

Stroke 9

"Feel the Beat"

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Uh yes yes y'all feel the beat y'all
Freak freak y'all
You don't stop
Uh yes yes y'all feel the beat y'all
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You don't stop

[VERSE 1]

When Def Jam signed me
They hit the lottery
It wasn't free but don't call it a robbery
They underestimated me quite possibly
It's like that when you a godfather B
I'm the greatest of all time
You heard that before
But now when I say it
It means so much more
Cause It's so true
No hype man, No crew
No reason for ghost writers
Every year I get tighter
Mothers and daughters agree I'm on fire
Check ya T-Mobile it's all over the wire
Cross ya legs baby hide ya desire
You think I'm hot
You preaching to the choir
Smiling and giggling
Thirsting like Gilligan
More flavor than cinnamon
They rush with adrenaline
I make 'em nervous
I do it on purpose
I come back hotter
Every time I resurface
Drop to ya knees baby
Praise the king
Now ask Russell Simmons
Who built the west wing
I ain't gotta be cocky
I do the damn thing
Paint ya girl with strawberry frosting

Internationally known and respected
You talk slick I'm too large to be affected
You crank call my cells disconnected
You keep slipping but my games perfected

[HOOK]

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[VERSE 2]

I'm a star for real my aura is crazy
Hollywood love me in the streets I'm gravy
Born with a gift to inspire the hood
You wanna out do me and I wish you would
I'm the master separate from all these cats
I'm laughin in '86 I balled like that
Honey catching feeling from sittin in Maybachs
Cause her project hall is smelling like Ajax
That's understandable but everybody relax
Hate when folk get money and don't know how to act
I'm a multi millionaire homey that's a fact
But it's not the ice that makes ya wife react
Been had an entourage and platinum cards
Been getting swedish massage in Boca Raton
What you think all them years I ain't pop no Don
Spend a night in Trump Towers with a blue eyed blonde
I been did it all my Benzes was kitted
When you talk like a baller you tickle me with it
But yeah there's money out there come on lets get it
But I'm a get it in such a way you never forget it
Let's go twenty platinum albums in a row
Sixty thousand fans a three hour show
I could care less who drop and blow
My name is LL baby that's beyond the flow

[HOOK]

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[VERSE 3]

These rap cats get upset with me
When security clear out the V.I.P
If honey wanna lounge we gone see ID
Ain't no negotiating you gone pay my fee
I'm the boss I call the shots to keep it hot
I don't have competition I'm bigger than the slot
While you waste advances on grey market rocks
I cop municipal bonds and Wal Mart stocks
A family man but hard as a rock
And I die for my kids so stay off my block
They might be impressed with you but I'm not
After all these years I still walk with a bop
Still keep the ink hot
Still scheme like a fox
Still ready to battle
You don't want your career stopped
Industry shocked cause I mapped out a plot
And ran around humble with my joint on cock

[HOOK]

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