

LL Cool J

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Aiiyo, Bimmy
So rock the bells, Def Jam collabo', man
You know what I'm sayin', Bimmy? Yeah
Feel this, baby I'm the G.O.A.T., I just ball a lot
(L L)
An' I'm double platinum on the hot blocks
(Cool J)
An' the hottest nigga in the whole spot
(L L)
An' you see my hand, not what I got
(Cool J) An' strictly evil in the big box
(L L)
An' it's no stoppin' when my shit knocks
(Cool J)
An' get it all, baby, don't stop
(L L)
An' don't move the bottle, let the corks pop
(Cool J) I'm incredible, well, nigga, outrageous
Turn money like encyclopedia pages
Get freaky, throw dyke bitches in cages
Paid in full, European shit, fuck Avis
Rocks in ears, blingin' the atmosphere
Fuck Canibus, I bodied him last year
But the L still here, watch face, crystal clear
The other chick that give me head while I shampoo her hair
Head tilted back, baby, no more tears
You mumblin' an' shit, duke, my flow more clear
Baby, listen here, I been gettin' paper for years
An' program directors who fronted, they disappear
An' grimy ass niggas get laced with car bombs
For bein' over critical when Uncle get it on
I'll burn your magazine, God'll intervene
Can't front on this hip hop phenomenon from Queens, I'm I'm the G.O.A.T., I just ball a lot
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An' don't move the bottle, let the corks pop

(Cool J)Bandwagon niggas ride my dick everyday

An' broke ass critics always got somethin' to say

'Bout how a nigga should've flipped his shit a different way

The fuck you know 'bout hip hop? I'm LL Cool JThey send Bentleys for me, security escort me

Now you wanna run to the authorities an' report me

For being cocky towards those that cock block me

I'm makin' millions, no, nigga, it don't shock meI'm supposed to have it, you never been close to karats

That's why you be poppin' that shit, jealous bastards

I ain't impressed by you, playa, that's that

Matter o' fact, gimme your autograph, dawg, on my nut sackY'all niggas benignin', not cool

You just got some white kids in the suburbs fooled

But your album's trash, from the skit to the covers

I tear the plastic off it an' use it for a rubber, I'mI'm the G.O.A.T., I just ball a lot

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(Cool J)Yo, seems like every rappers' the former Nicky Barnes

Ya ugly ass corny niggas is wannabe dons

I'm the best, platinum, nine times in a row

Paparazzi flash while I snatch niggas' hoesLive the lifestyles, so the average dime piece

Wanna have my lovechild an' roll L style

A man hostile but my Queens niggas run wild

So when I skate through niggas strain to smilePeep my profile an' my iced out dial

I tap my horn, say, "What up?" but never smile

An' deuce ass niggas is noodles

An' your broke ass stripper weave is lookin' like a poodleExcuse my French, je m'appelle 'LL'

I'm platinum again, so tell 'em to go to hell

Then pour some Cristal for my foes that fell

Hard as hell, they fell, I excel, rock bells, I'mI'm the G.O.A.T., I just ball a lot

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(L L)
An' don't move the bottle, let the corks pop
(Cool J)You know what I'm sayin'?
You're whole click is [Incomprehensible]
Know what I'm sayin'?
I got the daze in my maze, I'ma faze 'em
You know what I mean? They can't faze meLike all my Cali niggas say, I can't be faded, dawg
It's the NY [Incomprehensible], you know what I mean
Queens in the house, 'til death do us apart, baby
Hip hop for life, which y'all niggas want?

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