

Farmers (feat. Tikki Diamondz)

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 to
(Smack 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 cause I don't
(Play that)
And I be reaping up cash since
(Way back)
Put your honey on my lap and make her
(Heat up)
Got her begging me to beat it up
(Raw dog)
Throw your wacky on the floor, straight
(Kill that)
Have her gargling 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 on[Chorus]
Because my flavor's the best
I get my hustle off all day
Reck my block, knee all far
I gotta hold it down wit my man
Big up to my nigga E Love
Keep the ill rims on the car
I repped it, what more can I say, son

Farmers (What)
Farmers (What)(Murder)
Little niggas getting money on the
(Hot block)
He got the chrome shit spinning up on
(Linden)
Look at the ice and leather, the way it
(Blending)
Pass the spit hot Linden from here to
(Mary)
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, nigga
(What now)
Tell your man step up, then watch he
(Go down)
Game one, do or die like
(Bedside)
Nobody even coming close, nigga
(Why try)
From the Bronx to Shaolin to
(Uptown)
Like Buckshot said nigga
(Duck down)
You better play like En Vogue and
(Hold on)
You know I'm going out nigga
(Come on)
Come on, Come one, Come on[Chorus](No 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 spending 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 stumbling and falling off a
(Head Ride)
When I'm going to Bedshaw
(Remember me)
I'm the greast emcee there could
(Ever be)
You better call Def Jam, and tell 'em
(Hold on)
'Cause another major label told me
(Come on)
Come on, Come on, Come on[Chorus]

Songwriters

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