

This Is Ring Tone M...

LL Cool J

[Chorus]

Clap ya hands and to the beat, y'all
Because the heat'll make you, clap ya hands and say
You go the one for the cash, two for the safe
(This is ring tone murder) Let's dog the place My bars are like a bullet, blow your head right off
Hate on the trigger, pull it, give your mouth a night off
Give your sound man a c-note to cut your mic off
The promoters need me, nigga, you just a write-off
After that, hit the dress room, turn the lights off
Score on the fourth broad, let her break my pipe off
I used the word 'off' seven times in a rhyme
You dumb enough to think I got a limited mind
But before you start tweaking, critiquing, pressing rewind
Einstein understand, that your third eye's blind
You lack creativity, that's why you don't sign
They calling me a genius, it's about time
I'm like the tattoos on your mama's behind
I bounce up and down, and at the end I'mma sign
And I will humiliate anybody that want it
I'm back on stop, it hurts little homey, don't it? [Chorus] It's obvious these clowns don't know who I am
Most who didn't get the message, nigga, check the spam
Get your facts right, take your dick out your hand
No homo, but you probably on the low-low, damn
They call Uncle L, I'm from the north side of Queens
Now you looking at me, like what does that mean
It means I crush you and every coward in between
For sounding like girls with them sweet sixteens
And I don't give a fuck about who's old or young
From what I hear, the graveyard got room for everyone
Test Big Ellie, come and get your head sprung
Which coffin you want, the blue or the red one?
I ain't gang banging, that ain't the motherfuckin' point
The point is, I spark these niggas like dust joints
The point is you gon' pay me what you owe me plus points
Listen to the sound of revenge, it's my voice [Chorus] Run around talking bout I'm twice ya age
But I was rich at 17, you got some shit to explain
Rap game's like a movie, niggas playing the role
But your poker game's too weak, you're forced to fold
All this hating and debating shit, made me cold

Ready to blast, separate ya body from your soul
Conniving ass cowards get dropped in a hole
These niggas is shook like Pinky's ass on the pole
I'm the bridge over troubled water, pay my toll
I'm the rules to the game, you obey my code
I'm the center of the bomb, I'm the part that explodes
You are not hip hop, nigga, go write for Vogue
You are not a king nor prince, you just a toad
You ain't a G, you a hoe, you sweeter than Rocky Road
Battle anybody, who want it? Let me know
I just had another birthday, nigga, more dough[Chorus]

Songwriters

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