

# LL Cool J (ft Kandice Love)

## LL Cool J

Aiiyo Bimmy  
So rock the bells, Def Jam collabo' man  
You know'say, Bim, my, yeah  
Feel It's baby, (uh) ha (uh) ha (uh) ha (uh) ha ha I'm the G.O.A.T. I just ball a lot (L)  
And (Cool J) I'm double platinum on the hot blocks and  
(L) the hottest nigga in the whole spot (L)  
And (Cool J) you see my hand not what I got and  
(L) Strictly evil in the big box (L)  
And (Cool J) It's no stoppin' when my shit knocks and  
(L) Get it all baby don't stop (L)  
And (Cool J) don't move the bottle let the corks pop 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 will give me heat while I shampoo her hair  
Head tilted back baby no more tears  
You mumblin' and shit duke my flow more clear  
Baby listen here, I been gettin' paper for years  
And program directors who fronted they disappear  
And 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)(L) I'm the G.O.A.T. I just ball a lot (L)  
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(L) the hottest nigga in the whole spot (L)  
And (Cool J) you see my hand not what I got and  
(L) Strictly evil in the big box (L)  
And (Cool J) It's no stoppin when my shit knocks and  
(L) Get it all baby don't stop (L)  
And (Cool J) don't move the bottle let the corks pop Bandwagon niggas ride my dick ev'ryday  
And broke ass critics always got somethin' to say  
'Bout how a nigga should flip his shit a different way  
The fuck you know 'bout hip-hop, I'm LL Cool J, nigga  
They send Bentleys for me, security escort me  
Now you wanna run to the authorities and report me  
For being cocky...t'ward those that cock block me

I'm makin' millions, no nigga, it don't shock me  
 I'm supposed to have it. You never been close to karats  
 That's why you poppin' that shit jealous bastards  
 I ain't impressed by you playa that's that  
 Matter-o-fact gimme your autograph, on my nut-sack  
 Ya'll niggas Benigni-ing, not cool  
 You just got some white kids in the suburbs fooled  
 But your albums trash from the skit to the covers  
 I tear the plastic off and use it for a rubber (I'm)(L) I'm the G.O.A.T. I just ball a lot (L)  
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 (L) Get it all baby don't stop (L)  
 And (Cool J) don't move the bottle let the corks pop Seems like ev'ry rappers a former Nicky Barnes  
 Ya ugly ass corny niggas is wannabe dons  
 I'm the best, platinum nine times in a row (wow)  
 Paparazzi flash while I snatch niggas hoes (wow)  
 Live the lifestyles so the average dime piece  
 Wanna have my lovechild and roll L style  
 A man hostile, but my Queens niggas run wild  
 So when I skate through niggas strain to smile  
 Peep my profile and my iced-out dial  
 I tap my horn, say "What up?" but never smile  
 And deuce ass niggas is noodles  
 And your broke ass stripper weave is lookin' like a poodle  
 'Scuse 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, big fell, I excel, rock bells (I'm)(L) I'm the G.O.A.T. I just ball a lot (L)  
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 (L) the hottest nigga in the whole spot (L)  
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Songwriters

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