

## 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