

# 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 around I 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 use When 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 appear The 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 decay Chill  
(Eat 'em up, L)  
Chill  
(Eat 'em up, L)  
Chill  
(Eat 'em up, L)  
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 abandoned In 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's I 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 bored The 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 combined 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 Herc  
And my man Afrika Bambaataa and the Zulu NationKnow what what I'm sayin'  
My man Marley Marl and DJ Clash  
My man B-Blast  
Rush TownDef Jam  
We in the house  
Of course I gotta say what's up to my homeboys EPMD  
YeahI get busy  
Peace

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