

How I'm Comin'

LL Cool J

boom bash, wake up, I set it off right
look around and turn your wet dream to fright night
you can call me r&b homeys, which stands for rough brother
word to my grandmother
I buck you in the head just to let ya know
stick you for ya dough, spit on the flo'
drag it out of ya, bring it on
I smack him back down, yo dope word is bond
I know you want a piece of the champ
but you roll too weak, you couldn't make it in my camp
you thought I went for the flip
but I'm bustin' off hip-hop clip after clip
I kept you out there, ripped you for your wear
jump inside your video, bust you with a chair
smack slap smack slap smack slap smack
just to make it worse and hurt your pride I'll run it back
smack slap smack slap smack slap smack
click click boom, stop dead in your tracks
stick the steel in your mouth
buck buck buck buck buck, lights out

(I'm comin')
How ya comin' baby?
(I'm comin')
this is how I'm comin'

the album that I'm comin' with is rough, the flavor's mean
(ooooh) kickin' you for real in the guillatine
fourteen shots to your dome kid
I'm doin' time in the game like a bid
movin' rhymes like a package
so stigetty step up and get your nostrils damaged
shootin', lickin', bustin', sprayin', all of that
and then some, dead dead dead, one by one
never step to a real man
'cause your rhymes only work on a playground program
they impress your little friends, bring you a little ends
but you still you gotta ride in your mans benz
word to hip-hop, I'm a blast ya
gotta set you on fire 'cause I gassed ya
boom, blow, Batman, bang, pow
unh (what) unh (what), that's the way it's goin' down
my new album ain't no joke
you wanna take me out, how many bunch ya smoke?
I'll never slack again, I'm off the job like the mob
hey, no prob', many solved, on the knob, make 'em soft drob
what you gotta deal with is real, made of steel
you can feel it comin', burnin', buildin', flowin' like an eel
movin', killin', breakin', servin' you just like a meal
take off your clothes and taste the steel

check baby

rockabye baby on the roof top
open up your mouth and taste my gallot
when your jaw breaks your gold teeth will fall
down will come the monkey, bannana clip and all

splat (buck buck buck) it's all over wit'
another plan O.D.'ed over my war hit
the way I'm workin' and jerkin' and hurtin' brothers converted
non-beleivers get murdered, 'cause I waffle birded
get your face out the bill, catch the thrill
carry a nine put your hootchies on the bill
the thought of you gettin' scared turns me on
like my first television with my backup tip hard
so where's your mouth kid? where's your heart shorty?
it's all over, cash your chips in, crack a forty
you look thirsty, you ain't gettin' no mercy mercy
and ain't no way that you can rehearse for me
murder I wrote, murder I wrote, is what I figure
it's in my tote, it's in my tote, so I pull the trigger
put up your women, your crib, your speakers
your dog, your cat, your crate, your speakers
your sister, your aunt, your crew, your Knicks
got 'em booin' all you mother rappers who think that's too tough
bam bam, here's a hit you wish you had
a hit that makes you mad, a hit that makes you slap your dad
dead dead dead, kill dead, kill dead
try to battle me I gots to buck you in your head
I pull your file, click
I know you're good to style, blow
livin' wild, when it's come to this I never smile
what did you learn from the lesson I just gave ya?
obey your momma, be on your best behavior
it's never endin' and I am recommendin'
you put your name as Brendan
I see y'all that is blendin'
the message that I'm sendin'
is there ain't no pretendin'
get in the trunk, buy the album, here I'm endin'

this is how I'm comin'
how ya comin' baby?