

# Niggy Nuts

## Ll Cool J

It's for the ghetto  
For the ghetto for the ghetto, yeah  
It's for the ghetto man it's for the ghetto, yeah  
It's for the ghetto it's for the ghetto, yeah  
It's for the ghetto man it's for the ghetto, yeah  
Leanin' dipped in rocks, pump the joint on the block  
Behind the Dolce Gabbana shades, peepin' the spots  
Frostbit and I'm turnin' blue, that's why I'm so hot  
Put the hustle down majorly and never get knocked  
Who can grind for this? Momma taught me to swerve  
Rent the presidential suite out, snatch ya bird  
My motto is dough or die, peace sign in the sky  
In the brand new 'lectric blue Bentley ridin' by  
Hurt these clowns, anybody that want it  
Let you borrow my crown, tell me why would you flaunt it?  
Don't you know you can get it, have your wig-piece splitted  
Meth asked me to spit it, see my coupes is kitted  
And my minks is fitted, lyrically I'm sid-dick  
Honey frontin' when you around, I always hit it  
The boss is home, regulatin' on chrome  
Tell Russell it's line one, LL's on the phone  
Get off my niggy niggy nuts  
Get off my niggy niggy nuts  
Get off my niggy niggy nuts  
Get them niggy nuts, now here's wiggly what  
Y'all need to do, when I come through, give it up  
Paper stackin', daddy get it crackin'  
Chains might be gold, the joints always platinum  
And rims always chrome, jeans always pressed  
Loot always right, cut always fresh  
Gear always dipped, honey always bangin'  
You hot? Always, my niggy nuts always hangin'  
Hold it down, rocks by the pound  
The new 2002 B-Boy sound  
Hoes stand back, I'm shakin' up the game  
You shoulda never tried, to slide in my lane  
Guaranteed to blow the block up  
  
When I ease this milky white drop up

Wanna bang ya, that's all you need to know  
50 deep in Summer Jam, I closed the show  
Get off my niggy niggy nuts  
Get off my niggy niggy nuts  
Get off my niggy niggy nuts  
Nuts, y'all, baby stay flowin'  
Hit Big B, tell him bring the Mo' in  
(Bring it in)  
Uhh, we rockin' to the rhythm  
(All night baby)  
Uncut raw, what we give 'em  
Hell yes, bounce to the music  
(Bounce)  
When the joint come on, everybody lose it  
This year leave the bar, hit the floor  
Represent, let these clowns know who you are  
When it's bangin' like this, why stop?  
(Why stop?)  
Ask me why I pop Cris', why not?  
(Why not?)  
The flow of the century  
Got your Belve splashin' to the melody, what you tellin' me?  
This is fresh 'til the day I die  
Leavin' momma with a tear in her eye  
You was frontin' for a minute, now what?  
You snapped when the joint dropped  
Get off my niggy niggy nuts  
Get off my niggy niggy nuts  
Get off my niggy niggy nuts  
Get off my niggy niggy nuts  
Get off my niggy niggy nuts  
Get off, get off  
Get off, get off  
Is to get off, get off  
Get off, get off  
Get off, get off  
Is to get off nigga

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