

LL Cool J

"LL Cool J(feat. Kandice Love)"

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[Intro:]

Aiiyo Bimmy

So rock the bells, Def Jam collabo' man

You know'say, Bim...my...yeah

Feel It's baby, (uh) ha (uh) ha (uh) ha (uh) ha ha

[Chorus: LL Cool J and Kandice Love]

(L) I'm the G.O.A.T. I just ball a lot (L)

And (Cool J) I'm double platinum on the hot blocks and

(L) the hottest nigga in the whole spot (L)

And (Cool J) you see my hand not what I got and

(L) Strictly evil in the big box (L)

And (Cool J) It's no stoppin when my shit knocks and

(L) Get it all baby don't stop (L)

And (Cool J) don't move the bottle let the corks pop

[Verse 1: LL Cool J]

I'm incredible, well nigga, outrageous

Turn money like encyclopedia pages

Get freaky throw dyke bitches in cages

Paid in full european shit fuck Avis

Rocks in ears...blingin' the atmosphere

Fuck Canibus I bodied him last year

But the L still here watch face crystal clear

The other chick will give me heat while I shampoo her
hair

Head tilted back baby no more tears

You mumblin' and shit duke my flow more clear

Baby listen here, I been gettin' paper for years

And program directors who fronted they disappear

And grimy ass niggas get laced with car bombs

For bein' over-critical when Uncle get it on

I'll burn your magazine, GOD'll intervene

Can't front on this hip-hop phenomenon from Queens

(I'm)

[Chorus: LL Cool J and Kandice Love]

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(L) Get it all baby don't stop (L)
And (Cool J) don't move the bottle let the corks pop

[Verse 2: LL Cool J]

Bandwagon niggas ride my dick ev'ryday
And broke ass critics always got somethin' to say
'Bout how a nigga should flip his shit a different way
The fuck you know 'bout hip-hop, I'm LL Cool J, nigga
They send Bentleys for me, security escort me
Now you wanna run to the authorities and report me
For being cocky...t'ward those that cock block me
I'm makin' millions, no nigga, it don't shock me
I'm supposed to have it. You never been close to karats
That's why you poppin' that shit jealous bastards
I ain't impressed by you playa that's that
Matter-o-fact gimme your autograph...on my nut-sack
Ya'll niggas Benigni-ing...not cool
You just got some white kids in the suburbs fooled
But your albums trash from the skit to the covers
I tear the plastic off and use it for a rubber (I'm)

[Chorus: LL Cool J and Kandice Love]

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[Verse 3: LL Cool J]

Seems like ev'ry rappers a former Nicky Barnes
Ya ugly ass corny niggas is wannabe dons
I'm the best, platinum nine times in a row (wow)
Paparozzi flash while I snatch niggas hoes (wow)
Live the lifestyles so the average dime piece
Wanna have my lovechild and roll L style
A man hostile, but my Queens niggas run wild
So when I skate through niggas strain to smile
Peep my profile and my iced-out dial
I tap my horn, say "What up?" but never smile
And deuce ass niggas is noodles

And your broke ass stripper weave is lookin' like a
poodle
'Scuse my French, "Je m'appelle LL"
I'm platinum again so tell 'em to go to hell
Then pour some Cristal for my foes that fell
Hard as hell, big fell, I excel, rock bells (I'm)

[Chorus: LL Cool J and Kandice Love]

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