

# Rasta Imposter

## Ll Cool J

Intro:

What you got to do with it? What the fuck you talkin about?  
What the fuck you got to do with it? You stupid nigga? You stupid?  
Did you see that video, nigga? Fuck wrong with you? Like you don't,  
you don't know what you go to do with it. Like your fuckin insane or  
something. (You fuckin wack ass nigga)

(laughing in background)

[Verse One]

Y'all faggots is weak, y'all starstruck niggas think shit is sweet  
That busy signal bullshit is dead up in the street  
Heard that garbage dough jam, made me reminisce  
On when heard your man's wack shit and went to take up his  
Jealous faggot man cause I'm richer than y'all  
When I load my desertees, I'm picturin y'all  
On the streets of Queens where I was raised and born, hardcore  
And stood on every corner like a liquor store  
Clips full of hollowtips, follow loose lips  
Aimin at your clique and make em cough up my chips  
Bitch, ya niggas wanna see if I'm ill?  
Wanna see how many rappers can be killed, how much blood can spill?  
When I inject this lyrical drill, if I can't do it, the dumb-dumbs  
will

Tell that nigga to tell his man to tell that nigga  
I send the wolves to kill that nigga  
If you wanna know why, its cause I'm still that nigga  
Michael Jordan of all this rap shit, pullin the trigger  
What the fuck? You on a mission to self-destruct  
And have the nerve to let the chickenhead model cluck  
Your swervin nigga, better follow the white lines  
Your up on the sidewalk, off course, read the sign  
I'm so ill, y'all niggas is so wack  
Your whole crew is such, y'all lack the hard impact  
Far as your man go, I got young niggas that wanna get him  
Treat him like a Philly, wet'im and split'im

Chorus

L.L. don't lose niggas, we can do it however you choose nigga  
One on one or round up the crews nigga  
But Can-I-Blast you out your shoes nigga  
You know the rules nigga!

\*repeat\*

[Verse Two]

Queens shit, give me cream so I can grab my dick  
Sew that shit, what the fuck y'all niggas workin with?  
Backwards, ass-jerk, jumpin up out the woodwork  
Ridin my meat, tryin to critique my physique  
A real nigga wouldn't even mention my lips  
Can't believe you went there, no I know you a bitch  
Sugar-coated nigga, deep-throated nigga  
Young guns take a pull before they quote a nigga  
Yeah, I wrote it nigga for all my real live devoted niggas  
I'm a true and livin lyrically ill poet nigga  
So what you talkin bout? That shits supposed to be hot?

Y'all niggas on the warpath, y'all takin over my block?  
I think not, matter of fact your not aloud to rap no more  
And if you hear this in the club sneak out the backdoor  
And if you bumpin in your ride make sure your windows is up  
and your tint's passed the limit  
So they don't know a faggot's in it!  
I'm L.L. and I did this to you  
Teflon waitin for every nigga runnin with you  
Rhymes hit you, lace you up again and split you  
Niggas ain't official thats why Mom Dukes miss you  
Tell your man bring it on, I'm only gettin warm  
Never die, never quit, and my money's long  
Punk ass crab nigga, talkin bout his lips  
Constantly involvin my name with that bullshit!  
Why I diss you? You stepped up in the ring  
Ice jinglin in the video like you the next Don King  
And tell your man I know he got some lyrics in the stash  
But I'm the best that ever did it, now get this motherfuckin ass  
Mic's too hot to hold, leave it in the sand  
So I can describe the picture with both hands  
You must not understand who's in command  
I got all the flavor, but y'all niggas is mad bland

Chorus

[Verse Three]

I'll cut your fuckin head off and leave it on your mom's dresser  
Then pay the pope a hundred thou to go and bless her  
You wanna test a lyrical teacher and professor?  
I bet y'all niggas fall off now that your under pressure  
I don't stress ya, yet still I must check ya  
Extort niggas for gettin fucked up, stop and inspect ya  
Fuck wrong with you nigga? You can't do nothin to me

If I put a slug in you on the low, you'd probably try to sue me  
Your girl blew me, I said "Now!" She said "Do me"  
Bust a nut in her face on tape to let the crew see  
Can't put dirt roll, nigga poppin shit  
Underestimatin what Queens niggas'll do for chips  
I originated all this shit  
The ice, the champagne, the bitches on the dick  
That really don't apply to you crabs in a barrel  
Mic's my staff sendin you a message like Pharaoh  
Leave it alone or get swallowed in the sea  
The King of Hiphop is something you could never be  
My crown you'll never see, I'll rule forever, G  
I'll be goin platinum when you just a memory  
I'm the double L, capital C, double O  
With the seven upside down jakes slayin the clown  
What the fuck wrong wit y'all niggas? You out your mind nigga?  
You better try to go beg Lauryn to come back or something  
Fuck wrong with you?  
Chorus

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