

No Airplay

LL Cool J

Y'all wanna put it on tape and do all the real [BACKWARDS]?
Ya just wanna go straight to dat? Aight
You don't wanna mix it or nuttin? Aight let's do it
You want me to do the hook part too?
Check it out uhh, check it out uhh
Yeah it's that Uncle L [BACKWARDS], you know, word up
Ain't no doubt about this, I'm settin this right in here
Yeah yeah yeah, I'm gonna sex this up, yeah go like this here
Check it out

I'm beatin against the up out their boots
Flame throwin their troops, they can't recoup from drinkin acid soup
Spectacular, benacular, miraculous raw Scooped off the concrete to make a hi
t
Tearin out the hinges, competition cringes
in the trenches, killin for mere inches
Word to mama, I tongue kiss a piranha
Electricute a barricuda for tryin to bring the drama
I get more ass than a toilet seat
So put your ballerina shoes on and tiptoe down my Your mother deathwish will
be soloist
R-double O-K-I-E you ain't stylish
It's mother arson from here to Parsons
You're dawson, it's murder, when I step in the door run
for your mother life, get ghost
or taste the toast and get your hung on a goalpost
Startin at'cha neck to check ya for respect
Ya back get snapped, your lower spine gets wet
Hips get ripped and then your thighs start to slide
I'm up thru hole and up your inside

And don't be gettin no airplay
A jam that'cha love, a jam that'cha love
It's a jam that'cha love that don't be gettin no airplay
A jam that'cha love, a jam that'cha love

Yeah, the rugged ass style I possess
They got the goin from Bel Air to baggin up sess
right in his corn
You shoulda never put me on this mic, you was warned
I got chasin behind my path for garbage bags
hopin to bring in to throw old rhyme to one of da fags
Huh, I'm on my mother game like dat
I put it in your chest and make your heart go flat
All the mother tracks in the world can't save ya
when I drop these chains on ya brain and enslave ya
Once you was on a pedestal now ya gettin ridiculed
is critical, we're fightin at the pinnacle
I'm burnin like a cracker do a cross
Ain't no three-in-a-row tic tac toe, this is a real flow boss
Makin understand my language
then they rap and vanish and camouflage the damage

To whom it may concern, youknowhutI'msayin?
We're gonna do this right here, word is bond, huh huh
Cos it's a jam that you love that don't be gettin no airplay
(A jam that'cha love that don't be gettin no airplay)

I wanna do that one right yo

To whom it may concern on this mother test
I got the zest to clip ya thru ya vest
Little shortys with big 40's talkin loud, actin proud
BLAOW! Now ya chokin off a black cloud
Rollin El's til your brain swells
Inhale deep sleep and dust me off them old ass Rock The Bells
You mother [BACKWARDS], you fruitcakes, you fakin jacks
You don't want it, I'm burnin up the wax
I'm a trailblazin, gun totin, renegade
black ass New York choppin like a blade
Bullshinanigans, country ass mannequins
Mother frontin and I bet you ain't no slam again
Yeah what? I siad it and sweat it
What? You catch a heat-seekin missile in ya gut

Ha ha, word is bond yo
It's a jam that'cha love that don't be gettin no airplay
Yeah, ha ha, word is bond
Y'knowhuti'msayin? I'm catchin mother wreck in here,
knowI'msayin?
to all them rookies, word up ha ha
Yo I got the laugh, word, knowI'msayin?
And sometimes skill boys, you just gotta laugh at
mother Ha ha, yeah uhh
A jam that'cha love that don't be gettin no airplay
A jam that'cha love, a jam that'cha love
Yeah, I wanna shout it out to my mother around
Farmers
My Zeus, knowI'msayin? My mother minnan right
diddere
Spit at the tissturn t-t-t-tables all L willing a-a-a-able,
youknowI'msayin?
Get mad busy in this [BACKWARDS], y'knowI'msayin?
My don't give a [BACKWARDS], word up
Set that off right, uhh