

LL Cool J, Can't thing

[LL Cool J]

You ever get to the point where you so frustrated
you ready to give up?
You ready to end it all?
Don't do it dog, word up
I don't care if you black, white, latin, asian, whatever
We all go through pain
When you can't think.. use your soul baby
Preliminary discussions is over with, the verdict is in
I took the rap throne back
I reigned like krills in eighty-seven, my name is on the map
It feels like a razor down the middle of my back
They slept on my lyrical ability to blow
Gave another nigga credit for inventin my flow
I'm a child of God, witness the risin son
From the cradle to the grave, I remain number one
This thing of ours, got competition takin red showers
Grievin mothers callin 1-800-Flowers
My repoitire burn your ashes in the urn
Is it God or money that really make the world turn?
Grab your gun, seperate the ones from the real funds
Inhale deep and hold it in your lungs
The streets was requestin some original LL
A soundtrack for niggaz that was raised in {hell}
They lookin for a leader that can guide 'em through the maze
Smoke filled rooms, breathin in purple haze
Po' nigga's on the bricks his whole life
He ain't got nuttin to live for, so fuckin livin right
But if you stay in the rain like hurricane
Gold melts down but it don't fear flames
Toxic, lethal, psychologically evil
Genocide was committed on the black people
And the ghetto is a trap with glass walls
Should I sell drugs, be a rap thug, or play ball?
We end up in the grave anyway
The average cat and LL Cool J
It's a never ending cycle, life and death
Until then may my mic stay blessed, to the death
Chorus: LL Cool J
I CAN'T THINK! Why do I feel I'm losin my mind?
I CAN'T THINK! Could it be the ill beats and rhymes?
I CAN'T THINK! Even though I'm a one of a kind
I CAN'T THINK! I want the paper, that's just the bottom line
I CAN'T THINK! Mo' murder every day around the way
I CAN'T THINK! I'd rather get paid and parlay
I CAN'T THINK! It's all about survival God
{*scratched* - "You know the epilogue by James Todd" - Biggie Smalls}

[LL Cool J]

Put your life on the line, you runnin out of time
The coroner's callin, she know she on a nigga mind
Amongst the dogs, real cats is hard to find
Even a nigga MOMS hate it when he start to shine
Get the money and run, dodge the devil and his sons
Spit powerful parables like a sermon has begun
Fuck the turntables up, leave the DJ awestruck
Attitude is WHAT, keep the razor blade tucked
Too much flossin'll get your reputation touched
Too much rappin'll get your big mouth shut
Protect your neck nigga, you'll get it in the gut
You wearin a vest? What if you get your throat cut
Sold your soul for a dollar, now you havin bad luck
Used to keep a bad bitch in the crib baggin up
Player here, player there, nigga turned you out
but never told you beware

Never told you that black love supposed to be shared
and you never judge a woman by the texture of her hair
Fancy cars and gold teeth, G-strings and things
The almighty dollar replace the wedding ring
The Ark of the Covenant was held by a king
I ain't tradin my soul in for skins and chrome rims
Chorus

[LL Cool J]

Think about it yo, think about it
Think about it yo, think about it
Think about it yo, think about it
Think about it yo, think about it!
The dawn, of a new millenium, came to pass
The world revolves around sex or cash
The black man's motto, "Kiss my ass!"
Shorties in kindergarten are strapped, ready to blast
All I ever seen was killers and dopefiends
From FEDS Magazine to the heart of killer Queens
Bronx and Brooklyn and everything up in between
No matter what, you always got a Judas on your team
Givin it to the world and I'm tellin it like it is
Tossin lyrical daggers and sendin em in your wig
Know where the body's buried, I ain't sayin where it is
Raised inside the ghetto, but damnit I WANNA LIVE!
The legendary master of lyrical combat
But ain't no competition, ain't nobody to go at
So I'ma take the time and spit a universal verse
Hit the streets with a blessin and erase the curse
Chorus