

# Rock The Bells

## LL Cool J

Rumor has it that you're tired of my scratchin' and drums  
And of course I wanna expand to the maximum  
So I inject in one more element to that of L.L  
Came up with something' funky called Rock the Bells  
During this episode vocally I explode  
My title is the king of the FM mode  
See, my volume expands to consume  
And my structures emote a lyrical heirloom  
Vacally pulsating, I initiate gyrating  
Ya must respond to my bells, there's no waiting  
For the duration, there's no articulation  
Receiving ovation for the bell association  
The vocalization techniques I employ  
The voice of my shadow could take a toy boy  
The injection of bells into this beat  
The result-enough energy to amputate your feet  
Greater insulator microphone dominator  
My name is Coll J, manipulator innovator  
Connoisseur, I'm sure my percussion will excite  
These bells are gonna rock all night  
Rock the bellsThe bells make your energy escalate  
A sort of musical fury L.L. might detonate  
Subject matter entitled "The Bells"  
The lyrical appraisement is by L.L  
My progrtam strains the tympanic membrane  
I've been ordained the BLZ I'll flame  
Paragraphs I concoct, Cut Creator's like an organist  
Cool J exists as a journalist  
I illuminate over any number on the Richter  
My throat contracts like a boa constrictor  
You're totally engulfed by the structured and the format  
It's not dormant, it goes to the core, man  
As you repain, you'll say I went  
To torture individuals for exitement  
Ambassador, the fiend of Cordon  
Dialect so def, it'll rip up the floor  
Ignite and excite with verbal extensions  
What I'll mention will put you on pension  
Makin' you tremble, nothin' resemble

The bells and if it don't  
I disassemble  
Hit if you bit  
I go have a fit

The master impresario of lyrical wit  
A hip-hop creature, concert feature  
Amateur teacher, my rhymes reach ya  
When I commence with excellence  
It eradicates levels of pestilence

Upon a plateau  
No mortal can go  
Mythological characters stand below

Rock the bellsFrom the design of my lyrics many people call me  
An immortalized B-boy prodigy

Eeee a misdemeanor, cleaner women I subpoena  
No conjecture in my lecture, name and adversary Gina  
Promoter, my tune revolves like rotor  
Whilst I decode-a the cranium of Yoda

Rehearsing steadily, growing I sing tweeter, mid-range  
And woofers need guarding

The bells rip your auditory canal  
Plagiarism is suicide for then I shall  
Be forced to assault  
Our position will halt  
Upset you with words

Drink your blood like it's a malt  
Opposite of illusions  
Evidently it's true

The beat metabolism supposed to accelerate you  
Hallucinating severe convulsion

Your equilibrium is took from my propolsion  
I came here tonight to rock  
These bells will never stop

Rock the BellsYa livin' on my lines side  
Autographs I sign  
Inferior fan-recorder of my rhyme  
Perfect spectator, well I'm the dominator

You reline and refine, it and you save it for later  
Swipe it as you type it  
You recite it as you bite it

Then you claim it as your own to get them excited  
About it as you shout it  
You don't tell them how go it  
And you repeat it and rock it

Multiply it, divide it, ya even sit inside it

It's L.L.'s rhyme, I know ya wanna bite  
You announce, I pounce, destroy, annihilate  
If you break, you'll be straight when I eliminate  
You sonny like scholars and you write 'em on your collars  
You'll bomb and you'll try before a million dollars  
I get like a leopard, attack, ransack, disturb, cold crush  
Use a line, I make 'em hush  
The lovers in the taker, faker, lovers of the Lakers, simulator  
Rap traitor, perfect perpetrator  
To see ya as you bit the words  
You'd think you never heard  
The mike sings like a hummin' bird  
Rock the Bells, Jack the Ripper  
King Hercules  
Professor of Death in the Seven Seas  
Grim reaper of rhyme  
Holder of the rock  
Eradicating suckers all around the clock  
The supreme machine  
A microphone dream  
My revenge is brutal when you start to scheme  
I mean, you're my adversary, I enjoy the few  
The Peruvian rock, cocaine or quaalude  
The story, the beginning of your death is heard  
But your cries are ignored by the kind of word  
I'm the super insane murderer in the rain  
Like a vampire goin' for your jugular vein  
Exterminating crews with my manuscript  
And the best thing you wrote was a bunch of bullshit  
The night of the nights  
You're my victim tonight  
You ain't nothin' nobody so get outta any sight  
Bein' crushed by the source  
It's reinforced (thoughts)  
Now ya feel remorse 'cause ya know who's boss  
L.L. Cool J is your undertaker  
Def hit-maker plus a bone-breaker  
Treble terminator, bass mutilator  
You can drop your drawers, I'm a rapper castrator  
On the microphone you will never recoup  
When I'm finished with you, boy, you'll be suckin' on soup  
Music virtuoso, melodical employer  
I knew you was a sucker, first time I saw ya  
Roll the red carpet, royalty's arrived  
Don't try to fight back 'cause you won't survive

So don't never ever in any kind of weather  
Try to mess with the tall young legend in leather  
L.L. servin' 'em well  
The beat elevates and the scratch excels  
Rock the Bells

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>