

LL Cool J (feat. Kandice Love)

LL Cool J

Aiiyo, Bimmy
So rock the bells, Def Jam collabo', man
You know what I'm sayin', Bimmy? Yeah
Feel this, baby I'm the G.O.A.T., I just ball a lot
(L L)
An' I'm double platinum on the hot blocks
(Cool J)
An' the hottest nigga in the whole spot
(L L)
An' you see my hand, not what I got
(Cool J)
An' strictly evil in the big box
(L L)
An' it's no stoppin' when my shit knocks
(Cool J)
An' get it all, baby, don't stop
(L L)
An' don't move the bottle, let the corks pop
(Cool J) I'm incredible, well, nigga, outrageous
Turn money like encyclopedia pages
Get freaky, throw dyke bitches in cages
Paid in full, European shit, fuck AvisRocks in ears, blingin' the atmosphere
Fuck Canibus, I bodied him last year
But the L still here, watch face, crystal clear
The other chick that give me head while I shampoo her hair
Head tilted back, baby, no more tears
You mumblin' an' shit, duke, my flow more clear
Baby, listen here, I been gettin' paper for years
An' program directors who fronted, they disappear An' grimy ass niggas get laced with car
bombs
For bein' over critical when Uncle get it on
I'll burn your magazine, God'll intervene
Can't front on this hip hop phenomenon from Queens, I'm I'm the G.O.A.T., I just ball a lot
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(Cool J) An' strictly evil in the big box
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(Cool J)
 An' get it all, baby, don't stop
 (L L)
 An' don't move the bottle, let the corks pop
 (Cool J)Bandwagon niggas ride my dick everyday
 An' broke ass critics always got somethin' to say
 'Bout how a nigga should've flipped his shit a different way
 The fuck you know 'bout hip hop? I'm LL Cool JThey send Bentleys for me, security escort me
 Now you wanna run to the authorities an' report me
 For being cocky towards those that cock block me
 I'm makin' millions, no, nigga, it don't shock meI'm supposed to have it, you never been close
 to karats
 That's why you be poppin' that shit, jealous bastards
 I ain't impressed by you, playa, that's that
 Matter o' fact, gimme your autograph, dawg, on my nut sackY'all niggas benignin', not cool
 You just got some white kids in the suburbs fooled
 But your album's trash, from the skit to the covers
 I tear the plastic off it an' use it for a rubber, I'mI'm the G.O.A.T., I just ball a lot
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 (Cool J)Yo, seems like every rappers' the former Nicky Barnes
 Ya ugly ass corny niggas is wannabe dons
 I'm the best, platinum, nine times in a row
 Paparazzi flash while I snatch niggas' hoesLive the lifestyles, so the average dime piece
 Wanna have my lovechild an' roll L style
 A man hostile but my Queens niggas run wild
 So when I skate through niggas strain to smilePeep my profile an' my iced out dial
 I tap my horn, say, "What up?" but never smile
 An' deuce ass niggas is noodles
 An' your broke ass stripper weave is lookin' like a poodleExcuse my French, je m'appelle 'LL'
 I'm platinum again, so tell 'em to go to hell
 Then pour some Cristal for my foes that fell
 Hard as hell, they fell, I excel, rock bells, I'mI'm the G.O.A.T., I just ball a lot
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(Cool J)
An' get it all, baby, don't stop
(L L)
An' don't move the bottle, let the corks pop
(Cool J)You know what I'm sayin'?
You're whole click is [Incomprehensible]
Know what I'm sayin'?
I got the daze in my maze, I'ma faze 'em
You know what I mean? They can't faze meLike all my Cali niggas say, I can't be faded, dawg
It's the NY [Incomprehensible], you know what I mean
Queens in the house, 'til death do us apart, baby
Hip hop for life, which y'all niggas want?

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>