

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?