

## LL Cool J

### "G.O.A.T"

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LL Talking during 1st chorus]  
Uhh, Yeah, Hell yeah, Word up  
Yeah, Hell yeah, hell yeah

[Chorus]  
I'm the G.O.A.T.  
The Greast of All Time (coo-coo, coo, Cool J)  
The Greast of All Time (LL)  
The Greast of All Time (coo, coo, Cool J)  
The Greast of All Time  
I'm the G.O.A.T.  
The Greast of All Time (coo-coo, coo, Cool J)  
The Greast of All Time (LL)  
The Greast of All Time (Cool J)  
I'm the Greast of All Time

[Verse 1]  
I was on the movie set, then he hit me on the cell  
Niggas out here talk bout the King of Rap fell  
Fell where? Don't these niggas know I'm LL?  
Lemme run it througth this album, tell Spielberg "Chill"  
My jet hit LaGuardia six in the morn  
They be waitin in the Bentley when the plane takes on  
Straight to the studio dirty - no shower  
Threw out 5 mics in the first half hour  
Niggas know, who about to get all the dough (LL)  
Who about to hit all your homes (LL)  
Who about to spit all the flows  
That's all I can say, and I can't stands no more (We  
know)  
Aiight then, what the fuck the deal yo?  
I's raised on some ill shit, let's be real  
Uptown - the Bronx, and Brooklyn and Queens  
Staten Island, Jersey, ya know the routine

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]  
East Coast - y'all want it, y'all got it  
Look up in my eyes, a nigga feelin psychotic  
Look outside nigga, my cars excited

Look at the crowd, how they respond to my product  
Like exstacy, my crew's next to me  
It's my destiny, to make history  
I'm the emperor - Rap King  
From the streets of Paris, up north to Sing-Sing  
One question: Do I do my thing thing? (Hell Yeah)  
Then putcha L's in the air, for the Greatest Rapper All  
Time  
You want that other nigga album  
But that nigga bought all mine  
So get the realness (uhh)  
Matter fact turn it up so you can feel this (uhh)  
Ice grill all you want, I'm fearless (uhh)  
Nigga, you just blue try, you can't appeal this (uhh)  
I'm about to kill this (uhh)

[Chorus]

[(Background) LL]  
(LL Cool J is) Break it down  
(Hard as)

Feel it, yeah, blow ya whistles, yeah \*laugh\*  
Sss, you can't fuck wit me, nigga  
Feel it  
Fuck wrong wit you?

[Verse 3]

I wrote so ill that I sold ten mill  
Drop more platinum, to fo' mo' bills  
You pop mo' shit, I show mo' skill  
Greatest of All Time, and that's all real  
Ain't no reapper could do what I do  
Rip ya whole label so low, no crew  
Ain't a M C that I can't go throught  
And I only have respect for a chosen few  
But they could get it too  
Trust me, you don't want L to spit at you  
I'm the one they call when shit gets critical  
The way I conquer the world is spiritual  
I'm imperial  
Everlasting, the best who ever did it  
Holdin the crown down, can't nobody get it  
Germany, Italy, France, Japan  
London, Africa, bow to The Master - The G.O.A.T.

[Chorus 2X]

LL Cool J is hard as

