

(nfa) No Frontin Allowed

Ll Cool J

[Incomprehensible] Mad madness trashy brother from way back
We're blowin' mics since the days of 8-track
Certified, bonafied pull out the weapon
Rusted your ho's gets busted
Run your joules, shootin' up ya damn fools
Leavin' your loser lazy lyricist in bloody pools
Went away came back your still wack
Now your slobbin' Marly's mob for a dope track
Comin' off like a bra and it's the witness
No click-click a fru [Incomprehensible] business
Don't care about no money got props in it
Flippin, scripts with every letter in the alphabet
Wanna jump jump and jingle your rump rump
Here to pump punks with real hot lead chunks
Full-grown I ain't no baby with these rhymes kid
Put the mic down my peoples know where ya live
I chop you little brittle riddle right up the middle
And have the police playin' the fiddle in the hospital
Somebody said, "He couldn't rip with the roughness"
Rhymes kick your teeth but end up front less
Soul survivor of a thousand beats
Sendin' funeral wreathes to all ya use-to-be chiefs
Is a raw to a bearlin' in the woods [Incomprehensible]
Brothers tapes ain't jack their best tracks is wack
I heard you think you got a chance to win
But my Glock is stopped off to murder the top ten
Rough and rugged and raw I'm like a callous
The underground can say, "Ain't no fra-zontin in my palace"
[Incomprehensible] Well can I be the flavor of the month? Why
I got the flavor plus I can bump a chump
I got the funk straight from my underground hide-out
I freak it in the house and let the hits just ooze out
Bust on the scene to let ya know I wasn't frontin'
Got ya screamin' for my album so I had to do somethin'
Write tonight to take a bit not a bite
And watch the [Incomprehensible] freak you with all my
Like here I am to save the day
I stop the tracks with the mic so I say to chay
And on guard when I'm swingin' for your brow

'Cause in the house of hits ain't no frontin' allowed
[Incomprehensible]Just when you thought that it was safe to try and chop me
Run for ya life now here some Mr. Funky and I'm pissed
So watch how many heads I'll be the takeout
Boy ya better look out I work ya like a cook-out
So get the flavor the original Mr. funky [Incomprehensible]
And you watch me do my thing
Because I hit ya with the funk of the fly-talker
And make your girl bump-bump, get it, get it like Luke Sky Walker
I can't front, I love rappin' with a passion
Crash your head front into the funk you think I'm slam dancin'
See when you front you make mad
The alter weight [Incomprehensible]
Freak this, funky twin powers activate
Sheik on the mic with the cape and muscles
Crushin' MC's while their girls do the hustle
See other rappers try to dis the lords but yo, your dead wrong
Damn it, can't we all just get along?
We'll see there simply ain't no frontin' allowed
Yo, I'm out like the Cosby Show
Peace to the funky child
[Incomprehensible]Punchin' your goddamn eyebrows off
Roughin' it up north lookin' like your laugh off [Incomprehensible]
It's a blash smash and crash from my stash
Be watchin' your back kid your girl and the phat path
Talkin' 'bout your macks and tax
What's with that? Your gettin' wet like slow sex
Rippin' on that old school kid
Leavin' sliced as a slit says I wet your crib
No question testin' the west and the east and
Once the ammo was released and
I'll make your girl come and getcha
Hope you get the picture boy your better off if a pit bit ya
What it is like in the illest fight believe the hype
I'm givin' crowds more nose jobs than Mike
Fight sight alright they bite spot light tonight is hype
Trigger happy tripe don't hit bite my owner's right
And ya know it's comin' off so don't ask it
Snatchin' the vocal and hotties on the rap tip
Mackin' ya boys up bringin' the noise up
And now ya need stitches because my voice cuts
Chainsaw gain more and reign raw
And never let a brother play it is my main law
[Incomprehensible]

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