

.357 – Break It On Down

LL Cool J

That's right y'all this is the LL Cool J party
Move it, move it, move it, get on the floor baby
That's right, don't try to front like your fly
GET OUT THERE!

To rappers I'm a nightmare on Elm Street
Hellafied hotter than heat, guess why the other's can't eat?
Cause I'm a carnivore and I can eat much more
than a fat man after a pack-a-jam
L.L.'s thicker than butter, well-known throw cutter
When I'm involved all the amateurs stutter
There's scared and can't believe that their whole crews
Ain't a rapper alive that can fill my shoes
I'm dope on a rope (???) water elope
I do the hustle and the shuffle and the roper dope
Cause I'm as hard as hard rock in the hard rock town
I gotta .357 and I break it on down

Three hundred and fifty seven reasons
why you gotta get your butt on the floor right now
We ain't playin, we came here to get ill
Iller than ill, LL youknowI'msayin?

Just like Ali Baba and the 40 thevz
So nasty you don't know whether to stay or leave
More fear then Evan Bluebeard I serve primrose
A picture of me is like a part of Michaelangelo's
I don't play the banjo will you ever understand yo
Servin I mean the matter how old I go Rambo
Cocks strong half a block wrong
Illy ill fire starter hittin harder than King Kong
Not a battle axe not one of the mill
Not easily knocked out or easily killed
Cause I'm as hard as hard rock in the hard rock town
I gotta .357 and I break it on down

A hundred and ninety five pounds punk
More bounce to the ounce and I say what counts
KnowI'msayin?
Now get yourself on the floor
Stop actin like a sissy

Boy, I'm better than better is, badder than badder is
I won't scare em or dare em I'll just splatter his
guts kick his butt while Bob is rockin the cuts
Wanna step in the ring with me you must be mushed
Now ices in a crisis afraid when he's ready or chasin when he's chasin
But filling when the scene I mean I'm icin and acin
Amateurs who like it can't hack it I attack it that's why I'm gonna crack it
The shell and the soul of little kids who can't roll
I told em, scold em, teach em and mold em
get paid ten knots at a time and then I fold em
I remember the blood and I remember what told em
I can, can't cause I'm down with E yet you have the audacity
to try and mess with him and me
Hypersonic is weak and Supersonic is wack
Sneak around at the minute like a Siamese cat

?Pellum? (1, 2, 3) catch twenty-two I'm H-A-R-D
I'm as hard as hard rock in the hard rock town
I gotta .357 and I break it on down

Rock the beat now that can be arranged
Yo baby you look fine spread em
Yo homeboy get up against the wall put this in your pocket
Who is this?
Move it, move it, move it

I'm a nappy, sappy crappy imitator of who
If I ever imitated it wouldn't be you, ooooh
You don't know so many have died when the LL growl was amplified
Get back better yet step back get dat
Like shaft in the Mack cause I'm mad and I'm black
I'm a perfect plan a good boyfriend
I'm the reason rap rules and the country out Cool J-A-M-E-S
Fresh as a cliché but so is my forte
This goes out whether the blues is old news
P's and Q's keep me in your shoes
and you're dissin me because I'm young and I'm strong
And cause I'm capable of makin a platinum LP
Wrong you was, you assumed I was all in
But boy is for ballin they'll never say I'm fallin
Callin all cars for the brother in black
L-E-L the Mack back bone of this track
I'm force full of force to put you on your back
Makin hit after hit while you sent for a contract
Hotter than hot now watch how hot I can get
Leavin rappers fee's dried and skimmer's dimmer's wet
I'm as hard as hard rock in the hard rock town
I gotta .357 and I break it on down

Now the LL posse is now handin out speed knots
to all those who don't want to get busy
That's right baby get your body on the floor
Move it, move it
.357 at point blank range ain't nothin strange
you're havin a heart attack is at your back
Now listen to me bring it, bring it on, on down, down, down, down, down, down, down
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