

# 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  
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(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 J  
They 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 me  
I'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 sack  
Y'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'm  
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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' hoes

Live 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 smile

Peep 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 poodle

Excuse 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'm

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(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 me

Like 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?

Lyrics provided by

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