

LL Cool J "Soul Survivor"

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Come on, come on, come on
(Soul survivor)

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(Soul survivor)

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They said I wasn't rough, too much dough, he got an
old flow

Every time you open your mouth, you feel your elbow
I'll catch a felony on top of a melody

Brought a family and dough, woulda been so happily

I'll beat the Laker off of a clown and chop him down to
size

Sick of all these wanna-be bad guys

Made loot, many G's, bought a crib where I live

Told my kids, "Yo damn", that I'm a fugitive

Runnin' from the streets and our beats, the sad sheets

A sunny beach, video hoes within reach

Farmers Boulevard, liberty and forty is gone

And E ain't put nobody on

When I came back to smack and give 'em a welt

Like belts makin' them strip and all of that

Punks better run for they guns

I'm not the one and can't nobody rule until L's done

It's the L baby, baby, the L baby, baby

It's the L baby, baby, the heart, the maker

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(Soul survivor)

I worked the Murphy on the mix, what's wrong
With these stupid lunatics playin' Joint for a drag-bit?
I'm harder than, find in a jar, people wasn't rippin'
These records, all of y'all would get robbed

I'm comin' straight out the barrel with your name on my
arm
Blowin' the hood of your head like a home-made
bomb
I'm big and so you figured I would relax
Don't ever sleep, I'll wake ya up with an ax

The Boulevard ain't safe for my beats, drop the herb
Twenty times harder without a curse
Makin' rats flee, hardcore and that's me
The baddest soloist in hip-hop history

L L C to the O, to the O L J
So whatcha wanna know?
Throw ya in the MVP on your knees G
A crowbar in your mouth, now ask me

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Who's the man on the mic? The L, the L
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My territory's hard, I'm rollin' with one railguard
The microphone is my credit card
Blowin' your boots off, reload, you're too soft

Usin' a butcher's knife to make your whole root call

I heard somebody said, "His skills wasn't good"
I'm lettin' eighty tigers loose in his neighborhood
I pop the wheelies on my bike, lickin' shots
And laughin' everytime you sneak a weak paragraph in

You blowin' your mind, blunted and coked all the time
Ain't nuttin' changed, you wrote another wack rhyme
I'll leave your bullet-riddled body on the curb
Lookin' slerve with a T-shirt, don't disturb the herbs

You're the next contestant tonight
Come on down to my shake clown, the slice is right
Rip your jaw out the socket, been rockin' for years
Tell the troop, you're still look with E and drop it

As I deaftify your eye, competition tries to match my
size
Buryin' the acts and your back will be rhymes and
tracks
While you're sleepin' like a sleaze-stack, believe that

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