

To Da Break Of Dawn

LL Cool J

Yeah

(To da break of dawn)All my sex involved as we get funky

Rhymes so bizarre everybody knows

When it come to a situation like this

Little more effects and I can't resistSo we get funky in the house, youknowmsayin?

L.L. Cool J style, what?

This ain't on a pop tip

Check it outWhat is a panther? A animal that kills

I'm like a shark with blood comin' out the gills

You could never in your wildest dreams

Get a piece of this gangsta lean straight from QueensStrong as liquor, to be seen in a limousine

Now you're gettin' done without Vaseline

Wouldn't bite because your rhymes are puppy chow

Made another million, so competitors bowHomeboy, hold on, my rhymes are so strong

Nothing could go wrong, so why do you prolong

Songs that ain't strong, brother, you're dead wrong

And got the nerve to have them Star Trek shades onHa, you can't handle the whole weight

Skin needs lotion, teeth need Colgate

Wise up, you little burnt up French fry

I'm that type of guy and I slammed you know just like a sumoPut him in pampers, leave my drawers in his hamper

When I'm through, you need a brand-new identity

I was scoopin' girls before you lost your virginity

Your jam is just a dreamin' MC schemeGettin' crushed by a L.L. theme

Somethin' like Shaft, put you in a cask', bo!

You little blood-clot boy, you must not know

The rep I keep, the MC's I peep, sweep, play cheapAnd freak with a chic unique technique

Get rid of the Yukmouth smile

'Cause brother, you ain't got no styleKeep on

(To da break of dawn)

(To da break of dawn)

Yeah, keep on

(To da break of dawn)Hey yo, that's kinda funky

But check this out here

(Rock that shit)

(To da break of dawn)

YeahImmaculate styles I use to abuse MC's, so light the fuse

And spread the news, you lose to the damager

Microphone manager, cold crush and bruise

And bandage a amateur, that amateur swingin' a hammer
From a body bag, so run and get your camera
Get a flick of the stiff dead-shot to get swift
But I'm the wrong brother to dance with
'Cause I don't need a partner to swing
Keep your eyes on the Cool J ring
Shootin' the gift, but you just don't shoot it right
You couldn't bust a grape in a fruit fight
Wouldn't throw a rock in a ghost town
So don't try to play post, clown, you know the L.L.'s back in town
And all the wanna-be sherrifs is gettin' shot down
Gimme that microphone
I'ma show you the real meaning of the danger zone
Stop dancin', get to walkin'
Shut your old mouth when young folks is talkin'
Huh, you little snake in the grass
You swing a hammer, but you couldn't break a glass
Gimme a lighter, woof! Now you're cut loose
From that Jherri curl juice, Cool J is back on the map
And when I see ya, I'ma give you a slap
That's right, a little kick for that crap
'Cause my old gym teacher ain't supposed to rap
Keep on
(To da break of dawn)
Yeah
(To da break of dawn)
Funk it up, I said keep on
(To da break of dawn)(Yo, rock that shit)
(To da break of dawn)
Check this out
Yeah
How dare you stand beside me, I'm Cool, I freeze I C E
On your trail and I'ma cut that bull tail
You're disobedient with the wrong ingredients
But I'ma drink you down over the rocks
While I freak on your album cover jocks
You're gonna hear a real ill paragraph soon
I took the cover right home to the bathroom
In the immortal words of L.L., 'Hard as hell'
Your broad wears it well
She's the reason that your record sold a few copies
But your rhymes are sloppy
Like Oscar, and you're bound to get dropped
And stopped, I ain't Murray the cop
Nor am I Felix, but I got a bag of tricks
Mr. Pusherman, gimme a fix
So I can show you I'm immune to them romper room tunes
You little hip-hop racoon, I'm not Scarface, but I
want more beef
Before you rapped you was a downtown car thief
Workin' in a parking lot
A brother with a perm deserves to get burned
So tell me, how you like your coat cream?
On a cone, in a bowl, or in a wet dream?
With your TV on channel fuzz
Uncle L, that's how much damage he does
Here's 5 dollars, catch a taxi cab

Take your rhymes around the corner to the rap rehabKeep on
(To da break of dawn)
Yeah
(To da break of dawn)
I say keep on
(To da break of dawn)Just wanted to funk it up a little bit
My man Pete Rock is up in the crib
Youknowmsayin'? Over here at Marley Marl house
Just coolin' out, my man Clash in the houseSippin' on this Bartles & Jaymes
Premium piece flavor out the cooler
Loungin' backKeep on
Peace

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