

Stroke 9

"Say What"

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[Chorus]

Most thugs front when they get the chance (say what?)
Some thugs hit the blunt when they get the chance (say
what?)
Live thugs stack cheddar, then they make plans (say
what?)

I, Cool J, NY2K
Rule milleniums with my compadres
They tounge sway with really nothing to say
They pack guns, but I stack funds
I'm second to none
My hot streak's just begun
You wanna bring beef? You got to serve it well-done
You ran the wrong way, now you livin' on the run
Not some, each one's a bum, every one
Coughed up a lung, became my son
Flames I brung, platinumn weighs a ton
Heavy on the chest, I pitty all the rest
I put 'em to the test
I spit it like I'm blessed
I testify
I have no need to lie
I buried many, still many wanna die
I zone out crazy, starin' don't faze me
Got ya whole strategy shook
It's too daisy

[Chorus]

Clack, relaod, clack, reload
Got ya pictures sittin' in my lap
He explode
Duck when you hear the rat-tat-tat
'Cause once you cross over baby, ain't no comin' back
Beleive that
I flows when I hit that
Strive till I get that
Never mind a set-back
No time to wet that
A lyrical hi-jack, you don't wanna try that
Creep wit' my CD, don't let 'em know you buy that

One in the snips, one in the whip with the low jack
Call a 911 to get the LL back
Original bells, LL
Rocked them till they fell
Competition bailed
Looked like mince green when mic had 'em swelled
Wrote all them rhymes and never gonna sell
Meanwhile, I'm countin' prezzies in the the 'tel
And in the meanwhile, I throw my baby in Chanelle

[Chorus]

Unh, I'm lyrically hot tonight, come on
Unh, I'm lyrically hot tonight, come on
Layin' low to catch you on stage so I can run on
Matter fact, you not on my level, I throw my son on
Mission is complete, technique is unique
Defeat the rhyme weak and mine ya knee-deep
Rewind a rip beats and give jeeps the heat
Even if you walkin', wit' ya walkman in the street
Actin' gassed up, but you really on need
How you countin' your paper kid, without a GED?
Slow down, let me do my thing now, hold up
Maybe that's the reason you stressed, quick to roll up
Put the L down, picked the other LL up
Maybe we can straighten this out before it's toe-up
Watch me closely, boom! I'm a blow-up
And spend the whole rest of my life stackin' dough up

[Chorus]

Whoop, Vinnie Biggs, you hot with this one, dawg
Roundtree
Rock The Bells
Unh, Brian Daughtery
Unh, all my peeps, my peeps, my peeps across the
land
Know what I mean? we gonna keep gettin' paper
This is real
This is real, right here
Rock The Bells
It's deeper than the deepest blue sea, dawg
Know what I'm sayin'?
I'm feelin' it like you feelin' it
ha ha, word up
I'm lovin' it like you lovin' it baby
Rewind it, it's short

