

Can't Think

LL Cool J

You ever get to the point where you so frustrated
You ready to give up? You ready to end it all?
Don't do it dog, word up
I don't care if you Black, White, Latin, Asian, whatever
We all go through pain
When you can't think use your soul, baby Preliminary discussions is over with, the verdict is in
I took the rap throne back
I reigned like krills in eighty-seven, my name is on the map
It feels like a razor down the middle of my back They slept on my lyrical ability to blow
Gave another nigga credit for inventin' my flow
I'm a child of God, witness the risin' son
From the cradle to the grave, I remain number one This thing of ours, got competition takin' red showers
Grievin' mothers callin 1-800-flowers
My repertoire burn your ashes in the urn
Is it God or money that really make the world turn? Grab your gun, separate the ones from the real funds
Inhale deep and hold it in your lungs
The streets was requestin' some original LL
A soundtrack for niggaz that was raised in [Incomprehensible] They lookin' for a leader that can guide 'em
through the maze
Smoke filled rooms, breathin' in purple haze
Nigga's on the bricks his whole life
He ain't got nuttin' to live for, so fuck livin' right But if you stay in the rain like hurricane
Gold melts down but it don't fear flames
Toxic, lethal, psychologically evil
Genocide was committed on the Black people And the ghetto is a trap with glass walls
Should I sell drugs, be a rap thug, or play ball?
We end up in the grave anyway
The average cat and LL Cool J
It's a never ending cycle, life and death
Until then may my mic stay blessed, to the death I can't think! Why do I feel I'm losin' my mind?
I can't think! Could it be the ill beats and rhymes?
I can't think! Even though I'm a one of a kind
I can't think! I want the paper, that's just the bottom line
I can't think! Mo' murder every day around the way
I can't think! I'd rather get paid and parlay
I can't think! It's all about survival God
"You know the epilogue by James Todd" Put your life on the line, you runnin' out of time
The coroner's callin', she know she on a nigga mind
Amongst the dogs, real cats is hard to find

Even a nigga moms hate it when he start to shine
Get the money and run, dodge the devil and his sons
Spit powerful parables like a sermon has begun
Fuck the turntables up, leave the DJ awestruck
Attitude is what, keep the razor blade tucked
Too much flossin'll get your reputation touched
Too much rappin'll get your big mouth shut
Protect your neck nigga, you'll get it in the gut
You wearin' a vest? What if you get your throat cut
Sold your soul for a dollar, now you havin' bad luck
Used to keep a bad bitch in the crib baggin' up
Player here, player there, nigga turned you out
But never told you beware
Never told you that black love supposed to be shared
And you never judge a woman by the texture of her hair
Fancy cars and gold teeth, G-strings and things
The almighty dollar replace the wedding ring
The Ark of the Covenant was held by a king
I ain't tradin' my soul in for skins and chrome rims
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"You know the epilogue by James Todd"
Think about it yo, think about it
Think about it yo, think about it
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The dawn, of a new millennium, came to pass
The world revolves around sex or cash
The Black man's motto, "Kiss my ass!"
Shorties in kindergarten are strapped, ready to blast
All I ever seen was killers and dope fiends
From Feds magazine to the heart of killer Queens
Bronx and Brooklyn and everything up in between
No matter what, you always got a Judas on your team
Givin' it to the world and I'm tellin' it like it is
Tossin' lyrical daggers and sendin' 'em in your wig
Know where the body's buried, I ain't sayin' where it is
Raised inside the ghetto, but damn it I wanna live
The legendary master of lyrical combat
But ain't no competition, ain't nobody to go at
So I'ma take the time and spit a universal verse
Hit the streets with a blessin' and erase the curse
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