

# Old School New School

## LL Cool J

Classic, uh, uh, uh  
I'd like to welcome y'all to Exit 13  
My name is LL Cool J  
AKA the goat  
R. Leslie on the track, uh, uh, uh I told y'all that I would make a killing  
I told y'all I blow like Mount St. Helen's  
I told y'all I'm the truth, they paint me like a villain  
Sick on paper, the inch to penicillin I told y'all the real, they started catching feelings  
Muthafuck 'em all, throw ya L's to the ceiling  
Cool J, still hotter than a helicopter crashing in lava  
Still sweeter to the ladies than a box of Godiva Music industry is like a game of cops and robbers  
Too many Indians, no chiefs to follow  
What I'm sowing today, I be reaping tomorrow  
So here's some joyful bars, to replace your sorrow I'm beyond a legend, I'm iconic  
Fall off, rebuild, your man's bionic  
Put your trust in me, I never let you down  
I always come up with a way to checkmate these clowns I effeminate these clowns, tryin' to take me down  
Ask Puffy and Nas, who hates me now  
The phenomenon, ladies love the don  
I give 'em an ear-gasm, they can't keep calm Old school, new school, need to learn though  
I burn baby burn like disco inferno  
Old school, new school, need to learn though  
I burn baby burn like disco inferno I told y'all that I was coming back  
I told y'all I ain't going out like that  
I told y'all I was the greatest to ever rap  
And I built Def Jam and took a piss on the map I told y'all, I wasn't like the other cats  
I'm fresh like a Wii, them niggas playing jacks  
They all a bunch of a rats, they copying off 2Pac's stats  
Wearing tuxedos to hide they tight speedo Chains is tucked in, I'm incognito  
Fuck with your ego and touch your girl's labito  
There will never be on flyer, LL Cool J  
Taking you higher and higher The wire, the GOAT, the grand sire  
Who good at 24's if you want flat tires  
Telling your soul and then performing with a choir  
People, please, don't listen to these liars Ladies and gentlemen, these, niggas is selling you up  
Bunch of irrelevant shit, it's not intelligent, is it?  
My shit's exquisite, don't follow the yellow brick road  
Them niggas faking like the Wizard Old school, new school, need to learn though  
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Old school, new school, need to learn though  
I burn baby burn like disco infernoIs it really possible I'm this hot?  
LL Cool J, still on top?  
24 years, I ain't forget the block  
You can ask my Jay in the shopLinden Boulevard, little Coupe, big rocks  
Real estate only, I ain't fucking with the stocks  
Why not, so our grand kids could feed they grand kids  
And they grand kids, can feed they damn kidsAnd Collin Park throw ya hands in the air  
Jump before I turn 'em in a Cool J affair  
My word is my bond, every summer I'm there  
Y'all can jump double dutch while I'm laying in the cutI told y'all I wasn't giving up  
I told y'all, I can jump on tracks and switch the rhythm up  
Do work, treat rap like a ripped skirt  
Sow it up, rep your hood, nigga, throw it upYou'd been standing by my side for years  
Sold out concerts, screams and cheers  
Front row T-Shirt, L, we here  
I bought every album, too many to count 'emWatch your movies, your the only good thing about 'em  
Todd Smith jeans, I can't live without 'em  
And the only thing I want from you  
Is for you to keep doing that shit you doOld school, new school, need to learn though  
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