

## LL Cool J "The Ripper Strikes Back"

Visit "[The Ripper Strikes Back](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We just gon have some fun with hip hop  
A lil hip hop... relax, hold on to ya seats  
Oh yeah this is a Tunnel banger too  
Word up, Tunnel banger baby  
Hip-Hop style baby, y'all remember

By the middle of March, when the pregnancy starts  
In your ladies' placenta, that means L just entered  
Duck taped your little bitch ass for frontin  
You poor little crackhead ass ain't hurtin nuttin  
Nigga you want the fame, now you're famous overnight  
Famous for getting fucked by a stick of dynamite  
You're weak nigga, you bout to die up in your sleep  
The overlord of rap will never meet defeat  
Pain and agony, I don't touch them zones  
Fucking everlasting lyrical methods is my throne  
Blast ya fifty pound ass and make you float  
You read it shook nigga, I wrote the book, nigga  
Held down my crown for a decade and a half  
Now I'm bout to give your grimy ass a blood bath  
Talk about bein broke, nigga I'm rich  
Cause I learned, to seperated the money from the bitch  
Don't hate me cause I'm paid, hate me because  
I'm everything you want to be : handsome, young, plus  
legendary  
Talk about Farrakhan, nigga you got to call Jesse  
Jackson  
For some Affirmative Action

*[Chorus: repeat 4X]*

Can-I-Bus ! Yes you can!

Don't ever open your mouth and mention my seeds  
Talk about my book you bought to read  
You know you watch the sitcom nigga so stop that  
Mad rapper, but now you turned mad actor  
Forty-nine pounds and tryin to be a monster  
Run around town with the Bob Marley imposters  
Ask Canibus, he ain't understandin this  
Cause ninety-nine percent of his fans, don't exist  
I'm goin underground and blowin your rep down

Next time, save that shit for the Lyricist's Lounge  
Or a House Party, where you can battle some clown  
On top of all that, I beat your homeless ass down  
Heard that convicted rapist on the record too  
Fresh out of jail, ass cheeks still black and blue  
Tell me bout the things ear biter taught you  
How to bust a nut or two? (Yeah that's butta boo)  
You be decomposin, but you frozen because my title's  
stolen  
Steady rollin in a world that I'm controllin  
Vanguard awards are for Kings who get OFF!  
Clock platinum mountains, the praise of the Lord  
Talkin bout my first and second and third born  
Now I got a fourth, Canibus, but he cut off  
From the riches of my empire, I'm like a pimp  
Who thought he had to retire but found a new Canibus  
to hire  
You're hardcore, innocence like Heather Hunter  
But definitely not with the lyrics that drop thunder  
Found you in a trash can, hat black, cause you scared  
to bust  
Nigga in Todd we trust

*[Chorus]*

Now break it down for me !  
See I, eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, amateur, M,C's  
in hip-hop, word up, no bullshit  
Oh I ain't done yet

You soft as a newborn baby takin a nap  
Make my dick hard with that bitch ass track  
Where you at? Smokin in some one room flat  
Suckin on Clef's dick hopin to come back  
Never that, nigga my size is unlimited  
Yours is prohibited, of course that's contributed  
To not knowin ya limits and who you need to test  
When you step into the house of the Lord and get  
blessed  
Get on your knees, bow down to my degrees  
Young slacker, save that demo for Jack the Rapper  
You gargoyle, slash olive oil, pussycat  
I wrapped up in aluminum foil, ready to boil  
I'ma tear the skin off ya ass with ten knuckles  
Rhymes was weak, they made me chuckle like a name  
buckle  
You call em lyrics, nigga you need to stop  
You goin out --- ahh fuck it, you goin pop  
I feed you a poisonous verse so don't try it  
No more rhymin, you on a lyric fast diet  
Call the paramedic and tell them that he pathetic

His lyrics ain't energetic you're sweet as a diabetic  
Career be over next year, yeah I said it  
Look over your shoulder nigga, where you headed  
MUTHAFUCKA, where's a rhyme when you need it?  
First rule of lyrical war, never repeat it  
You said that same bullshit at House of Blues  
Lit the pipe, dropped the match, and sparked the  
wrong fuse  
That's you, yeah nigga I'm goin at you  
Stop basin', and you can be a role model too  
Diss my moms, who's the real Rap Don ?  
Who ruled for fifteen years and drops bombs ?  
Who's got solid gold Grammy's that say Todd  
while you dropped verses at niggas' proms  
Faggot, you better battle number two  
Cause number one, got his title locked down son  
The King of all rappers that ever graced the stage  
or the mic, best that ever did it I'm wicked  
Write a verse and flip it, melt it down to liquid  
And drown shorty, fill his lungs until I rip it  
Chest busts open, heart bursts and smokin  
YOU SEE THAT NIGGA SON? (Damn L, we was only  
jokin)  
Maneuver manipulate brainwaves transform  
your thought process, when my pen gets erect  
Warning, all MC's better retreat  
Look at corny-bus, he can't walk down his own street  
Better run and get the Fugees  
Cause I EAT, EAT, EAT, MC's  
Devour they titles, cause I'm an idol slash icon  
And tell Wyclef, don't even turn his fuckin mic on  
Sold ya nigga, thought I told ya nigga  
Crossover, slam dunk, game over nigga (one more  
time son)  
Sold ya nigga, thought I told ya nigga  
Crossover, slam dunk, game over nigga

*[Chorus]*

" Now wait for the studio audience to applaud, faggot,  
hahahah "

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