

Linda Davis F/ Reba McEntire**"Eat Em Up L Chill"**

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Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Chill
(Eat em up, L)
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(Eat em up, L)
Chill
(Eat em up, L)

[VERSE 1]

Bring on the mo's and ho's
Don't snooze or doze
Cause I'm rippin up shows
Hold your nose, dead bodies are around
I leave scratch marks under the tears of a clown
I write rhymes that shine like lipstick
So much material, but not materialistic
Imperial styles I use
When the mic is lifted the crowd is amused
Come with it, if you feel you're full-fledged
Or yell "Geronimo!" and jump off the edge
Your e-n-d is near when I appear
The stage is yours, but wait until the smoke clears
Rhyme sayer, and I'm here to lay a load
So watch a player when he's playin in player mode
Uncle L's bad, and you're soon to say
Cause I rip the mic until the toon decay

Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Chill
(Eat em up, L)

[VERSE 2]

MC's are dumb, I catch em in a dragnet
You're not complete, I'm battlin a fragment
So creative and witty and outstandin

And I be demandin that you're abandoned
In the desert or a wild west town
While I'm at your crib on a cherry-go-round
Where will she stop? No one knows
Like I said before, bring on the mo's and ho's
I know my abc's and my p's and q's
Just chill and listen to the rhyme cruise
All aboard, the cod is a reward
Some were ignored when they toured for they bored
The crowd was aloud, lyrics weren't endowed
Took a crack of the 40 and went to show em how
You like me now, but you didn't before
Cause you forgot I was raw

Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Chill
(Yo, eat em up, L)

Ah

Future of the funk, ah

(Go 'head, baby)
(Do it)

Go 'head, baby
(Do it)
Yeah
(Do it)

Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Chill
(Yo, eat em up, L) (2x)

[VERSE 3]

It's so visual the way I'm throwin down
Visualize MC's goin down
In a barrage of bullets combined with rhymes
The moral of the story is: I'ma get mines
I saw the cord-less, boy, I'm gonna house that
Your rhymes are cheesy, you found em in a mouse trap

Don't try to front while the freestyle's droppin
He wants to battle, he must be needle-poppin
You better notify your next akin
Cause when I begin it's like a needle to the skin
If you wasn't prepared
Then you ought to be scared
But even if you was
You're aware what the rhyme does
I remember when you was an amateur
Writin your rhymes, starin at my signature
Bought the album, analyzed the style
Tisk-tisk (Hatchew!) God bless you, child
I'm unique when I speak to a beat
Another rapper'll fall when the mission's complete
I daze and amaze, my display's a faze
Every phrase is a maze as Uncle L slays
The competition that's lost in a freestyle
Cause on the mic I'm the golden child
With the magical wand that they're callin a mike
And when MC's approach it turns into a spike

Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Why don't you just chill
(Eat em up, L)

Yeah

Yeah
I wanna say what's up to my man Kool Herc
And my man Afrika Bambaataa and the Zulu Nation
Know what what I'm sayin
My man Marley Marl and DJ Clash
My man B-Blast
Rush Town
Def Jam
We in the house
Of course I gotta say what's up to my homeboys EPMD
Yeah
I get busy
Peace

