

Eat 'Em Up L, Chill (Pasha Fookin Short Edit)

LL Cool J

Chill
(Eat 'em up, L)
Chill
(Eat 'em up, L)
Chill
(Eat 'em up, L)
Chill
(Eat 'em up, L) Bring on the mo's and ho's
Don't snooze or doze
'Cause I'm rippin up shows
Hold your nose, dead bodies are around I leave scratch marks under the tears of a clown
I write rhymes that shine like lipstick
So much material, but not materialistic
Imperial styles I use When the mic is lifted the crowd is amused
Come with it, if you feel you're full-fledged
Or yell "Geronimo!" and jump off the edge
Your e-n-d is near when I appear The stage is yours, but wait until the smoke clears
Rhyme sayer, and I'm here to lay a load
So watch a player when he's playin in player mode
Uncle L's bad, and you're soon to say
'Cause I rip the mic until the toon decay Chill
(Eat 'em up, L)
Chill
(Eat 'em up, L)
Chill
(Eat 'em up, L)
Chill
(Eat 'em up, L) MC's are dumb, I catch em in a dragnet
You're not complete, I'm battlin' a fragment
So creative and witty and outstandin'
And I be demandin' that you're abandoned In the desert or a wild west town
While I'm at your crib on a cherry-go-round
Where will she stop? No one knows
Like I said before, bring on the mo's and ho's I know my abc's and my p's and q's
Just chill and listen to the rhyme cruise
All aboard, the cod is a reward
Some were ignored when they toured for they bored The crowd was aloud, lyrics weren't endowed
Took a crack of the 40 and went to show em how
You like me now, but you didn't before

'Cause you forgot I was rawChill
 (Eat em up, L)
 Chill
 (Eat em up, L)
 Chill
 (Eat em up, L)
 Chill
 (Yo, eat em up, L)Ah
 Future of the funk, ah
 (Go 'head, baby)
 (Do it)Go 'head, baby
 (Do it)
 Yeah
 (Do it)Chill
 (Eat em up, L)
 Chill
 (Eat em up, L)
 Chill
 (Eat em up, L)
 Chill
 (Yo, eat em up, L) [Repeat; x 2]It's so visual the way I'm throwin' down
 Visualize MC's goin down
 In a barrage of bullets combined with rhymes
 The moral of the story is: I'ma get minesI saw the cord-less, boy, I'm gonna house that
 Your rhymes are cheesy, you found em in a mouse trap
 Don't try to front while the freestyle's droppin
 He wants to battle, he must be needle-poppinYou better notify your next akin
 'Cause when I begin it's like a needle to the skin
 If you wasn't prepared
 Then you ought to be scaredBut even if you was
 You're aware what the rhyme does
 I remember when you was an amateur
 Writin' your rhymes, starin' at my signatureBought the album, analyzed the style
 Tisk-tisk (Hatchew!) God bless you, child
 I'm unique when I speak to a beat
 Another rapper'll fall when the mission's completeI daze and amaze, my display's a faze
 Every phrase is a maze as Uncle L slays
 The competition that's lost in a freestyle
 'Cause on the mic I'm the golden childWith the magical wand that they're callin a mike
 And when MC's approach it turns into a spikeChill
 (Eat em up, L)
 Chill
 (Eat em up, L)
 Chill
 (Eat em up, L)

Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Why don't you just chill
(Eat em up, L)Yeah
Yeah
I want to say what's up to my man cool Herc
And my man Afrika Bambaataa and the Zulu NationKnow what what I'm sayin'
My man Marley Marl and DJ Clash
My man B-Blast
Rush TownDef Jam
We in the house
Of course I gotta say what's up to my homeboys EPMD
YeahI get busy
Peace

Songwriters

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