

Mr. Smith

LL Cool J

Uh Mr. Smith, Mr Smith, Mr Smith
Uh Mr Smith, it's the bomb y'knowhuti'msayin? Mr Smith
Mr Smith, word up kid, yeah Mr Smith, check it out

I'm goin to the top leavin smoke in my trail
Bitch ass gangstas put that ass on sale
And even if I'm twice as expensive as the rest
when I go for dolo you ain't checkin for nuttin less
My strategy is splittin brain cavity's
It's ya majesty bringin you a tragedy
Yeah, on the butcher block slice her like a ox
When it's time to get down, nigga I jam like a Glock
I bust thru all types of red tape and sue papas
Niggas come old but they always wanna infiltrate
I'm cuttin snakes thru the belly witta icepick
and scoopin hotties, a strong aisle of flip trips
It's the rebirth of murkin niggas once again
I drain with ink and put your blood in my pen
I'm breakin ribs til somethin gives
A nigga got to live and Mr Smith is power god, kid

Mr Smith you got the shit sewed up
Work ya thang baby, show em how to blow up

What? You wanna do what? You lack the vitality
originality, so face reality
I'm on some ole wild shit, ya niggas can't get wit
Matter of fact, mornin yawn and suck a dick
Nah hold up, the fuck is goin on?
All these cartoon character MC's gettin airborne
Takin off like a hot air balloon
Goin up up up, oh no kaboom
Bring your heroes down to ground zero
Shotty grippin ya grill like Pesci and DeNiro
I'm on some shit, throats is gettin shit
Scoopedin New Jacks and kick em in the *?fire bit?*Tell them ole Jap niggas they need to go and stick it
cos when it comes to this rap shit I'm mad wicked
The grand sire bringin flavour to the whole game
Mr Smith is my motherfuckin name

To the bridge

Mr Smith (I was a mack since birth)
Talkin bout Mr Smith (I invented the taadow!) Uh
Talkin bout Mr Smith
Talkin bout Mr Smith
Talkin bout

Time's up, your rhyme's up, mix the lines up
I'm about to blow the spot up with that divine touch
I got the magnetic energetic lyrical calasthetic
Ya better call a medic cos ya look pathetic
Guan boy it's the champion Mr Smith
Your niggas couldn't raise up with a forklift
Cocked the hammer, peep out the grammar
It's hard like Bacardi and hot like a house party

All your so-called flavour niggas is deaded
Your next step is where ya headed so don't forget it
Your rhymes is beat, your steelo's scarred to scrape
When you scream you sound muddy like a bled teeth
I get'cha open like f-lay, 'tack you when I spray
Lethal compositions around your way
I'm the maniacal murderous Mr James Smith
Rippin ya ass out the frame with my verbal gift