

What You Want (feat. Freeway)

LL Cool J

[Chorus: both (Freeway) {LL Cool J}]
You ice grilling, your blood spilling
Tell me little homey, what's the reason?
(That can lead to Freeway squeezing) What you faking for?
24's peeling, ain't no sailing
Move little homey, see the O.G. leaning
{LL, I keep birdies fiending} What you hating for?
(What you want?) {big faces, the coupes and the Lincs}
(What you get?) {top models that gargle in the mink}
(Who you hit?) {whoever want it, I take it to the brink}
{It's funny, but I need the Philly money, we had a link}
{What you want?} (cash money, the jewels, and the car)
{Who you hit?} (everything from the chickens to the stars)
{Who you with?} (you rocking with the president of future)
(The whole world feeling, that's killing 'em with them bars, here we go)[LL Cool J]
Intoxicating, got grown women vibrating
So nervous that our service is dilating
On purpose, so her man know I'm violating
L shirtless now scrams on the wire hating
Yeah, I'm captivating, boy, leaving 'em baking
When the microphone is vacant, I'm tired of waiting
Big shoes to fill don't get it confused
I will get gutter on 'em, my beats is crispy
My bars is like butter on 'em, with a udder on 'em
So if you pimp, we even and bust a scudder on 'em
Mighty L, the biggest, I mean rap religious
Hit every country of the world, made 'em all dig us
I got a vendetta, I must blend cheddar
I use a pen with the steel, never been better
There never will be one to out skill me
It's nothing you can tell me, it's like God built me[Chorus][Freeway (LL Cool J)]
(1) 2 (3) 4 (5) 6 (7)
(Kick in the door) Yeah I rhyme for the legend
Stay strapped I'mma bring with the weapons
(They fell asleep in the getaway car, they half stepping)
(7) 6 (5) 4 (3) 2 (1, this my 12th album, but your man's not diz-one)
This my second album, but your boy's not slipping
(Queens in the building) Philly is where I'm friz-om
(Let me get siz-ome, make sure she kiz-um)

(Bush is the prez, but I voted for Shirley Tiz-um)
Me and L, same track, it gotta be craz'
It's like, he's Shaq and I'm Dwayne Wade {both: now let's go!}[Chorus][Freeway]
Philly Freeway is hard as hell
Battle anybody, pull a trigger, catch a body
Yup, lose your breath, don't mess with the shottie
Put the burner to your mami, then I rock her bells
It's young Freeway on the go
I'm on the speedboat, jeez, don't sit in the cell
Only for a second, then they get they bell
When I put the freeze on, you gon' need your coats
It's a cold one, you gonna need your toast
But me and L O.G.'s overseas for winning
Your body moms, Swiss cheeses with us, and they no
Teasing with us, she break us off, she trynna please us both
Chicks argue then I leave 'em broke
I'm just a 'boy in the hood' like Jody Breeze
The bundle book still owe cheese
And the haters on the block wanna see me broke
Yeah I know they wanna see me smoke
But I'm the person who the smoke and can't open your V
Then I go, crack open the O.E.
The don heron flow keeping it potent, let's go[Chorus]

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