

It Gets No Rougher

LL Cool J

Let me tell you somethin' about an a-b-c style
The a the be, the c the d the e the f the g the h the I the j the k
The l the m the n the o the p the q the r the s the t the you the v
W, x, y, z, it's bullshit to meRhyme to the rhythm of a or should I give a brother time
And move on, you better get another vick to work with, or quit
Cause I'm on some ol' L shit
Capable of murder but I never committed
Taking no shorts so you better forget it
Tracklin' the world on my tone deafen station, taught her
Supercalifalistic emcee excutioner
Wicked witch, diggin' your ditch
Givin' ya stitch by stitch, ain't this a bitch
Sweeter than lemonade, stronger than a hand-grenade
Rhymes are laid, go deeper than a mermaid
Louder than a siren, I'm not retirin'
Despirin', admirin' the way I'm gettin' fly and
I sees ecleptoes and I resent those
Brothers who slept on, when they shoulda kept on
Rollin' with rush it don't get no rougher
I stopper, huffer and puffer, a buffer, suffer
I was holdin' back the man superior, right?
You want to take my title, yo, you'll be alright
You stand below the plateau I stand on
You want my faction to put the man on
I Shake'n'Bake and break the laws of gravity
And if you chew on, you'll get a cavity
Cause I'ma giant, and you're a pee-wee
And all that LL shit, you can't see me
You're cheap and weak, incomplete and off-peak
Cause it gets no rougher
It gets no rougherYo man, you know how to take the order
A-B-C emcee's youknowwhatI'msayin'?
Yo, cuttin' ain't no joke, yo L,
Release the juice on 'emI release the juice smack dab in your face
Do damage, I'm pickin' up the pace
My mics' like a torch when I'm walkin' at nighttime
Straight to the dome, it's like a pipe-line
High speed, stronger than Thai-Weed
And before you pick up the mic to get fly

You need all the dope khaki's that you can feature
 So I can serve you, you know the procedure
 Listen to the man intellectualize, visualize
 Your whole posse gettin' paralyzed
 I don't want to hear no alibi's, don't apologize
 ER-ERM-ERM, I 'll put the highs' in your eyes!
 The bass in your face, like you ditch the attorney,
 I'm on the case
 With rhymes that'll hit ya, get ya and sit ya down
 The competition is booty get the picture now?
 Skip the record, my road, to get me-a-go
 I'm figurin' yo, nigga you know
 I won't allow, not now, no way, no how
 Any form of disrespect, you better bow
 Time gets rough to swamp I do it pump
 In between my jaws adversaries got chomped
 The cordless mic is my only utensil
 Lyrics you be runnin', I break 'em like a pencil
 Cause I'm massive, and you're a small fry
 You're all in, a stunt, a fall-guy
 Outta order I smolder blacks to make you SUFFER!!
 Cause it gets no rougher, it gets no rougher Shut up, the alley cats' got attention to get
 And drop these L dope lyrics on ya,
 The beat is pumpin', you know I'm sayin'?
 Tell 'em Let me ask you ask a question,
 You could take the game of rap and rule it alone
 Demonstrate many styles on the microphone
 Build an empire like an African King
 I had to show Apu Jack the Ripper could swing
 I'm a rappers nightmare, I crush my opponents
 There's only one title, I own it
 Emcee's flip-flop, I bust out the workshop
 They try to eve's drop, goin' to make rock
 Aerodynamically, it's all automatically
 The way I jiggly full of originality
 Shay-shop 'em and stop 'em like a cheetah and an antelope
 Then I cut 'em like a cantaloupe, on the table
 They ain't able, I'm a legend, not a fable, gotta keep it stable
 Crack your back bone, harder than grimstone
 Doin' your justice overseein' like a chaperon
 Huh, on the hip-hop scene, I got shit sewn up like a sewin' machine
 Eat a rapper like a sandwich, leave 'em in a bandit
 Crack the stage and leave the audience damaged Yeah, get funky on that cut, get funky on it
 (Yo, L, them lyrics is dope man you know I'm sayin'?
 You better raw sick for years..) this how we do it dog

(Pump that good man, let's cut us some real, real somethin')
Yo, bust this I'm kinda like a soldier, see I told ya
When I pick up the mic I'ma hold ya
Captive, a mack-tive, I'll make sure I'll track it
I'll speak a cell a sneak as your backs' gettin' weaker
I freak the beat and get shieker
Rule over King, you're too over-eager
You're tryin' to make a move for
I'ma prove you're ridiculous
I think he was jealous and in the mood for an ass-kickin'
When you mess with, the man with the plan
Mic in his hand and a fresh skit
R-O-U-G-H-E-R, rougher! So here we are
Face to face, mic to mic, man to man
While your battle ship is sinkin' in quicksand
Strappin' to the bottom like a two-ton anchor
And break, pull the rope, point blank, I'm a sniper
Rapper like a pack, step on 'em like a mack
My DJ Cut-Creator scratch a record like a cat
E at my side with pride who got a bigger rep
Shh, smoke the mic like a cigarette
Every puff is rough I pull, kill a bull
One toke, your crews' a joke
I run through rappers like runnin' through rubber holes is
Nigga, I'm comin' up roses
Step back, I got the title, bear-witness to a dope recital
I've killed many men my friend and I'ma do it again and again and again
Cause it gets no rougher You know I'm sayin'? I'm ruln' this game
It don't get no rougher, peace, LL Cool J

Songwriters

SADLER/SHOCKLEE/SHOCKLEE/SMITH Published by

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