

## LL Cool J "Rasta Imposter"

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*[Intro:]*

What you got to do with it? What the fuck you talkin  
about?  
What the fuck you got to do with it? You stupid nigga?  
You stupid?  
Did you see that video, nigga? Fuck wrong with you?  
Like you don't,  
you don't know what you go to do with it. Like your  
fuckin insane or  
something. (You fuckin wack ass nigga)

*[laughing in background]*

*[Verse One]*

Y'all faggots is weak, y'all starstruck niggas think shit  
is sweet  
That busy signal bullshit is dead up in the street  
Heard that garbage dough jam, made me reminisce  
On when heard your man's wack shit and went to take  
up his  
Jealous faggot man cause I'm richer than y'all  
When I load my desertees, I'm picturin y'all  
On the streets of Queens where I was raised and born,  
hardcore  
And stood on every corner like a liquor store  
Clips full of hollowtips, follow loose lips  
Aimin at your clique and make em cough up my chips  
Bitch, ya niggas wanna see if I'm ill?  
Wanna see how many rappers can be killed, how much  
blood can spill?  
When I inject this lyrical drill, if I can't do it, the dumb-  
dumbs will  
Tell that nigga to tell his man to tell that nigga  
I send the wolves to kill that nigga  
If you wanna know why, its cause I'm still that nigga  
Michael Jordan of all this rap shit, pullin the trigger  
What the fuck? You on a mission to self-destruct  
And have the nerve to let the chickenhead model cluck  
Your swervin nigga, better follow the white lines  
Your up on the sidewalk, off course, read the sign  
I'm so ill, y'all niggas is so wack  
Your whole crew is such, y'all lack the hard impact  
Far as your man go, I got young niggas that wanna get

him

Treat him like a Philly, wet'im and split'im

*[Chorus]*

L.L. don't lose niggas, we can do it however you choose  
nigga

One on one or round up the crews nigga

But Can-I-Blast you out your shoes nigga

You know the rules nigga!

*[repeat]*

*[Verse Two]*

Queens shit, give me cream so I can grab my dick

Sew that shit, what the fuck y'all niggas workin with?

Backwards, ass-jerk, jumpin up out the woodwork

Ridin my meat, tryin to critique my physique

A real nigga wouldn't even mention my lips

Can't believe you went there, no I know you a bitch

Sugar-coated nigga, deep-throated nigga

Young guns take a pull before they quote a nigga

Yeah, I wrote it nigga for all my real live devoted

niggas

I'm a true and livin lyrically ill poet nigga

So what you talkin bout? That shits supposed to be hot?

Y'all niggas on the warpath, y'all takin over my block?

I think not, matter of fact your not aloud to rap no more

And if you hear this in the club sneak out the backdoor

And if you bumpin in your ride make sure your windows

is up

and your tint's passed the limit

So they don't know a faggot's in it!

I'm L.L. and I did this to you

Teflon waitin for every nigga runnin with you

Rhymes hit you, lace you up again and split you

Niggas ain't official thats why Mom Dukes miss you

Tell your man bring it on, I'm only gettin warm

Never die, never quit, and my money's long

Punk ass crab nigga, talkin bout his lips

Constantly involvin my name with that bullshit!

Why I diss you? You stepped up in the ring

Ice jinglin in the video like you the next Don King

And tell your man I know he got some lyrics in the stash

But I'm the best that ever did it, now get this

motheruckin ass

Mic's too hot to hold, leave it in the sand

So I can describe the picture with both hands

You must not understand who's in command

I got all the flavor, but y'all niggas is mad bland

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse Three]*

I'll cut your fuckin head off and leave it on your mom's dresser

Then pay the pope a hundred thou to go and bless her

You wanna test a lyrical teacher and professor?

I bet y'all niggas fall off now that your under pressure

I don't stress ya, yet still I must check ya

Extort niggas for gettin fucked up, stop and inspect ya

Fuck wrong with you nigga? You can't do nothin to me

If I put a slug in you on the low, you'd probably try to sue me

Your girl blew me, I said "Now!" She said "Do me"

Bust a nut in her face on tape to let the crew see

Can't put dirt roll, nigga poppin shit

Underestimantin what Queens niggas'll do for chips

I originated all this shit

The ice, the champagne, the bitches on the dick

That really don't apply to you crabs in a barrel

Mic's my staff sendin you a message like Pharaoh

Leave it alone or get swallowed in the sea

The King of Hiphop is something you could never be

My crown you'll never see, I'll rule forever, G

I'll be goin platinum when you just a memory

I'm the double L, capital C, double O

With the seven upside down jakes slayin the clown

What the fuck wrong wit y'all niggas? You out your mind nigga?

You better try to go beg Lauryn to come back or something

Fuck wrong with you?

*[Chorus]*

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