

# Farmers Blvd. (our Anthem)

## Ll Cool J

Hey man, don't you realize in order for us to make this thing work?  
Man, we've got to get rid of the pimps and the pushers  
And the prostitutes, yes, yes, y'all that's funky, yeah  
Hey yo Marley, man, yo, what's up, man?  
Hey yo man, you know we was gettin' busy on the album everyday  
We been gettin' funky but I wanna take this jam back to Farmers  
You know what I'm sayin'? Yo, let's go back on Farmers  
And get some of them early MC's, you used to be kickin' it with  
Back in the day? Yeah, yeah, yeah, let's do a jam with them  
Aight, bet but first I gotta like introduce it, you know what I'm sayin'?  
Aight, kick it  
Back in the days before I was Cool J  
I used to hang up on the corner, pumpin' Games People Play  
Sittin' on a garbage can, rhymin' to my man  
Talkin' 'bout big money and future plans  
I always told the brothers, if I got a contract  
When the money started flowin', I'd be back  
To do a jam, against all odds  
Introducing rapper 1 from Farmers Blvd.  
Hey yo, B O M B, bomb explosion  
Attack like a cat when I'm trapped and I'm closed in  
Sharp ass claws and I break all laws  
In a while all jaws 'cause I'm perfect, no flaws  
Now I'm back to Farmers on some new improved  
I'm makin' moves, not fakin' moves  
So don't you never come around here talkin' that talk  
Or walkin' that walk, you'll get played like a sport  
Football, soccer, whatever you savor  
You're a tramp and a pussycat, ready for labor  
L'll have you breakin' locks  
I'll have you cookin' fried rice in a big steel box  
The type of skills that I got reigned for years  
No worry or cares, your crew'll shed tears  
'Hip-hip-hooray, he's back' yo, save the cheers  
Suckers, I'm drinkin' forties of beers on the boulevard  
Funky, funky, funky rhymes bein' said here  
Hey yo, hey yo, hey yo uncle L, let's go  
Yeah man, I wanna check out my man, Big Money Grip  
Yo, what's up, man, kick a little somethin'

Kick out the can and slam  
Summertime, C I A step into the jam  
Reach for the mic and the punks start to fold up  
And the brothers start fleein' like it's a hold up  
Some step aside but a few play me close  
Never worry, 'cause the brother who cross me's gettin' burried  
And the fool who wants to deal with another dose  
I see to it in a hour that the mutha is comatose  
Farmers Boulevard, the place  
Handin' me a mic is like givin' a chainsaw to Leather Face  
Smokin' MC's in an instant  
At my side bustin' caps is T-Boogie, my assistant  
Throw that speaker in the trash  
Why's that? 'Cause Gangster Boogie gave the woofer a gash  
Big Money Grip makin' you get up  
Farmers crew's in effect, we never heard of a head up  
Yo, yo, yo, it's kinda funky out here on the boulevard, yo  
Yeah, we livin' Chinese people in a Turkish bath, baby  
Hi C over there, man, yo, what's up? Hi C  
Hi C on the scene, at last to bust a funky rhyme  
More than a line on time because I'm gettin' mine  
Never underestimate the skill of a great one  
The Boulevard lord, shorts, never take none  
Another funky rapper from around the way  
Leavin' bodies at a party 'cause somebody gotta pay  
Boy, you been told, put your lips on hold  
All you remember is a barrel and a mouth full of gold  
Spreadin' terror on the street like they was in the past  
Any punks on the block, yo, never could last  
And I never feel sorry for a sucker I gained on  
Any slick talker, yo, he's bound to get rained on  
At any Farmers party at my side is a Mag  
One time a sucker got ill and went out in a body bag  
Fear will erupt through the heart of another  
The Farmers crew will never fall, that's word to the mother  
Yo, yo, it's kinda funky out here, yo, yo, yo, Hi C  
Yo man, y'all kinda funky out here, yo I was  
Yo, what's up? Crew member, 9 years ago, man  
You know what I'm sayin'? Farmers Blvd. baby  
Yo, I was kinda, I was kinda stagnant to sleep on it  
But yo, L, won't you, won't you sum it  
All up for the people, aight? aight, let me sum this up  
Now you heard the brothers speakin'  
'Bout the street that we're from  
Rhymes hittin', beats kickin', you can't get none

F A R M E R S passin' the test  
Marley Marl in the background doin' the rest  
Do re mi fa so la ti do, do ti la so fa mi re do, kato  
Get up out my face before I play you like Play Doh  
I did a jam against all odds  
And it was dedicated to Farmers Blvd.  
Keep on to the beat, y'all  
A funky beat, y'all, yes, yes  
Y'all, you don't stop

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