

LL Cool J

"New York Gangsters"

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* second single; send corrections to the typist

[Chorus]

Once I live a life of a millionaire
Still do!
Spending my money, honey ohh I didn't care
Still don't!

[Verse 1]

I'ma floss 'til I die, ball never fall
Cop 'til I drop, motherfuck 'em all
Count paper schemin, leanin on the wall
Money comin fast, niggas ridin balls
I been to hell and back, I seen what you saw
6 in the mornin, D's at the door
I was a shorty on a bike, hangin with Alpo
I was a shorty uptown with Rich Porter
I was a shorty up on 1, 3, 2
My man AZ he really schooled me
My man Big Chuck, he took me to Mt. V
I messed up the count, Kev winked at me
What I learned is niggas need paper to burn
And you gotta spread love when cats is fucked up
You can't be lazy, for niggas that's bad fuck
Sometimes you move quiet and lay upin the cut
(whattup)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

I learned if you talk to much you get that ass shot up
Follow your dreams, and watch the cash pile up
I used to be in Queens with my man Black Just
Before he got killed, now that nigga was real
He took me to the crib, showed me how gangsters live
Took me to hot blocks, showed me big knots
Him and Richard Porter used to tease me and what not
You ain't movin pies, so your car can be fly
Used to run to Big Kev before he got knocked
When niggas was stuntin and wouldn't let me on the
block

125th in the Beemer with AZ
He gave a bum 50 dollars that really taught me
That being a gangster don't mean you're all bad
And niggas respect you when they know you got cash
Remember Big dave had the dust on smash
I was amazed the lifestyle was so fast

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I remember Remy showed my his first 8th ki'
That was before Queens had blood in the street
Stretch from BK had the pretty gold Benz
He took me out to Brooklyn where he was gettin some
ends
Let me state this again, I ain't gotta pretend
They was playing the money game and I wanted in
I was just a young boy with dangerous friends
If it wasn't for rap, who knows where I would've been
I took a hustlas heart to make the top of the charts
Big Chuck when to jail when i was ready to start
I guess i was destin, God pulled us apart
But I admit, getting that street money is a art
I was so many players I knew back in the D
Like Cuban Alberto from Mi-ami
'86 that nigga's Benz had TV's
Only God knows what these niggas mean to me
Real talk

[Chorus]

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