

Cheesy Rat Blues

LL Cool J

Nothin' can save ya
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Nothin' Just throw your hands in the air
And wave 'em like you just don't care
Keep 'em there
Yo, run the jewels, run the jewels, run the jewels Can you feel it? I used to be rollin' like a millionaire
Cash in a flash, bankroll to spare
Homeboys hangin', champagne and girls
Got my main woman diamonds, my mistress pearls
Everybody laughin' at my corny jokes
I was stupid, I thought that they were sincere folks
It turned out they liked the money and the fame
If I ain't get paid, I'd be that nobody James
The nobody who dreamed about bein' somebody
Chief rocker at the party
And they was hangin' like, "Yo, I'm your man
I don't even care about the ring on your hand"
We'd go out to eat and chill
But they would go to the bathroom
When it was time to pay the bill
I didn't notice all the chuckles and laughter
Too busy with a female, tellin' me I'm the master
I was slick like, "Huh, do I know you?"
I got play, here, let me show ya"
Used to have a girl that was on the ball
When the cash flow got low, so did her calls
Used to have a homeboy, always chillin'
My cash went low; he told me I was illin'
And don't call 'cause he don't hang with derelicts
Broke with no cash, yo; I was in the mix
Everybody stepped 'cause my pocket wasn't fat
My girl got a new man; I fixed his flat
I'm the one that they're laughin' at
They say, "Cheesy rat, you ain't all that" [Chorus]
Can you feel it?
Can you feel it?
Can you feel it?
Can you feel it?

Nothin' can save yaI mean crabbin', played out by backstabbin'; I feel like tyin'
A anchor to my ankle and jumpin' right in the ocean
Cause I'm ashy, and I can't afford lotion
So-called friends in the jewelry store
Told me, "Todd, come back when you get off tour"
Souped as hell; I really regret it
Now the only thing I got in my pocket is bad credit
How can a man like me
Be walkin' around in a world of misery?
And if women like a man with a body, it's not mine
Cause they be walkin' past me like I'm a stop sign
My homeboys laugh when they pass the forty
Sayin, "Todd, as if he used to have a sporty"
The Benz was slammin', the Jeep was pumpin'
Ain't that somethin'?

I just laugh; this isn't what I was raised for
When I walk away, it's like ain't this a
Kick in the rear that I'm standin' here
And can't afford a tissue for my tear
Should I drink wine and brandy
Or get a job puttin' stripes on candy
Or put a hole in donuts?

Cause when you're broke, your middle name is "so-what?"
I had to learn in an incredibly fast way
When you ain't got no money, they treat you like an ashtray
I pawned all my jewelry and clothes
Right after that, I got dissed by all the hos
That I thought was mine but really never was
Soon the whole neighborhood got the buzz
That my tank was on "E", and that means empty
That Twinkie looks good, so mister don't tempt me
Everybody thought I was trippin'
I rode the back of the bus, but my grip kept on slippin'
I'm the man that they're laughin' at

They say, "Cheesy rat, you ain't all that"[Chorus]I want to hang with my man like, "Let's do this"
But this man like, "Who this?"
That's right, the brother got two faces
They got me puttin' the tips on shoelaces
P on the Puma, a mop and a bucket
My motto is: I don't care
I don't give a damn; so what, why try?
I might as well rob some Blake Carrington sucker for his money
It's so funny
Cars ride by, with the boomin' system
Sayin, "Leave him alone, my man already dissed him"

Now I'm on the cheese-line, poverty-stricken
As the red tape thickens
I go to the park; they want to baseball-bat me
I go to the mall; they throw my old tapes at me
I'm so horny
And every girl I know be like, "He's so corny"
I want money in a hurry
I'm gettin' tired of leftover curry
I want to fall off, but I don't know where the edge is
I'm so hungry, I eat my neighbor's hedges
Now I realize I gotta go for mine
It's windshield time
I take quarters, pennies, dimes, and nickles
And a kiddy's tricycle
I'm a desperado
"I'm a steal your rims" is my motto
I watch wrestlin' until I'm dizzy sore
So if you're cashin' your rent check, know how to get busy
Go to the drive-through, run with a milkshake
Go to the supermarket, pocket a raw steak
I need beer
I'm a catch the Miller truck out there
You know how they throw the newspapers in the morning?
The owner don't want 'em
I'm the man that they're laughin' at
They say, "Cheesy rat, you ain't all that." [Chorus] So yo, one more time, one more time
Party people in the house tonight Just throw your hands in the air
And wave 'em like you just don't care
Keep 'em there
Run the jewels, run the jewels, run the jewels

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