

## God Bless

LL Cool J

Uh  
Definitely gonna be butter, nahmean?  
It's gone be butter, nahmean?  
Uh, swerve on em, uh yeah  
Crack the Mo, here we go  
I'm in the mood to let the chickenheads flow  
Son, no doubt, god it's real  
Every member of my clique is equipped with steel  
Suga, let's (HEESHA!), uhh, god bless  
Just the type of man that can lace the crowd  
Which ya hands on ya or you could raise them proud  
I bust shots off  
Put my hands on my shorty and I make it hot-ter  
I got a lock ya, flavour to bring  
Got the championships so I'ma savour the ring  
Church boy, raised by my grandmomma  
Home-bred, I dead all the drama  
I'm like the mystical funk technician  
It's a sign of the times, guards on a mission  
God bless ya lover, god bless you (4x)  
Have mercy!  
Nowadays I got them other niggas acting thirsty  
Bless the sky, energy created by my third child  
Swerve wit it, get it get it  
Feels good to bust shots at the critics  
You crave more taste of my funk  
When my track drop ain't enough space in ya trunk  
Soul for real, but not the group  
I'm solo goin for dolo in the drop Coupe  
I distribute melodies while ya gold trees  
Step a dip like a flip, '96 kis  
Matter fact take it to the bridge  
God bless  
God bless ya lover  
Honey dippin off my Nautica sleeves  
With them Gortex boots, that compliment all the cheese  
Shouldn't hate me cos I'm raw  
(I thought you fell off kid!) You said that shit before  
But you see miracles when you're lyrical  
Off some LL shit, chickens get hysterical  
Cos I..... form like Voltron  
Let's get it on and take ya chime bomb Knock it off  
I like your style but it's a slight bit soft  
Son, the LL rule, huh  
I pick it up and lay it down mad cool  
It'll cost you a fortune (What?)  
For me to make it hot, heat it up and keep it scorchin  
It's all built for '96 kid!  
No diggity, ?Rehaud? lace me  
Nahmean? Lil Chris in the house  
Ol Moms, Big E and the fam  
Yo son, who's next?