

LL Cool J, Another dolar

AKA John Mickens (8X)

I'm the king.

I floss rings, the new John Mickens

Uhh, I'm stayin' rich and keep the haters bitchin
from New York to Richmond, my shine is sickenin

Ice drips, frost bits, or forfeit shit

I got to rewrite this mackin' game, baby

Layin' in the barber shop, knowin' haters is shady

Maybe, they sex young chicks and whips

but i got lesbo combos ridin' stick-shifts

for no chips, I'm seein' 4 to 8 lips

let me tell ya 'bout my life-style, playas and chips, sick

Mr. Smith, the rarest breed

separate the dimes from 'hoes like chronic seeds

miraculous

lyrical swiftness

practice this, stop bein' actresses

on mattresses with your legs up in the air

splash the crisp.. John Micks, a millionaire

Anutha Day ... anutha Dolla

My fortune 500 is fully funded

Joints I pumps, gives my pockets the mumps

I'm the glossiest and the costliest

feel the force of this

lyrical arsenist

Hotter .. than a yacht with rottweillers

chicks in choppers with they thong sittin' proper

the crisp poppa bringin' drama like soap operas

the show stopper if u playas don't flow proper

I'm the jiggiest, bitch, shit the wittiest

wonderin' why cats front on who's the williest

Chill, relax, you cats will fall

10 mill, 10 plaques upon my wall

You stall, mix large, I see y'all

Mash ya like roaches then cop diamond broaches

Supercalla - nevermind the alladocious

Sin the fellas, get blazed and you can quote this

Anutha day ... anutha dolla

I'm the MC that you strive to be

competition is dead, cuz ain't none of y'all live as me

Handsome moody, I keep it raw, baby

so save all the goodfella shit for Scorsece

So iced up, they call me Mount Everest

the many get honey ways draped over my headrest

I run game from Fort Green to Maine

I keep ya head noddin' like dope is in your vein

Hail to the King Cajone .. jing-a-ling

I buy ya clicks loyalty with one pinkie ring

Gotta be above average to grow cabbage

I wreck havoc, do damage

don't have it

uh huh .. techniques up to par

yeah you, get ya black ass looped like Mardi Gras

Chick soup too

Hittin' me off in yo' car

Blaze her in the alley cuz she actin' bourgeoise

Anutha day .. anutha dolla

Ahhh man ... it's hard bein' the King, baby

but someone's gotta do it, haha