

## Eat Em Up L Chill

LL Cool J

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

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

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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)

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