Murdergram

LL Cool J

Hey yo, don't go near the speakers
The big showdown; the display is skill
I'm the type of Picasso with ya girl on the pill
Take a family snap shot, kiss ya wife
Cause I'm like a knife, the concrete is right
And I'll take ya life, and take ya like python
I'm a do you wrong
Any emcee who you want to name?
I want pain that I can be tamed
Talkin' about guns, punk, it don't alarm me
Got enough cash to make a whole damn army
I can't hold back the way that I feel
Cause when I bust a rhyme it's like ya slippin' off banana peels
Ya like fruit cake, ya fruit cocktails
First your title, now I'm takin' your female
All of a sudden you're so proud of a black
A baseball hat but you ain't sayin' jack
The ripper is back, and you can't escape
Cause one of my records will sell more than your whole tape
I want beef, so bring on the rookies
I got more than just Cool J cookies
Rip, rock, crush, stop, cop; I'm poison; come and take a drop
I bet ya teeth will end up around the corner, kid
Don't ask me why I did it
I'm civilized damage to a nobody
And I'm carrying a gun if I'm rhyming at the party
New York, Chicago, Detroit, LA
I'll slay wherever ya play
D.C. or Philly, or Baltimore
I'm worrying the rich, invading the poor
Perpetrating in your video; here's the real smoothing
Country accents; who do you think you're foolin'?
I play "crushable," "late night craps"
You only knew 'cause ya onto your raps
And rap city and B.E.T.
The channel 31, and, but now here I come
To save the day and the now you're getting done
Like a hooker, don't try to soul, crumb
The first sign of the battle you little fake

It's, comin' out ya kitchen sink
Your Mic's a baby bottle, son
Some say they ain't, but I am the one
The slice is that the fire, boy, it'll break ya
Servin' or heard 'em; a word occurred to him
Then he could move; a would get moved on
Like a shotgun blast, big mouth emcees, I'll bet ya none last
Cause they ain't stable or able
And I bruise the party like jumper cables
So plug me in, and put me on
I'm serial hard, so I can battle amore
From coast to coast fly, cripple, and crazy
Use a dictionary, but you still don't phase me
Listen and we can sound cheap
Reach out for my blackness, but your records ain't wack this
Your bitin' on the castle door but when you fall in the moat
I won't see ya no more
Let's get together and diss LL
Use his name and ya records might sell
I can't believe you found a dead maggots
Crawlin' all over my name, I won't have that
You better look in the mirror and re-think your plan
Why walk in quicksand
When you can stand on your own two feet?
I'm rippin' emcees a funky drum with a big beat
Name the date and a or Rainer
Ya three year old ballerina
I can't believe the suckers try to throw-down
Whether you're new or older than old town
Just kick back; I don't like a, psycho rap
You can't handle the format
Whether you're swab or swoon
Ruff or rugged, all I need is a broom
If I slay the way they slay, punk play the pay
Mr. Morris has entered the buffet
Some of y'all are sittin' in rows
Plates of hot butter rolls, beat ya with balamey
Slap ya with salami, 'cause when I get hot I get hot like pastrami
Then I make ya wonder why you don't hear bass
But you feel the thunder
You get cooked; I'll knock out your tooth
We'll be fighting from lobby to the roof
You are on me like I wrote your dinnertime
Yo, Marley. (Whats up?) Spill the time
(Nah, man, just kick a little warmth)

Pass the brass knuckles then we break his jaw
When I'm on the microphone I want silence
Let KRS-One stop the violence
Ain't no rivals, ain't no competition
Punk, I'm beatin' ya into submission
I'm gettin' busier than ever before
Never more will I'll slack, I'm a keep it real raw
Eat ya up like a pack-jam
Video is poppin' over a Batman
Rippin' you to shreds, tappin' you on the head
Then leave the battle lookin' as happy as a newly wed
Give me a tech-nine to spray
Save the peep, and put it on law-away
I'll make a mailman spin and send a jam the fans will understand
Feel ya weep about the murdergram

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