

# Say What

## Nicki Richards

Most thugs front when they get the chance  
(Say what?)  
Some thugs hit the blunt when they get the chance  
(Say what?)  
Live thugs stack cheddar, then they make plans  
(Say what?)  
I, Cool J, NY2K rule milleniums with my compadres  
They tounge sway with really nothing to say  
They pack guns, but I stack funds  
I'm second to none, my hot streak's just begun  
You wanna bring beef? You got to serve it well-done  
You ran the wrong way, now you livin' on the run  
Not some, each one's a bum, every one  
Coughed up a lung, became my son  
Flames I brung, platinum weighs a ton  
Heavy on the chest, I pity all the rest  
I put 'em to the test, I spit it like I'm blessed  
I testify, I have no need to lie  
I buried many, still many wanna die  
I zone out crazy, starin' don't faze me  
Got your whole strategy shook, it's too daisy  
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Black, relaod, clack, reload  
Got ya pictures sittin' in my lap, he explode  
Duck when you hear the rat-tat-tat  
'Cause once you cross over baby, ain't no comin' back  
Beleive that, I flows when I hit that, strive till I get that  
Never mind a set-back, no time to wet that  
A lyrical hi-jack, you don't wanna try that  
Creep wit' my CD, don't let 'em know you buy that  
One in the snips, one in the whip with the low jack  
Call a 911 to get the LL back, original bells, LL  
Rocked them till they fell, competition bailed  
Looked like Mince Green when mic had 'em swelled

Wrote all them rhymes and never gonna sell

Meanwhile, I'm countin' prezzies in the 'tel  
And in the meanwhile, I throw my baby in Chanelle  
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Unh, I'm lyrically hot tonight, come on  
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Layin' low to catch you on stage so I can run on  
Matter fact, you not on my level, I throw my son on  
Mission is complete, technique is unique  
Defeat the rhyme weak and mine ya knee-deep  
Rewind a rip beats and give jeeps the heat  
Even if you walkin', with ya walkman in the street  
Actin' gassed up, but you really on need  
How you countin' your paper kid, without a GED?

Slow down, let me do my thing now, hold up  
Maybe that's the reason you stressed, quick to roll up  
Put the L down, picked the other LL up  
Maybe we can straighten this out before it's toe-up  
Watch me closely, boom I'm a blow-up

And spend the whole rest of my life stackin' dough up  
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Whoo, Vinnie Biggs, you hot with this one, dawg  
Roundtree, rock the bells, uh uh, Brian Daughtery  
Uh uh, all my peeps, my peeps, my peeps across the land  
Know what I mean? We gonna keep gettin' paper  
This is real, this is real, right here, rock the bells  
It's deeper than the deepest blue sea, dawg  
Know what I'm sayin'? I'm feelin' it like you feelin' it  
Ha ha, word up, I'm lovin' it like you lovin' it, baby  
Rewind it, it's short

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