so many heads

I built my twenty-fifth totem pole. Turnin it out and gettin wrecked is just a understatement. How special to rap a flat puttin his head inside the pavement. Burnin 'em up just like a flame thrower rippin 'em with the cool flower. Takin 'em out in pairs like the man, Noah Holdin 'em up just like a trophy for the world to see. You really ain't superb you see you're goin out like a girl to me. Takin your little boo-hoo baby tear drop cryin style breakin it down until there's dust and I'ma vacuum up the pile. Showin and provin and groovin and makin a movie on the mic. slappin a Marlboro in his mouth just like a dirty little tyke. Master of the murderous

maniac

mad style
amazin man
mackin the mic
since I was just
a mere child.
Props and props
more props than Terminator 2
with pen and pad
I play to you
and on the cross-fader too.
Endlessly with energy
undefeatable lyrically
expandin my empire
you don't wanna test me.

Wizard of funkadelic every album's like a relic bite the line chewin on mine but ya never live to tell it. Bustin it off quick flippin the script that's in the bushes then walkin around the jam I'm handin out pounds and mushes. You're makin a face you wanna test my slick manuever? Your best to rock a break beat or somethin you can groove to. Even if every rapper in the world was makin jams as soon as I set this off their mic's are slidin out their hands. rockin the junky's world with the release of every single back in the days I told ya I need a beat to make ya jingle. Overlord droppin the sword and choppin off the mic cord. rappers are dead all over the street in every state I toured. I'm dealin the truth with living god that's right before ya eyes.

And I'll be rollin in hoods and sneakers you can keep the suit and ties. No sell out bet ya uncle never dies. Gimme that microphone I'll rip it up until sunrise

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