

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>