

LL Cool J

"Another Dollar"

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AKA John Mickens
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I'm the king I floss rings, the new John Mickens
Uhh, I'm stayin' rich and keep the haters bitchin'
From New York to Richmond, my shine is sickenin'
Ice drips, frost bits, so forfeit
I got to rewrite this mackin' game, baby
Layin' in the barber shop, knowin' haters is shady
Maybe, they sex young chicks and whips

But I got Lesbo Combos ridin' stick-shifts
For no chips, I'm seein' four to eight lips
Let me tell ya 'bout my life-style, players and chips,
sick
Mr.Smith, the rarest breed
Separate the dimes from 'hoes like chronic seeds
Miraculous lyrical swiftness
Practice this, stop bein' actresses
On mattresses with your legs up in the air
Splash the crisp John Micks, a millionaire

Anutha day, anutha dolla
Anutha day, anutha dolla
Anutha day, anutha dolla
Anutha day, anutha dolla

My fortune five hundred is fully funded
Joints I pumps, gives my pockets the mumps
I'm the glossiest and the costliest
Feel the force of this lyrical arsonist
Hotter than a yacht with Rottweillers
Chicks in choppers with they thong sittin' proper
The crisp poppa bringin' drama like soap operas
The show stopper if you playas don't flow proper

I'm the jiggiest, bitch, shit the wittiest
Wonderin' why cats front on who's the williest
Chill, relax, you cats will fall
Ten mill, ten plaques upon my wall
You stall, mix large, I see y'all

Mash ya like roaches then cop diamond broaches
Super calla never mind the alladocious
Sin the fellas, get blazed and you can quote this

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I'm the M C that you strive to be
Competition is dead, 'coz ain't none of all live as me
Handsome moody, I keep it raw, baby
So save all the good fella Scorsese
So iced up, they call me Mount Everest
The many get honey ways draped over my headrest
I run game from Fort Green to Maine
I keep ya head noddin' like dope is in your vein

Hail to the king Cajone Jing a ling
I buy ya clicks loyalty with one Pinkie ring
Gotta be above average to grow Cabbage
I wreck Havoc, do damage
Don't have it techniques up to par
You, get ya black ass looped like Mardi Grass
Chick soup too hittin' me off in yo' car
Blaze her in the alley 'coz she actin' Bourgeoisie

Anutha day, anutha dolla
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Man it's hard bein' the king, baby
But someone's gotta do it, haha

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