

Get da Drop on 'Em

LL Cool J

Check it out

I break a nigga down ugly like Coke, up on the scale

Next step throw a stack up on the third rail

The undisputed, I'm never ever diluted or polluted

You could fuse it, if ya choose it 'cause it's deep rooted

I make ya maggot ass crawl out the gutter

For underestimating as I'm creating the butter

Cliques get clipped like heavy bricks when I'm dropping

I'm wrecking nigga whole shit plus I make a profit

Wicked with this shout, bodies are fished out

I'm wrecking niggas one-by-one but then I miscount

Mispronounced, how do LL bounce

And get ya shit bust? I turn ya fagots into mush

Ya slipping, I'm gripping microphones real tight

Then I crack up the speakers in ya Ac all night

Deliver messages, the prophecy's in me

His Royal Highness, you minus what you claim to be

(Say what?)[Chorus: x3]

Uh, I get da drop on you niggas

I blow it, I make it hot for my niggas I blow em, kaboom, but fuck sound effects

Niggas was sleeping like I was off on a Star Trek

Select my dialect, inspect all my checks

He claim he getting money but L cast the cheque

You sell blunt weed, Glock block, horizons

Niggas in the projects find ya hypnotizing

You clowns know when I bring forth the heat

Hardcore niggas be wearing panties, looking sweet

I'm on a journey through the land of fronting niggas

Nervous motherfuckers with the hands on dirty triggers

I lay back, niggas beef or let my nuts live

I take my blade, insert it until ya guts give

Execution, the destroyer of ya suspect bunch

What? Drama! You can't believe how I deliver bomb shit

Ya brains split, the pain hits ya little dick[Chorus] You falling backwards, leaning like a dope addict

Rope niggas claim me, packing automatics

Found his ol' Earth's burner underneath the mattress

Go outside, the bitch up just like a actress

I take ya motherfuckers one-by-one and show ya how it's done

And dick ya down in front of everyone

Bitch niggas ain't got no type of reason
To say a bullshit rhyme in LL season
I'm freezing, ya bleeding heavily up out'cha rectum
Black and blue, trying ta hide up in the spectrum
I got ya raw ass busting straight flat
Head up on the place mat, ready to waste that
Operating incorporates stimulating designs
Lay that motherfucker's shit down, nigga resign
Don't lose ya mind, concentrating on how I shine
You never hear a nigga like me, never in time
I blaze it quick, amaze cliques when I flip
I can't believe you niggas forgot who rip shit
It's '96 and niggas like to hold they dicks
I'm breaking shit aside ya doctor's can't fix[Chorus]Fuck the tricks and all them smooth singing grooves
I'm bringing crews, in my ring you swing and lose
With the blues light my fuse, allow me
To show ya crab ass fake niggas how it be
My technique's superb when I'm pissing on these herbs
Crystal clear so you can hear every word
Fuck the goodie-goodie or your moms might hear it
I gotta keep my title locked down so niggas fear it
Uh, I get da drop on you niggas
I blow it, I make it hot for my niggas[Repeat: x2]
Uh, I get da drop on you niggas
I blow it, I make it hot!

Songwriters

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