

# I'm Bad

## LL Cool J

(Be on the lookout for a tall light-skinned brother with dimples)

(Wearing a black Kangol, sweatsuit, gold chain, and sneakers)

(Last seen on Farmers Boulevard headed east)

(Alias L.L. Cool J)

(He's bad...)

Aaaahhhhhhhhhh...No rapper can rap quite like I can

I'll take a musclebound man and put his face in the sand

Not the last Mafioso I'm a MC cop

Make you say, "Go L.L. and do the wop" If you think you can out write me, yeah boy I bet

Cause I ain't met a motherfucker who can do that yet

Trendsetter, I'm better, my rhymes are good

I got a gold nameplate that says I wish you would

And when battle begins then, I gotta join in and

Before my rhyme is over, you know Im'ma win

Cool J has arrived, so you better make way

Ask anybody in the crowd, they say the kid don't play! Slaughter competition, that's my hobby  
and job

I don't wear a disguise, because I don't owe the mob

Got a pinpoint rap, that makes you feel trapped

So many girls on my jock, I think my phone is tapped I'm bad

(Cool J)

(Cool J)

(Cool J)

(C C C C Cool J J)

(Cool J)

(C C C C C C Cool J J J J J)

I'm like Tyson, icin' I'm a soldier at war

I'm makin' sure you don't try to battle me no more

Got concrete rhymes, been rappin' for ten years and

Even when I'm braggin', I'm bein' sincere MC's can't win I make 'em rust like tin

They call me Jaws, my hat is like a shark's fin

Because I'm bad as can be, got my voice on wax

Some brothers think he's making records, now he must have relaxed I couldn't shouldn't, and it'll  
stay that way

The best rapper you've heard, is L.L. Cool J

Kamikaze, take a look at what I've done

Used to rock in my basement, now I'm number one And can happen on time, never standin' on  
line

You wanna try me? First you better learn how to rhyme

I'm the pinnacle, that means I reign supreme

And I'm notorious, I'll crush you like a jelly bean I'm bad I eliminate punks, cut 'em up in chunks

You were souped you heard me and your ego shrunk

I'm devastating, I'm so good it's a shame  
 Cause I eat rappers like a cannibal, they call me insane I'm as strong as a bull, of course you  
 know I have pull  
 I enjoy what I'm doing, plus I'm paid in full  
 Not Buckaroo Bonsai, but busted out as I  
 Say the kinda rhymes that make MC's wish that I'd die Never retire, or put my mic on the shelf  
 The baddest rapper in the history of rap itself  
 Not bitter or mad, just provin' I'm bad  
 You want a hit? Give me a hour, plus a pen and a pad MC's retreat, 'cuz they know I can beat 'em  
 And eat 'em in a battle, and the ref won't cheat 'em  
 I'm the best, takin' out all rookies  
 So forget Oreos, eat Cool J cookies I'm bad  
 (Cool J)  
 (Cool J)  
 (Cool J)  
 (Cool J J J)  
 (Cool J J J)  
 (C Cool J) Never ever no never  
 Never wearin' no Levi's, battle me, why try  
 I'll treat you like a stepchild, so tell mommy bye bye  
 Sparrin' MC's, and Im'ma never get whipped  
 When I retire, I'll get worshipped like a old battleship L.L. I'm bad, other rappers know  
 When I enter the set, they say, "Yo, yo. There he go!"  
 My paycheck's large, Mr. Bogart in charge  
 Not a puncher or a hunter from a racoon lodge The original Todd, teachin' how to be hard  
 Take the skin off a snake, and split a pea from a pod  
 You're a novice, I'm noble, and I dissect with my tongue  
 Not Atilla the Hun,? but no I'm Thewler his son? My vocal's exact, like rack and pinion in a Jag  
 You try to brag, you get your rhymes from a grab-bag  
 No good scavenger, catfish, vulture  
 My tongue's a chisel in this competition sculpture I'm bad  
 (Think I'm gonna need backup)  
 (Think I'm gonna need backup)  
 (What you need that for?)  
 (Yo this is L.L. Cool J)  
 (And you'll never catch me so don't even try it)  
 (I'm too bad for ya, understand...)  
 Aaaaaahhhh... I'm bad!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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