

Straight From Queens

LL Cool J

Uncle
rippin the microphone
and blowin the stage apart.
These MC's ain't got no heart
they need to quit before they start.
Shakin and breakin 'em down
best at least
f***in 'em up up at least
smackin 'em in a pilek
now have a stomp and a smile G.
Raisin
replacin
like Jason
when I be chasin
these rappers
machetti style
choppin down
their petty style's bassin
All in my face
you got the mic
but I gotta getcha off it
you got my rhyme
now cough it
brother sweat the tip and forfeit.
You're nada
know nota
I'm hotter
You're a slow trotter.
Karate
switch the e into an a
and it's karata.
When I come on
I'm rippin it up
just like a madman.
I fly your head
chop off your legs
and make your head stand.
Tax and wreckin these chumps
all of them I rub out.
You know the time
what's on your mind
you know I never go out.
I be breakin bouts
ya boys
your block is full of bums see.
You never was too clever
stick the fork in you
you're done G.

The instrument'll rip
with the ultimate
of all the rappers.
Toe to toe
whenever I go
I guarantee
the flow will smack ya.
Pumpin ya full a lead

just like a 9
kickin it off in half the time
takin a break
and makin mine
you're way behind.
Ya needed a title
and all the uncle
made your title for ya
hopin
and prayin
and wishin
that I can't rap
but I rip all a yall
in half
look at me laugh
Ya hee-haw style
ya kick it
Mmmmm I see goodies
gimme the mic and hoodie
now I'll dick it.
Any
the every
the his
the hers
of those
of theirs
of them.
I see your title
around your neck
just swingin loose
I take your gem.
I'm takin it off you neck
with every line that I select
and rappin it up and cuttin
while I'm starin
with disrespect.
Bustin off
yeah
squeezin like a vice grip
blowin ya off the stage
into the crowd
so have a nice trip.

I'm takin control
I hold
the microphone is good as gold
fly so many heads
I built my twenty-fifth
totem pole.
Turnin it out
and gettin wrecked
is just a understatement.
How special to rap a flat
puttin his head
inside the pavement.
Burnin 'em up
just like a flame thrower
rippin 'em
with the cool flower.
Takin 'em out in pairs
like the man, Noah
Holdin 'em up
just like a trophy

for the world to see.
You really ain't superb
you see
you're goin out
like a girl to me.
Takin your little
boo-hoo baby
tear drop
cryin style
breakin it down
until there's dust
and I'ma vacuum up the pile.
Showin
and provin
and groovin
and makin a movie
on the mic.
slappin a Marlboro
in his mouth
just like
a dirty little tyke.
Master of the murderous
maniac
mad style
amazin man
mackin the mic
since I was just
a mere child.
Props and props
more props than Terminator 2
with pen and pad
I play to you
and on the cross-fader too.
Endlessly with energy
undefeatable lyrically
expandin my empire
you don't wanna test me.

Wizard of funkadelic
every album's like a relic
bite the line
chewin on mine
but ya never live to tell it.
Bustin it off quick
flippin the script
that's in the bushes
then walkin around the jam
I'm handin out pounds
and mushes.
You're makin a face
you wanna test my slick maneuver?
Your best to rock a break beat
or somethin you can groove to.
Even if every rapper
in the world was makin jams
as soon as I set this off
their mic's are slidin
out their hands.
rockin the junky's world
with the release
of every single
back in the days
I told ya

I need a beat
to make ya jingle.
Overlord
droppin the sword
and choppin off the mic cord.
rappers are dead
all over the street
in every state I toured.
I'm dealin the truth
with living god
that's right before ya eyes.
And I'll be rollin
in hoods and sneakers
you can keep the suit and ties.
No sell out
bet ya uncle never dies.
Gimme that microphone
I'll rip it up
until sunrise