

Old School New School

LL Cool J

Classic, uh, uh, uh
I'd like to welcome y'all to Exit 13
My name is LL Cool J
AKA the goat
R. Leslie on the track, uh, uh, uh
I told y'all that I would make a killing
I told y'all I blow like Mount St. Helen's
I told y'all I'm the truth, they paint me like a villain
Sick on paper, the inch to penicillin
I told y'all the real, they started catching feelings
Muthafuck 'em all, throw ya L's to the ceiling
Cool J, still hotter than a helicopter crashing in lava
Still sweeter to the ladies than a box of Godiva
Music industry is like a game of cops and robbers
Too many Indians, no chiefs to follow
What I'm sowing today, I be reaping tomorrow
So here's some joyful bars, to replace your sorrow
I'm beyond a legend, I'm iconic
Fall off, rebuild, your man's bionic
Put your trust in me, I never let you down
I always come up with a way to checkmate these clowns
I effeminate these clowns, tryin' to take me down
Ask Puffy and Nas, who hates me now
The phenomenon, ladies love the don
I give 'em an ear-gasm, they can't keep calm
Old school, new school, need to learn though
I burn baby burn like disco inferno
Old school, new school, need to learn though
I burn baby burn like disco inferno
I told y'all that I was coming back
I told y'all I ain't going out like that
I told y'all I was the greatest to ever rap
And I built Def Jam and took a piss on the map
I told y'all, I wasn't like the other cats
I'm fresh like a Wii, them niggas playing jacks
They all a bunch of a rats, they copying off 2Pac's stats
Wearing tuxedos to hide they tight speedo
Chains is tucked in, I'm incognito
Fuck with your ego and touch your girl's labito

There will never be on flyer, LL Cool J
Taking you higher and higher
The wire, the GOAT, the grand sire
Who good at 24's if you want flat tires
Telling your soul and then performing with a choir
People, please, don't listen to these liars
Ladies and gentlemen, these, niggas is selling you up
Bunch of irrelevant shit, it's not intelligent, is it?
My shit's exquisite, don't follow the yellow brick road
Them niggas faking like the Wizard
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Is it really possible I'm this hot?
LL Cool J, still on top?
24 years, I ain't forget the block
You can ask my Jay in the shop
Linden Boulevard, little Coupe, big rocks
Real estate only, I ain't fucking with the stocks
Why not, so our grand kids could feed they grand kids
And they grand kids, can feed they damn kids
And Collin Park throw ya hands in the air
Jump before I turn 'em in a Cool J affair
My word is my bond, every summer I'm there
Y'all can jump double dutch while I'm laying in the cut
I told y'all I wasn't giving up
I told y'all, I can jump on tracks and switch the rhythm up
Do work, treat rap like a ripped skirt
Sow it up, rep your hood, nigga, throw it up
You'd been standing by my side for years
Sold out concerts, screams and cheers
Front row T-Shirt, L, we here
I bought every album, too many to count 'em
Watch your movies, your the only good thing about 'em
Todd Smith jeans, I can't live without 'em
And the only thing I want from you
Is for you to keep doing that shit you do
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