

Eat 'em Up L Chill

Ll Cool J

Chill

(Eat 'em up, L)

Chill

(Eat 'em up, L)

Chill

(Eat 'em up, L)

Chill

(Eat 'em up, L)Bring on the mo's and ho's

Don't snooze or doze

'Cause I'm rippin up shows

Hold your nose, dead bodies are aroundI leave scratch marks under the tears of a clown

I write rhymes that shine like lipstick

So much material, but not materialistic

Imperial styles I useWhen the mic is lifted the crowd is amused

Come with it, if you feel you're full-fledged

Or yell "Geronimo!" and jump off the edge

Your e-n-d is near when I appearThe stage is yours, but wait until the smoke clears

Rhyme sayer, and I'm here to lay a load

So watch a player when he's playin in player mode

Uncle L's bad, and you're soon to say

'Cause I rip the mic until the toon decayChill

(Eat 'em up, L)

Chill

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Chill

(Eat 'em up, L)MC's are dumb, I catch em in a dragnet

You're not complete, I'm battlin' a fragment

So creative and witty and outstandin'

And I be demandin' that you're abandonedIn the desert or a wild west town

While I'm at your crib on a cherry-go-round

Where will she stop? No one knows

Like I said before, bring on the mo's and ho'sI know my abc's and my p's and q's

Just chill and listen to the rhyme cruise

All aboard, the cod is a reward

Some were ignored when they toured for they boredThe crowd was aloud, lyrics weren't endowed

Took a crack of the 40 and went to show em how

You like me now, but you didn't before

'Cause you forgot I was rawChill

(Eat em up, L)

Chill

(Eat em up, L)

Chill

(Eat em up, L)

Chill

(Yo, eat em up, L)Ah

Future of the funk, ah

(Go 'head, baby)

(Do it)Go 'head, baby

(Do it)

Yeah

(Do it)Chill

(Eat em up, L)

Chill

(Eat em up, L)

Chill

(Eat em up, L)

Chill

(Yo, eat em up, L) [Repeat; x 2]It's so visual the way I'm throwin' down

Visualize MC's goin down

In a barrage of bullets combinated with rhymes

The moral of the story is: I'ma get minesI saw the cord-less, boy, I'm gonna house that

Your rhymes are cheesy, you found em in a mouse trap

Don't try to front while the freestyle's droppin

He wants to battle, he must be needle-poppinYou better notify your next akin

'Cause when I begin it's like a needle to the skin

If you wasn't prepared

Then you ought to be scaredBut even if you was

You're aware what the rhyme does

I remember when you was an amateur

Writin' your rhymes, starin' at my signatureBought the album, analyzed the style

Tisk-tisk (Hatchew!) God bless you, child

I'm unique when I speak to a beat

Another rapper'll fall when the mission's completeI daze and amaze, my display's a faze

Every phrase is a maze as Uncle L slays

The competition that's lost in a freestyle

'Cause on the mic I'm the golden childWith the magical wand that they're callin a mike

And when MC's approach it turns into a spikeChill

(Eat em up, L)

Chill

(Eat em up, L)

Chill

(Eat em up, L)

Chill
(Eat em up, L)
Why don't you just chill
(Eat em up, L)Yeah
Yeah
I want to say what's up to my man cool Here
And my man Afrika Bambaataa and the Zulu Nation Know what what I'm sayin'
My man Marley Marl and DJ Clash
My man B-Blast
Rush Town Def Jam
We in the house
Of course I gotta say what's up to my homeboys EPMD
Yeah I get busy
Peace

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