

# Get Da Drop On 'Em'

LL Cool J

Check it out

I break a nigga down ugly like Coke, up on the scale  
Next step throw a stack up on the third rail  
The undisputed, I'm never ever diluted or polluted  
You could fuse it, if ya choose it cos it's deep rooted  
I make ya maggot ass crawl out tha gutter  
For underestimatin as I'm cre-atin the butter  
Cliques get clipped like heavy bricks when I'm droppin  
I'm wreckin nigga whole shit plus I make a profit  
Wicked with this shout, bodies are fished out  
I'm wreckin niggas one-by-one but then I miscount  
Mispronounced, how do LL bounce  
And get ya shit bust? I turn ya faggots into mush  
Ya slippin, I'm grippin microphones real tight  
Then I crack up the speakers in ya Ac all night  
Deliver messages, the prophecy's in me  
His Royal Highness, you minus what you claim to be  
(Say what?)

Uh, I get da drop on you niggas  
I blow it, I make it hot for my niggas

I blow em, KABOOM, but fuck sound effects  
Niggas was sleeping like I was off on a Star Trek  
Select my dialect, inspect all my cheques  
He claim he gettin money but I cast the cheque  
You sell blunt weed, Glock block, horizons  
Niggas in the projects find ya hypnotising  
You clowns know when I bring forth the heat  
Hardcore niggas be wearin panties, lookin sweet  
I'm on a journey thru the land of frontin niggas  
Nervous motherfuckers with tha hands on dirty triggers  
I lay back, niggas beef or let my nuts live  
I take my blade, insert it until ya guts give  
Execution, the destroyer of ya suspect bunch  
What? Drama! You can't believe how I deliver bomb shit  
Ya brains split, the pain hits ya little dick

You fallin backwards, leanin like a dope addict  
Rope niggas claim me, packin automatics  
Found his ol' Earth's burner underneath the mattress  
Go outside, the bitch up just like a actress  
I take ya motherfuckers one-by-one and show ya how it's done  
And dick ya down in front of everyone  
Bitch niggas ain't got no type of reason  
To say a bullshit rhyme in LL season  
I'm freezin, ya bleedin heavily up out'cha rectum  
Black and blue, tryin ta hide up in the spectrum  
I got ya raw ass bustin straight flat  
Head up on the place mat, ready to waste that  
Operatin incorporates stimulin designs  
Lay that motherfucker's shit down, nigga resign  
Don't lose ya mind, concentratin on how I shine  
You never hear a nigga like me, never in time  
I blaze it quick, amaze cliques when I flip  
I can't believe you niggas forgot who rip shit

It's '96 and niggas like to hold they dicks  
I'm breakin shit aside ya doctor's can't fix

Fuck the tricks and all them smooth singin grooves  
I'm bringin crews, in my ring you swing and lose  
With the blues light my fuse, allow me  
To show ya crab ass fake niggas how it be  
My technique's superb when I'm pissin on these herbs  
Crystal clear so you can hear every word  
Fuck the goodie-goodie or your moms might hear it  
I gotta keep my title locked down so niggas fear it

Uh, I get da drop on you niggas  
I blow it, I make it hot for my niggas

Uh, I get da drop on you niggas  
I blow it, I make it hot!