

## Stroke 9

### "Droppin Em"

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[LL Cool J]

Just like Pauline you all-in..

Oooooahhhh

Brace yourself, I'm the ace with grace  
I'ma win the race and make you feel disgrace  
In any case, yo, I'm movin like a steeplechase  
MC soldiers -- about face  
Now step off, I need room for my takeoff  
My custom made lyrics slays, yours are soft  
I think you better tape this, yo, you can't escape this  
Yo, I planned it out just like a landscapist  
Whipper-snapper back up for comin crap up  
I plan to trap a MC and kidnap em  
Phony, so skip the baloney  
You and your cronies need to jump on a pony  
and roll, cause you're just a rookie  
When it was time for rap school, you musta played  
hooky  
I'm the show-stopper, your rhymes are improper  
I'ma teach you like the master taught the grasshopper  
Just gettin warmer, I'm a transform a  
regular rhyme into a barnstormer  
Try to jump I'll bump you chump, my job is thorough  
Any MC, state city or borough'll get ragged  
I drop like a sandbag  
Serious as the mob - I don't play tag  
Best of the batch, no man can catch up  
Hoes can't be passed, a battle's a mistmatch  
I flip lyrics, like a acrobat  
and avoid combat like a diplomat  
But when it's time for battles, ?? jacked or killed  
It's a thrill to drill a run of the mill Bill  
with my skill, I'm the lord of the rhymes  
And I be writin at a rate that pace way past my bedtime  
I rock the mic unlike  
some brothers I know, I guess they flow, PSYCH  
I'm droppin em

Droppin em

Yo, you're all in, stiff as a mannequin  
I'm sharp as a pen and I'ma teach discipline  
I get busy like it's two of me  
Evidently, I'm hated by a few MC's  
But so what? I just max like I'm playin the sax  
and take the crowd to the climax  
Yo - Cool J, I'll never go astray  
I'm funky you can hear me at the Milky Way  
You're weak, wick raps, I'm cool as jazz  
Got razamatazz ask my man Shabazz  
I know you're afraid because I'm self-made  
I invade, and blow up like a hand grenade  
MC's are terrorstruck, I'ma run amuck  
Cause your rhymes suck, you made a record on potluck  
Just a toy boy, can't stop my convoy  
Rhymes I said last year were just decoys  
I'm like a fox, you annoy me like chicken pox  
I'm back with a style that's unorthodox  
You musta had a teaspoon full of bull  
I'm like The Hulk, with more bulk, I'm powerful  
They try to get with this, to me that's an insult  
Boys shouldn't mess with an adult, that's too difficult  
I enter like a giant sayin fee fi foe fum  
Then rock the auditorium until it's pandemonium  
I'm droppin em

Yo E, droppin em

Don't sleep - cause I'ma go deeper  
All you sleepers, I'm the Grim Reaper  
My rhymes are rising, the angle's gettin steeper  
I hated Mussolini Martini so I'ma sweep a  
emcee, like he's one of the two  
Break him into fragments right in front of you  
Mic check one two, is too fundamental  
My rhymes are monumental over an instrumental  
In the center, I had to enter  
Tormentor mentor experimenter and inventor  
of lyrics, so all you non-believers  
It'll echo in your dreams at night when you receive a  
rude awakening, you can't do anything  
You enter my kingdom and you cry as men bring  
gifts to the prince of excellence and magnificence  
Alarm clock rings, you wake up, and you're convinced  
that the crew invader, soloist exterminator  
greater evador of ducks, concert crusader  
is BAD, my nickname's the circuit breaker  
Eatin up the world, acre by acre  
I'm droppin em

Word to mother, droppin em!

Knowhatl'msayin? Straight til 1999, droppin em!  
Yo, year two thousand, yaknahmsayin?  
Audi man

Yo I'm droppin em

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