

# Farmers

## LL Cool J

Right now I'm 'bout to show you how it's done, you can  
Shut down yo, my Uzi weights a ton, you can  
Beat down and you can pump it in your system till it  
Blow out whatever dog, no doubt, I'm bout toSmack up, anybody who front like he  
Hardcore don't he know I stay raw? this is  
LL competition, they fell because I  
Do this bringing drama and truth 'cuz I don'tPlay that, and I be reepin' up cash since  
Way back put your honey on my lap and make her  
Heat up, got her beggin' me to beat it up  
Raw dog, throw your wacky on the floor, straightKill that, have her garglin' nuts until I  
Spill that, you better play like En Vogue and  
Hold on, you wanna battle? Set it off baby  
Come on, come one, come on, come onF, because my flavor's the best  
A, I get my hustle off all day  
R, wreck my block, knee all far  
M, I gotta hold it down wit my manE, big up to my nigga E Love  
R, keep the ill rims on the car  
S, I repped it, what more can I say, son  
Farmers what, farmers whatMurder, little niggas gettin money on the  
Hot block, he got the chrome shit spinnin' up on  
Linden, look at the ice and leather, the way it  
Blendin', pass the spit hot Linden from here toMary, you think you hot, Cool Jane? Ever  
Here it, and when it comes to this I'm not a  
Soldier, I'm a General crack King  
I told ya, I proved I'm the greatest rapper, niggaWhat now, tell your man step up, then watch he  
Go down, game one, do or die like  
Bedside, nobody even comin' close, nigga  
Why try, from the Bronx to Shaolin toUptown, like buckshot said nigga  
Duck down, you better play like En Vogue and  
Hold on, you know I'm goin' out nigga  
Come on, come on, come one, come onF, because my flavor's the best  
A, I get my hustle off all day  
R, wreck my block, knee all far  
M, I gotta hold it down wit my manE, big up to my nigga E Love  
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S, I repped it, what more can I say, son  
Farmers what, farmers whatNo doubt, I'll take your block and air it out, stay  
Ice out, me and my man, Little Sharp in the  
Double R, whole block, lined up wit all the

Hot cars, nigga, never be afraid you gotta  
Get paid, no matter what I do, I keep it  
Sexy me and my team spendin' cream on the  
Club scene on Performance Boulevard out in  
Killa Queens this joint knocked in the tunnel 'bout  
One O clock, they like them raw, not the watered down  
Hip hop the broad money and alah zay it  
Don't stop niggas stumblin' and fallin' off a  
Head ride when I'm goin' to Bedshaw  
Remember me, I'm the greast MC there could  
Ever be, you better call Def Jam, and tell 'em  
Hold on, 'cuz another major label told me  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
F, because my flavor's the best  
A, I get my hustle off all day  
R, wreck my block, knee all far  
M, I gotta hold it down wit my man  
E, big up to my nigga E Love  
R, keep the ill rims on the car  
S, I repped it, what more can I say, son  
Farmers what, farmers what

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