

Niggy Nuts

LL Cool J

It's for the ghetto
For the ghetto (uh) for the ghetto (yeah)
It's for the ghetto (uh) man it's for the ghetto (yeah)
It's for the ghetto (uh) it's for the ghetto (yeah)
It's for the ghetto (uh) man it's for the ghetto (yeah) Leanin' dipped in rocks, pump the joint on the block
Behind the Dolce Gabbana shades, peepin' the spots
Frostbit and I'm turnin' blue, that's why I'm so hot
Put the hustle down majorly and never get knocked Who can grind for this? Momma taught me to swerve
Rent the presidential suite out, snatch ya bird
My motto is dough or die, peace sign in the sky
In the brand new 'lectric blue Bentley ridin' by Hurt these clowns, anybody that want it
Let you borrow my crown, tell me why would you flaunt it?
Don't you know you can get it, have your wig-piece splitted
Meth' asked me to spit it, see my coupes is kitted And my minks is fitted, lyrically I'm sid-dick
Honey frontin when you around, I always hit it
The boss is home, regulatin on chrome
Tell Russell it's line one, LL's on the phone [Chorus]
Get off my niggy niggy nuts! (ha ha, ha ha-hah ha)
(ha-hah, ha-hah-ha, ha ha-hah) Get off my niggy niggy nuts!
(ha ha, ha ha-hah ha)
(ha-hah, ha-hah-ha, ha ha-hah) Get off my niggy niggy nuts! Get them niggy nuts, now here's wiggy what
Y'all need to do, when I come through, give it up
Paper stackin', daddy get it crackin'
Chains might be gold, the joints always platinum (And rims) always chrome (jeans) always pressed
(Loot) always right (cut) always fresh
(Gear) always dipped (honey) always bangin'
(You hot?) Always, my niggy nuts always hangin' Hold it down, rocks by the pound
The new 2002 b-boy sound
Hoes stand back, I'm shakin' up the game
You should a never tried, to SLIDE in my lane Guaranteed-to-blow-the-block-up
When-I-ease-this milky white drop up
Want to bang ya, that's all you need to know
50 deep in Sumer Jam, I closed the show [Chorus] Nuts, y'all, baby, stay flowin!
Hit Big B, tell him bring the Mo' in (bring it in)
Uh, we rockin to the rhythm (all night baby)
Uncut raw, what we give 'em Hell yes, bounce to the music! (bounce)
When the joint come on, everybody lose it
(This year) leave the bar, hit the floor
Represent, let these clowns know who you are When it's bangin' like this, why stop? (Why stop?)

Ask me why I pop Cris', why not? (Why not?)
The flow of the century
Got your Belve splashin' to the melody, what you tellin' me? This is fresh, 'til the day I die
Leavin' momma with a tear in her eye
You was frontin for a minute, now what?
You snapped when the joint dropped [Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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