

# LL Cool J

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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  
(L L)  
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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  
 (L L)  
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 An' don't move the bottle, let the corks pop  
 (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  
 (L L)  
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An' you see my hand, not what I got  
(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)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/>