

# 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&b homeys, 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

(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  
(oooooh) kickin' you for real in the guillatine  
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 mans benz  
word to hip-hop, I'm a blast ya  
gotta set you on fire 'cause I gassed ya  
boom, blow, Batman, bang, pow  
unh (what) unh (what), that's the way it's goin' down  
my new album ain't no joke  
you wanna 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

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, bannana 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-beleivers 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 that 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?