Ill Bomb

Funkmaster Flex

Pimp shit, uh
Uh, pimp shit
Yeah, turn my shit up a little bit
My vocals, uh, uh
I hypnotize ya eyez and then you recognize
That the sparkles of my chrome shoes paralyze
Gettin' money like this, people want my vibe
Full of jealousy and pride, hate the way I ride
Sometimes ya speak, sometimes ya don't
Figure this nigga souped up, cause he couped up
Guaranteed to rip shit, soon as its louped up
Ya niggas slept, 20 girls panties wasn't wet
I'm a star, double the dick, the double are
Never score hard to leave the bubble scarred
Not the car, it's the man, daddy cool put it down
No comparin' me to ya'll, nigga is such a clowns
L.A. worth paper, ask Russell Simmons who put 'em up in that skyscraper
Ask my dogs up at Fubu, who made them major
LL nigga, now who's next that need a favor
Drop a bomb on 'em
Remain calm on 'em
Peirce the nipples, throw the LL charm on 'em
Keep gangsta shit pumpin through my system
When my strobe lights flash you can't miss' em
Listen

Call my name, ooh
Call my name, uhh
Call my name, aw yeah
Call my name

59th street bridge up a roadway, do about a buck
Pumpin Mobb up in the Cadillac truck, don't give a fuck
Gold tint, goldiggen broads getting bent
We can fuck, but you ain't getting 10 cent, Who want it?
Lay the facts out until the cats out
Set 'cha back out, sweat 'cha tracks out, blow out your weed
You wake up in the mornin to a note, "Nigga had to leave."
Be easy, you shoulda teased me, instead of bein sleazy

I wouldn't do a threezy, come across more floss than gold teeth
I learned you can't eat, if ya hold beef, with niggas underneath
Still I'm a lyrically hold it down
L back in town, 'case the bell sound for second round
Some of these old ctas is funny, fuck who's legendary
I'm tryin to get this money
Drop a bomb on 'em, and pour a dom on 'em
As soon as the track come on, I transform on 'em
Keep gangsta shit pumpin through my system
Strobe lights flashin can't miss' em
Listen

Call my name, ooh
Call my name, uhh
Call my name, aw yeah
Call my name

Rappers don't reall want it, they might claim they do
They know I'm catchin bodies, go 'head name a few
After I blaze you, I get a doughnut
Don't want no blood up on my chrome shoes
Lord have mercy, this rookies got it confused
You thought you caught me slippin, I was falsely accused
Sleepin with my eyez wide shut, like Tom Cruise
They wishin an impossible mission to see me lose
Lay up time to choose, all I hate is on the left
You hopin and prayin you get to hear me take my last breath
Lyrically, but I gang bang the track, chop sling like Cracker
Hundred keys a month, you fuckin up G backs nigga
Invincible, unstoppable ya'll niggas ain't ill your illogicale
This is L, the pigeon thriller, dream fulfiller
A little somethin for ya ice guerillas
Drop a bomb on 'em
When its time to attack Quiet Storm on 'em
Hold ya nuts and keep ya palms on 'em
Keep gangsta shit pumpin through my system
When my strobe lights flash you can't miss' em
Listen

Call my name, ooh
Call my name, uhh
Call my name, aw yeah
Call my name

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