

Farmers

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 'cuz I don't
Play that, and I be reepin' up cash since
Way back put your honey on my lap and make her
Heat up, got her beggin' me to beat it up
Raw dog, throw your wacky on the floor, straight
Kill that, have her garglin' 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
F, because my flavor's the best
A, I get my hustle off all day
R, wreck my block, knee all far
M, I gotta hold it down wit my man
E, big up to my nigga E Love
R, keep the ill rims on the car
S, I repped it, what more can I say, son
Farmers what, farmers what
Murder, little niggas gettin money on the
Hot block, he got the chrome shit spinnin' up on
Linden, look at the ice and leather, the way it
Blendin', 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 comin' 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 goin' out nigga
Come on, come on, come one, come on
F, because my flavor's the best
A, I get my hustle off all day
R, wreck my block, knee all far
M, I gotta hold it down wit my man
E, big up to my nigga E Love
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Farmers what, farmers what
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 spendin' 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 stumblin' and fallin' off a
Head ride when I'm goin' to Bedshaw
Remember me, I'm the greast MC there could
Ever be, you better call Def Jam, and tell 'em
Hold on, 'cuz another major label told me
Come on, come on, come on, come on
F, because my flavor's the best
A, I get my hustle off all day
R, wreck my block, knee all far
M, I gotta hold it down wit my man
E, big up to my nigga E Love
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