How I'm Comin'

Ll Cool J

Boom, bash, wake up, I set it off right.
Look around, and turn your wet dream to fright night.
You can call me R and B, homies, which stands for rough brother,
Word to my grandmother.
I buck you in the head just to let ya know.
Stick you for ya dough, spit on the flo',
Drag it out of ya, bring it on.
I smack him back down, yo dope, word is bond.
I know you want a piece of the champ,
But you roll too weak, you couldn't make it in my camp.
You thought I went for the flip,
But I'm bustin' off hip-hop, clip after clip.
I kept you out there, ripped you for your wear.
Jump inside your video, bust you with a chair.
Smack, slap, smack, slap, smack, slap, smack.
Just to make it worse and hurt your pride I'll run it back,
Smack, slap, smack, slap, smack, slap, smack.
Click, click, boom, stop dead in your tracks.
Stick the steel in your mouth,
Buck, buck, buck, buck, buck, lights out.
[Chorus]
(I'm comin'.)
How ya comin', baby?
(I'm comin'.)
This is how I'm comin'.
The album that I'm comin' with is rough, the flavor's mean.
(Ooh.) Kickin' you for real, in the guillotine.
Fourteen shots to your dome, kid.
I'm doin' time in the game like a bid.
Movin' rhymes like a package.
So stigetty step up and get your nostrils damaged.
Shootin', lickin', bustin', sprayin', all of that,
And then some, dead, dead, dead, one by one.
Never step to a real man,
Cause your rhymes only work on a playground program.
They impress your little friends, bring you a little ends,
But you still you gotta ride in your man's benz.
Word to hip-hop, I'm a blast ya.
Gotta set you on fire, cause I gassed ya.

Boom, blow, Batman, bang, pow.
(what,) uh, (what,) that's the way it's goin' down.
My new album ain't no joke.
You want to take me out, how many bunch ya smoke?
I'll never slack again, I'm off the job like the mob.
Hey, no prob', many solved, on the knob, make 'em soft, drob.
What you gotta deal with is real, made of steel.

You can feel it comin', burnin', buildin', flowin' like an eel.
Movin', killin', breakin', servin' you, just like a meal.
Take off your clothes, and taste the steel.
[Chorus]
Check, baby,
Rockabye baby, on the roof top.
Open up your mouth, and taste my gallot.
When your jaw breaks your gold teeth will fall.
Down will come the monkey, banana clip, and all.
Splat, (buck, buck, buck) it's all over wit'.
Another plan O.D.'ed over my war hit.
The way I'm workin', and jerkin', and hurtin', brothers converted.
Non-believers get murdered, 'cause I waffle birded.
Get your face out the bill, catch the thrill.
Carry a nine, put your hootchies on the bill.
The thought of you gettin' scared turns me on,
Like my first television with my backup tip hard.
So where's your mouth kid? Where's your heart, shorty?
It's all over, cash your chips in, crack a forty.
You look thirsty, you ain't gettin' no mercy, mercy,
And ain't no way that you can rehearse for me.
Murder I wrote, murder I wrote, is what I figure.
It's in my tote, it's in my tote, so I pull the trigger.
Put up your women, your crib, your speakers,
Your dog, your cat, your crate, your speakers,
Your sister, your aunt, your crew, your Knicks.
Got 'em booin', all you mother rappers who think that's too tough.
Bam, bam, here's a hit you wish you had.
A hit that makes you mad, a hit that makes you slap your dad.
Dead, dead, dead, kill, dead, kill, dead.
Try to battle me, I gots to buck you in your head.
I pull your file, click.
I know you're good to style, blow.
Livin' wild, when it's come to this I never smile.
What did you learn from the lesson I just gave ya?
Obey your momma, be on your best behavior.
It's never endin', and I am recommendin'

You put your name as Brendan.
I see y'all is blendin'
The message that I'm sendin'.
Is there ain't no pretendin'?
Get in the trunk, buy the album, here I'm endin'.
This is how I'm comin'.
How ya comin', baby?

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