

Stroke 9

"The Breakthrough"

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Verse

Knuckleheads spreadin' gossip all over town
Every time I drive by you're just standin' around
Hundred-bottles in your pocket, forty-dog in your hand
Don't you know you're just a worker and your boss is
my man?
L.L. this, L.L. that, soon as I walk in the place
I wanna take my gun and shoot you in your
muthafuckin' face
You're playin' me too close with the schemin' and
games
I guess the beef and the bullshit is the price of fame
Movies, records, goin' on tour
Twenty-thousand people hip-hoppin' on the floor
Whole parties body-rockin', and everything's chill
Get back to New York, and the suckers act ill
See I fought with the devil, made a promise to God
I have experience in goin' all the way to the top
It's harder harder than hard
All the suckers are barred
You used to try to talk down now your ego is scarred
See the problem is you want what another man has
His car, his wife, or his razzamatazz
But that's weak, you gotta do work on your own
cuz when you're rich you got friends
but when you're poor you're alone
So get your own on your own, it'll strengthen your soul
Stop livin' off your parents like you're three years old
Instead of walkin' like you're limp and talkin' yang
about me
why don't you take your monkey-ass and get a college
degree?
Or write a rhyme and ride a bike and try to live carefree
Hope my message reaches you before you're seventy-
three
A old man, when people ask you what you did with your
life
you'll say "I hated L.L. and I carried a big knife"
Every day is a chase, every day is a race
and every day you're being overpowered by my bass

Too much juice to be a deuce, I had to be a ace
It's like the fire's in my eyes and the gun's in my face
I'm stompin' stupid knuckleheads until they bleed
I'm the leader of the show, so it's up to me to lead
I'mma lead you away from drugs and petty crime
Lead you away from wack beats and rhyme
Lead you to that ticket line
so you can come in my show and watch the stars shine
Get busy, not dizzy, wanna teach the young
The last man who didn't listen ended up gettin' hung
Not that I killed him, it's just
He didn't wanna trust
the words of a master that's why you must
Take heed to the speech, it's gonna reach your ear
Don't try to say you can't hear cuz the words are clear
Throwin' flurries, punks scurry and I bury the rest
You better hurry up and rock a rhyme and give it your
best
Cuz tonight's the night we gonna see the big fight
Twelve-gauge on the stage in case it don't go right
E-Love drives a tank, he's strong like a truck
If you're cryin' while you're dyin' we ain't givin' a fuck
L.L. Cool J is on the microphone
tellin' all you punk ducks "Leave me the hell alone"
Cuz I'm rated X, born to snap necks
Straight up and down, no special effects
I'm the professor, the teacher, the hip-hop dean
If Russia bombed the U.S., they'd be scared to touch
Queens
Cuz that's where I live, and this is what I give
Turnin' top-notch crews into fugitives
They run, they frightened, they hide from King Titan
like a sniper when he's shootin' or a viper when he's
bitin'
Here I am, tellin' the truth
and I'm spreadin' the word to my fellow youth
It goes man-to-man and jam-to-jam
I got hip-hop, rock, and love song fans
All you petty MC's in the state of New York
Gettin' a thousand for a show but you still wanna
squawk
Can't get a decent contract, your beats ain't workin'
Dogged-out Pumas plus you're manager's jerkin'
Your mic sounds weak, remember that skeezer
I'm badder than Napoleon, Hitler or Caesar
I'm a hitman, but I'm not for hire
Fly girl's desire, the man you admire
Not only on the stage, I rock in the park
and I'm a killer in the daytime, and worse after dark
So don't never ever mess with the king of the sound
L.L. Cool J, the baddest around.

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