

## LL Cool J F/ Ricky Bell, Ralph Tresvant

### "I Ain't Forget"

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[Intro (talking)]

Whoo! Haha, yeah!

Uh, this is how I put it down on the M-I

Can I, talk to y'all niggaz for a second

Feel me, ya know I mean?

I want y'all niggaz to get y'all Coronas, yeah

Get y'all muh'fuckin dutches, light y'all muh'fuckin  
haze up

Grab y'all yak ya know I'm sayin

Get some Courvoisier and all that, some cranberry

Matter fact take that shit straight cause I need niggaz  
to feel me on this

Ya know what I mean?

Listen, listen

[Verse One]

Yo, I don't think you understand what I mean

When I aks you to Walk Witt Me, I got the hawk wit me

No talk wit me, in the yard wit my dickies (whoo!)

Young but I remind you of somebody in the sixties

I knew it was on when our God was shown

But I was caught up in the mix of some glittery shit

A.T. him and Mase makin' mils wit it (damn!), I ain't  
mad

But that shit wasn't me (nah), had to get up off that  
Jewelry and Cristal, couldn't talk that

They my niggaz though, I ain't mad, I ain't hatin'

To this day him and Busta got the best show (word up)

Ya know I'm sayin' yo fuck yo yo yo, yo feel me though

Back wit my niggaz, Double R

Before X blew it up, before Eve was a star

We are the streets, they couldn't wait for it

Interscope couldn't wait to get a plate for it

Grammy night, couldn't wait to get a date for it

Not, we sold over gold

Finally reached platinum status and near that is

Still in the hood, still tryin' to learn the biz

Jadakiss dropped a solo they lovin' his voice

I'm lovin' his shit but the hood thought it was moist

Styles P dropped Gangsta and a Gentleman

Hard, no need to speak but the promotion was weak

Sheek never had solo plans  
Till I dropped a freestyle in the studio with some a my  
mans  
Lobson tweaked that, Mario leaked that  
Your shit hot you could bring the muhfuckin streets  
back  
Nah, I dunno I'm just tryin' get a label  
Sit behind the desk you know, watch a lil' cable  
Put my lil' man out, throw a few grand out  
Get into some pop music, put a rock band out  
Got wit my nigga K, Kool and Whop  
Green Lantern had my shit on the block (Hold me  
down)  
Killed it in Flex now these labels tryin' to jump on our  
cock  
If we could get Sheek album we'll sign D-Block  
P and Kiss was like fuck that we gettin' you off  
We up in there, the rest of these labels is soft  
Mario had a meetin' or two  
Brought us to the U-N-I-V-E-R-S-A-L, what up Sue?  
Y'all aks for it now I hit you in the head  
I will sleep in my bed you don't woke the dead  
Feel me you keep truttin' I'm a hit you wit the lead  
And leave your whole shit flatter than the first broke  
head  
Thanks to y'all niggaz it couldn't be  
Without Envy, Whoo Kid, Kool Kid and Ron G  
My nigga Enuff, S&S, Capone  
Chubby Chub, Sight for Sound and it's on

[Outro (talking)]  
Wordup this street shit right here mayn  
Ya know I mean?  
I love y'all niggaz dawg  
Y'all made a lot of shit possible  
I gave y'all the heat, y'all distributed the shit  
Y'all bumped that shit, y'all had faith in this shit  
That's why I love y'all shit  
Whatever y'all need I got y'all niggaz dawg  
D-Block. That's street promotion right there man  
Na mean? Real respect real, hood respect hood  
Gangsta respect gangsta, gangsta got no love for  
pussy  
Yeah, Vinnie Idol, ha ha, Vinnie  
This shit is knockin daddy, yo da next one  
It's on. Yeah, D-Block!  
I love y'all niggaz. One  
Whoo!

