

# Straight from Queens

## LL Cool J

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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.  
Fuckin' '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,  
Machete 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 not a,  
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 nine.  
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 y'all  
In half.  
Look at me laugh  
Ya hee-haw style.  
Ya kick it.  
Mmm, 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 your neck  
With every line that I select,  
And wrappin' 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 as 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 want to 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 want to 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 mics 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.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>