

# LL Cool J "What You Want"

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## "What You Want"

(feat. Freeway)

*[Chorus: both (Freeway) {LL Cool J}]*

You ice grilling, your blood spilling  
Tell me little homey, what's the reason?  
(That can lead to Freeway squeezing) What you faking  
for?  
24's peeling, ain't no sailing  
Move little homey, see the O.G. leaning  
{LL, I keep birdies fiending} What you hating for?  
(What you want?) {big faces, the coupes and the  
Lincs}  
(What you get?) {top models that gargle in the mink}  
(Who you hit?) {whoever want it, I take it to the brink}  
{It's funny, but I need the Philly money, we had a link}  
{What you want?} (cash money, the jewels, and the  
car)  
{Who you hit?} (everything from the chickens to the  
stars)  
{Who you with?} (you rocking with the president of  
future)  
(The whole world feeling, that's killing 'em with them  
bars, here we go)

*[LL Cool J]*

Intoxicating, got grown women vibrating  
So nervous that our service is dilating  
On purpose, so her man know I'm violating  
L shirtless now scrams on the wire hating  
Yeah, I'm captivating, boy, leaving 'em baking  
When the microphone is vacant, I'm tired of waiting  
Big shoes to fill don't get it confused  
I will get gutter on 'em, my beats is crispy  
My bars is like butter on 'em, with a udder on 'em  
So if you pimp, we even and bust a scudder on 'em  
Mighty L, the biggest, I mean rap religious  
Hit every country of the world, made 'em all dig us  
I got a vendetta, I must blend cheddar  
I use a pen with the steel, never been better  
There never will be one to out skill me  
It's nothing you can tell me, it's like God built me

*[Chorus]*

*[Freeway (LL Cool J)]*

(1) 2 (3) 4 (5) 6 (7)

(Kick in the door) Yeah I rhyme for the legend  
Stay strapped I'mma bring with the weapons  
(They fell asleep in the getaway car, they half stepping)  
(7) 6 (5) 4 (3) 2 (1, this my 12th album, but your man's  
not diz-one)  
This my second album, but your boy's not slipping  
(Queens in the building) Philly is where I'm friz-om  
(Let me get siz-ome, make sure she kiz-um)  
(Bush is the prez, but I voted for Shirley Tiz-um)  
Me and L, same track, it gotta be craz'  
It's like, he's Shaq and I'm Dwayne Wade {both: now  
let's go!}

*[Chorus]*

*[Freeway]*

Philly Freeway is hard as hell  
Battle anybody, pull a trigger, catch a body  
Yup, lose your breath, don't mess with the shottie  
Put the burner to your mami, then I rock her bells  
It's young Freeway on the go  
I'm on the speedboat, jeez, don't sit in the cell  
Only for a second, then they get they bell  
When I put the freeze on, you gon' need your coats  
It's a cold one, you gonna need your toast  
But me and L O.G.'s overseas for winning  
Your body moms, Swiss cheeses with us, and they no  
Teasing with us, she break us off, she trynna please us  
both  
Chicks argue then I leave 'em broke  
I'm just a 'boy in the hood' like Jody Breeze  
The bundle book still owe cheese  
And the haters on the block wanna see me broke  
Yeah I know they wanna see me smoke  
But I'm the person who the smoke and can't open your  
V  
Then I go, crack open the O.E.  
The don heron flow keeping it potent, let's go

*[Chorus]*

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