

LL Cool J, G.O.A.T.

[LL Talking during 1st chorus]

Uhh, Yeah, Hell yeah, Word up

Yeah, Hell yeah, hell yeah

[Chorus]

I'm the G.O.A.T.

The Greast of All Time (coo-coo, coo, Cool J)

The Greast of All Time (LL)

The Greast of All Time (coo, coo, Cool J)

The Greast of All Time

I'm the G.O.A.T.

The Greast of All Time (coo-coo, coo, Cool J)

The Greast of All Time (LL)

The Greast of All Time (Cool J)

I'm the Greast of All Time

[Verse 1]

I was on the movie set, then he hit me on the cell

Niggas out here talk bout the King of Rap fell

Fell where? Don't these niggas know I'm LL?

Lemme run it througth this album, tell Spielberg "Chill"

My jet hit LaGuardia six in the morn

They be waitin in the Bentley when the plane takes on

Straight to the studio dirty - no shower

Threw out 5 mics in the first half hour

Niggas know, who about to get all the dough (LL)

Who about to hit all your homes (LL)

Who about to spit all the flows

That's all I can say, and I can't stands no more (We know)

Aiight then, what the fuck the deal yo?

I's raised on some ill shit, let's be real

Uptown - the Bronx, and Brooklyn and Queens

Staten Island, Jersey, ya know the routine

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

East Coast - y'all want it, y'all got it

Look up in my eyes, a nigga feelin psychotic

Look outside nigga, my cars excited

Look at the crowd, how they respond to my product

Like exstacy, my crew's next to me

It's my destiny, to make history

I'm the emperor - Rap King

>From the streets of Paris, up north to Sing-Sing

One question: Do I do my thing thing? (Hell Yeah)

Then putcha L's in the air, for the Greatest Rapper All Time

You want that other nigga album

But that nigga bought all mine

So get the realness (uhh)

Matter fact turn it up so you can feel this (uhh)

Ice grill all you want, I'm fearless (uhh)

Nigga, you just blue try, you can't appeal this (uhh)

I'm about to kill this (uhh)

[Chorus]

[(Background) LL]

(LL Cool J is) Break it down

(Hard as)

Feel it, yeah, blow ya whistles, yeah *laugh*

Sss, you can't fuck wit me, nigga

Feel it

Fuck wrong wit you?

[Verse 3]

I wrote so ill that I sold ten mill

Drop more platinum, to fo' mo' bills

You pop mo' shit, I show mo' skill

Greatest of All Time, and that's all real

Ain't no reapper could do what I do

Rip ya whole label so low, no crew
Ain't a M C that I can't go through
And I only have respect for a chosen few
But they could get it too
Trust me, you don't want L to spit at you
I'm the one they call when shit gets critical
The way I conquer the world is spiritual
I'm imperial
Everlasting, the best who ever did it
Holdin the crown down, can't nobody get it
Germany, Italy, France, Japan
London, Africa, bow to The Master - The G.O.A.T.
[Chorus 2X]
LL Cool J is hard as..