

# Starsky & Hutch

## LL Cool J

Uh (Ha!)  
Uh (Ha!)  
Uh (Ha!)Uh (Ha!)  
Uh (Ha!)Yes y'all throw your hands up real high  
Let's see where the people in the world is at  
Where you at shorty?  
With LL, Busta Rhymes, Check it outTwo big ballers keep the juice blending  
Fuck Black Ceaser, I didn't like the ending  
Why?, cos we two jiggy niggas always making  
Too many million dollar affiliations  
Abbreviation, LL, period  
I'm platinum every time, it's serious  
Ayo, we serious when we experience millions  
High, rolling to the max, extra big willying  
Uh, huh, with a third of my deposit  
I'll buy your whole crib plus the clothes in the closet  
Take your current chickens then take your ex-chickens  
Shake it down for papers  
Hey, now she jump shakingGotta keep on making it high  
Gotta keep on making it high (Yes, yes Mr Smith)  
Gotta keep on making it high  
Gotta keep on making it highWhy you ice-grilling, I'm far from a villain  
Two hundred and twenty pounds, you're half shilling  
Yo, ice-watery lyrics flow like water spilling  
You know the rules of the giz-ame, milk and top billing  
Ayo, I think your empty-ass cup needs some refilling  
Let me bust my milk on your back, watch you start illing  
You know she's willing, cos' honey's a Star Trekker  
Clothes coming off like jewels in front of Mecca  
Ayo, cock diesel baby girl, bigger than Chubby Checker  
In the process of the jolt she might feel the Black'N'Decker  
Reason being, I work my tool right  
Handcraft the cake till it's baked just rightGotta keep on making it high (Uh)  
Gotta keep on making it high (Uh) (Yeah, that's right)  
Gotta keep on making it high (Uh)  
Gotta keep on making it high (Uh) (Just spark my L)Just lean left, lean right  
Lean front, lean back  
C'mon, you gotta ride it baby  
(You gotta shake it, shake it all night baby)

Just lean left, lean right (right)  
 Lean front, lean back (lean back)  
 (C'mon shake it, just shake it)  
 (C'mon shake it, just break it)  
 You gotta ride it baby Busta Bust, Mr Smith  
 Flipmode, Yo, lets sing a little something for the song Ladies get up out your seat, seat, seat  
 C'mon and chill with me, me, me  
 C'mon baby, you know I'm audi  
 Fellas get up out you seat, seat, seat  
 Don't be ice-grilling me, me, me  
 Uh, you jealous niggas, change your ways Busta Bust  
 Mr Smith  
 We on the track, I always spark the lah  
 I always catch a contact  
 Aeiyo, stimulation make a nigga wig (wig) push back (push back)  
 Like he gotta touch A bottom here for Mencap  
 He went from Dreadlocks  
 To Ceasers  
 Now he called  
 Cash  
 Brothers shaving bums is nasty  
 Kid so watch that I be the B, you, S, T, A, R, H, Y, M, E, S full of finesse, lyrically complex  
 And I'm the double L, C dash O, dash O, L, period J my leers waiting on the  
 Runway, Bust  
 Yo, aeiyo, yo, I'm Mr You, God  
 Is it the bashment?  
 Aeiyo, yo, yo, yes we is a rude bwoy Mizzy gizzy busy for bissi  
 Mizzy kizzi let the rhythm dizzi  
 Just a leeson for you sucker MC's  
 Cos y'all don't make no rhymes like these, period Word is bond  
 Ah man  
 I had a good time working with you Mr Smith  
 Do you think they'll ever recover?  
 I have no idea, I'm seen niggas is in comas and concussions  
 It's ridiculous, word up, throw your hands in the air  
 Just have a good time and wave them around  
 Throw your hands in the air, word up  
 Mr Smith and Busta Rhymes get down Ladies get up out your seat, seat, seat  
 C'mon and chill with me, me, me  
 C'mon baby, you know I'm audi  
 Fellas get up out you seat, seat, seat  
 Don't be ice-grilling me, me, me  
 Uh, you jealous niggas, change your ways son Ah man  
 Splash a little bit of flossing on niggas  
 Ah man

In a happy and fun loving way  
You know, splash!  
Yeah, you know that  
Like a little bit of ice waters and shit man  
You niggas need to chill down  
Put your shades on kid  
Cool the fuck off  
Put your shades on baby  
Aight?  
Shine, nigga put them shades on  
Niggas leaning  
Leaning like they deformed or something  
Ha, fix your neck  
You like like Shaq in that commercial

Songwriters

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