

(NFA) No Frontin' Allowed

LL Cool J

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Mad madness
Trashy
Brother from way back.
We're blowing mics
Since the days of
8-track.
Certified
Bonified
Pull out the weapon.
Rusted.
Your ho's gets busted.
Run your jules!
Shooting up ya damn fools.
Leavin' your loser
Lazy lyricist
In bloody pools.
Went away
Came back
Your still wack.
Now your slobbing Marly's mob
For a dope track.
Coming off like a bra
And its the witness.
No click-click
A fru ? business
Don't care about no money
Got props in it.
Flipping scripts
With every letter in
The alphabet.
Wanna jump.
Jump!

And jingle your rump.
Rump!
Here to pump punks
With real hot lead chunks.
Full-grown
I ain't no baby with
These rhymes kid.
Put the mic down
My peoples know where ya live.
I chop you little
Brittle riddle
Right up the middle
And have the police
Playing the fiddle
In the hospital.
Somebody said, "He
Couldn't rip with the
Roughness."
Rhymes kick your teeth
But end up front less.
Soul survivor of a
Thousand beats
Sending funeral wreathes
To all ya use-to-be chiefs.
Is a raw
To a bearlin' in the woods?
Brothers tapes ain't jack
Their best tracks is wack.
I heard you think you
Got a chance to win
But my glock is stopped off
To murder the top ten.
Rough and rugged and raw
I'm like a callous.
The underground can say
"ain't no Fra-zontin
In my palace." Well can I be the
Flavor of the month?
I got the flavor
Plus I can bump a chump.
I got the funk
Straight from my
Underground hide-out.
I freak it in the house
And let the hits just

Ooz out.
Bust on the scene
To let ya know I
Wasn't fronting
Got ya screaming for my album
So I had to do something.
Write tonight
To take a bit
Not a bite.
And watch the ?
Freak you with
All my might.
Like "Here I am to
Save the day!"
I stop the tracks
With the mic
So I say "To chay"
And "On Gaurd"
When I'm swinging for your brow.
Cause in the house of hits
Ain't no fronting allowed. Just when you thought
That it was safe
To try and chop me.
Run for ya life
Now here comes Mr. Funky
And I'm pissed.
So watch how many heads
I'll be the takeout
Boy ya better look out
I work ya like a cook-out.
So get the flavor
The original Mr. Funky
?
And you watch me do my thing.
Because I hit ya with the funk
Of the fly-talker
And make your girl
"Bump-bump!"
Get it, get it!"
Like Luke Skywalker.
I can't front
I love rapping with a passion.
Crash your head front
Into the funk
You think I'm slam dancing

See when you front
You make mad
The alter weight ?
Freak this:
"funky twin powers activate!"
Sheik on the mic
With the cape and muscles.
Crushing MC's
While their girls
Do the hustle.
See other rappers
Try to dis the lords
But yo, your dead wrong.
Dammit, can't we all
Just get along?
We'll see
There simply ain't no
Fronting allowed.
Yo, I'm out
Like the Cosby show
Peace to the Funky Child. Punching your
God-damn eyebrows
Off
Roughing it up north
Lookin' like your
Laugh off ?
It's a blash smash
And crash from my stash.
Be watching your back kid.
Your girl and the phat path.
Talking bout your macks and tax.
What's with that?
Your getting wet like
Slow sex.
Ripping on that old school kid.
Leaving sliced as a slit
Says I wet your crib.
No question.
Testing the west
And the east and
Once the ammo was released and
I'll make your girl
Come and getcha.
Hope you get the picture.
Boy your better off

If a pit bit ya!
What's its like
In the illest fight.
Believe the hype.
I'm giving crowds more
Nose jobs than Mike.
Fight sight alright
They bite
Spot light tonight
Is hype
Trigger happy tripe
Don't hit bite
My owner's right.
And ya know it's coming off
So don't ask it.
Snatching the vocal
And hotties on the rap tip.
Macking ya boys up.
Bringing the noise up.
And now ya need stitches
Because my voice cuts.
Chainsaw
Gain more
And reign raw.
And never let a brother play it
Is my main law.

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