

## Stroke 9 "Farmers Blvd"

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(Hey man, don't you realize  
In order for us to make this thing work, man  
We've got to get rid of the pimps, and the pushers, and  
the prostitutes?)

Ba-ha-ha-ha...  
Yes, yes, y'all

[ Cool J ] Ah, ah  
That's funky  
[ Marley Marl ] Yeah  
Hey yo, Marley, man  
[ Marley Marl ] Yo, what's up, man?  
[ Cool J ] Hey yo, man  
You know  
We was gettin busy on the album everyday  
We been gettin funky, but  
I wanna take this jam back to Farmers  
Knowmsayin?  
[ Marley Marl ] Yo, let's go back on Farmers  
And get some of them early MC's  
You used to be kickin it with back in the day?  
[ Cool J ] Yeah, yeah, yeah  
[ Marley Marl ] Yo, let's do a jam with them  
[ Cool J ] Aight, bet  
But first I gotta like introduce it  
Youknowmsayin?  
[ Marley Marl ] Aight, kick it...

(Farmers Boulevard)

[ L.L. Cool J ]  
Back in the days, before I was Cool J  
I used to hang up on the corner, pumpin Games People  
Play  
Sittin on a garbage can, rhymin to my man  
Talkin bout big money and future plans  
I always told the brothers, if I got a contract  
When the money started flowin, I'd be back  
To do a jam, against all odds  
Introducing rapper 1 from Farmers Boulevard

[ Bomb ]

Hey yo, B-o-m-b, bomb explosion  
Attack like a cat when I'm trapped and I'm closed in  
Sharp-ass claws, and I break all laws  
In a while all jaws, cause I'm perfect, no flaws  
Now I'm back to Farmers on some new improved  
(Sh...) I'm makin moves, not fakin moves  
So don't you never come around here, talkin that talk  
Or walkin that walk, you'll get played like a sport  
Football, soccer, whatever you savour  
You're a tramp and a pussycat, ready for labor  
Ha! L'll have you breakin locks  
I'll have you cookin fried rice in a big steel box  
The type of skills that I got reigned for years  
No worry or cares, your crew'll shed tears  
'Hip-hip-hooray, he's back!' Yo, save the cheers  
Suckers, I'm drinkin forties of beers  
On the Boulevard

[ Cool J ] Funky, funky, funky rhymes bein said here

[ Marley Marl ] Hey yo, hey yo

Hey yo Uncle L, let's go...

[ Cool J ] Yeah man, I wanna check out my man Big  
Money Grip

Yo, what's up, man

Kick a little somethin

[ Big Money Grip ]

Kick out the can and slam

Summertime, C.I.A. step into the jam

Reach for the mic, and the punks start to fold up

And the brothers start fleein like it's a hold-up

Some step aside, but a few play me close

Never worry, cause the brother who cross me's gettin  
burried

And the fool who wants to deal with another dose

I see to it in a hour that the mutha is comatose

Farmers Boulevard, the place

Handin me a mic is like givin a chainsaw to Leatherface

Smokin MC's in an instant

At my side bustin caps is T-Boogie, my assistant

Throw that speaker in the trash

Why's that? Cause Gangster Boogie gave the woofers a  
gash

Big Money Grip makin you get up

Farmers Crew's in effect, we never heard of a head-up

[ Marley Marl ] Yo, yo, yo

It's kinda funky out here on the boulevard, yo

[ Cool J ] Yeah, we livin chinese people in a turkish bath,

baby  
[ Marley Marl ] Hi C over there, man  
[ Cool J ] Yo, what's up Hi C...

[ Hi C ]  
Hi C on the scene, at last to bust a funky rhyme  
More than a line on time, because I'm gettin mine  
Never underestimate the skill of a great one  
The Boulevard Lord, shorts, never take none  
Another funky rapper from around the way  
Leavin bodies at a party, cause somebody gotta pay  
Boy, you been told, put your lips on hold  
All you remember is a barrel and a mouth full of gold  
Spreadin terror on the street like they was in the past  
Any punks on the block, yo, never could last  
And I never feel sorry for a sucker I gained on  
Any slick talker, yo, he's bound to get rained on  
At any Farmers party at my side is a Mag  
(One time a sucker got ill and went out in a bodybag)  
Fear will erupt through the heart of another  
The Farmers Crew will never fall, that's word to the  
mother

[ Marley Marl ] Yo, yo  
It's kinda funky out here  
Yo, yo, yo, Hi C  
Yo man, y'all kinda funky out here, yo  
I was -  
Yo, what's up?  
[ crew member ] ...9 years ago, man  
Youknowmsayin?  
[ Cool J ] Farmers Boulevard, baby  
[ Marley Marl ] Yo, I was kinda -  
I was kinda stagnant to sleep on it  
But yo, L  
Won't you - won't you sum it all up for the people,  
aight?  
[ Cool J ] Aight, let me sum this up

[ L.L. Cool J ]  
Now you heard the brothers speakin bout the street  
that we're from  
Rhymes hittin, beats kickin, you can't get none  
F-a-r-m-e-r-s passin the test  
Marley Marl in the background doin the rest  
Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti-do, do-ti-la-so-fa-mi-re-do, kato  
Get up out my face before I play you like Play-Doh  
I did a jam against all odds  
And it was dedicated to Farmers Boulevard

(Farmers Boulevard)

Keep on

(Farmers Boulevard)

To the beat, y'all  
A funky beat, y'all  
Yes, yes, y'all  
You don't stop

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