

# LL Cool J, Hit Factory Freestyle

[DJ Enuff]

Ayo, this the heavy hitter DJ Enuff, Def Jam's own  
Aight, who dat there?

[DJ Kay Slay]

Ayo it's DJ Kay Slay from around they way  
Street sweepers baby you know how it's goin down

[Enuff]

Yo son what's poppin?

[Kay Slay]

Ayo man the streets man, is craving for some of that LL thing  
Youknowwhatimsayin? Ill Bomb was it man  
But I know y'all got more in store man

[Enuff]

Yo son we here live at the Hit Fiddactory, New York City  
We got the brand new flavors from LL Cool J  
Ayo Bimmy! Pass that heat son, let's get this shit crackin

[LL Cool J]

Ayo this is the infinite, intelligent, extravagant and eloquent  
That shit y'all talkin is irrelevant  
I put it down from the gutter to the tenement  
It's LL Cool J nigga, everything I do is excellent  
And I got to represent, Q-Boro, the thorough  
Y'knowmean? We get down, we get down baby  
Check this shit out right here, uh

E Pluribus Unum is the album I'ma drop  
It'll make you bitch niggas as hard as rocks  
Givin head to the glock, pretend it's hard cock  
Splashin niggas I came slow through the block  
I'm, the original, visual, individual  
Ten times platinum your career's lookin critical  
Reach for this, motherfuck being a criminal  
Look in your bitch eyes, the vibe is subliminal  
You wanna freestyle fuck that  
I need at least seven figures to even touch that  
But since everybody was underestimatn my format  
I dropped Ill Bomb and now niggas want more of that  
Aint a rapper dead or alive fuckin wit me  
Ask the last bitch that tried to come and get me  
Talk about paper, I can talk about broads  
I can talk about movies, I can talk about awards  
Fuck the fantasies, yo I got all four  
And 2001'll be mine, by law  
Why name me Greatest Of All Times?  
Because for fifteen years I kept y'all standin in line  
Lovin the way I shine and my lyrics combine  
With the ruggedest, illest beats that Def Jam can find  
Fuck them other niggas with their 9 or 10 hits  
My hits run deep as the emotions of your bitch  
Back in the days it was the M fast stick  
But now the Bentley is all get more whores on the dick  
This ones for [distorted] and my Riker's Island niggas  
That remember when I came through  
The big O B C C H D M 2 C 74  
Little Nasi and the crew, y'all niggas come home

Word up, the new album gon' be the shit baby  
Aint no doubt about it, E Pluribus Unum  
Out of many one, The G.O.A.T., Greatest Of All Time...

[DJ Kay Slay]

Ahh yeah, brand new flavor by LL Cool J  
Featuring LeShaun, it's called Imagine That  
I'm in the house with my man, DJ Enuff  
Yo Bimmy, this is how it's going down  
Come on Enuff, uh, come on Enuff, one more time

[LL Cool J]

DJ Enuff, DJ Enuff, DJ Enuff  
You're the honey that I see when I'm ridin by  
The one givin me a feeling that I can't deny  
You got the Prada boots on, suede hittin your thigh  
Actin like my chrome twenties aint catchin' your eye  
Sometimes I slow down, catch the ass in the mirror  
Turn the fog lights on, to see the legs more clearer  
You turn me on, keep me standin up  
I wish that I could prove to you that I'm man enough  
I come up to your job and handcuff your boss  
Throw that nigga in the closet and turn the lights off  
Then sit you up on the copy machine  
Make copies of your kitten with my chin in between  
Then I take you to the window so the world can see  
Baby I'm down on my knees, let your world be free  
Curl tongue come get up on this desk with me  
Multiple orgasms is your destiny

[LL and LeShaun]

Yo, I'ma hit you in the backseat and tell you to slide  
Imagine That  
It aint my fault that my broads collide  
Imagine That  
Knock your girls off two at a time  
Imagine That  
Disrespect you and still make you mine

[Kay Slay]

Ahh man I like the way this shit is going down  
DJ Enuff rippin it up on the ones and twos [record scratching]  
Hit me up with some more of that flavor

[LL]

Ayo Bimmy, it's a rock the, ayo Bimmy, it's, ayo Bimmy, it's a rock the  
Ayo Bimmy, ayo Bimmy, ayo Bimmy, it's a Rock the Bells, Def Jam  
Collabo man, knowhatimsayin Bim, me, uhh, yeah, me,  
(goddam!) me, yeah, feel this baby, (keep it going)

I'm (Incredible) (what nigga) outrageous  
Turn money like encyclopedia pages  
Get freaky throw dike bitches in cages  
Paid in full European shit, fuck Avis  
Rocks in ears, blingin the atmosphere  
Fuck Canibus, I bodied him last year  
But the L still here, watch face, crystal clear  
Love a chick to give me head while I shampoo her hair  
Head to the back baby, no more tears  
You mumblin the shit, dupe, my flow more clear  
Baby listen here, I been gettin paper for years  
And program directors who fronted they disappeared  
And grimy ass niggas get laced with car bombs  
For being overcritical with uncle get it on  
I burn your magazine, god'll intervene  
Can't front on this hip hop phenomenon from Queens, uh

[DJ Enuff]

As we keep it movin, brand new flavor  
We call this one Hello, featuring Amil  
Aight, big up the whole Roc-A-Fella crew  
Def Jam 2000 baby, The G.O.A.T., August 22nd  
Go cop that in the stores  
Big up to all the ladies, aight, c'mon

[LL and Amil 6X]  
Hello, hello  
Yo, yo

[woman's voice]  
Honey on the telephone

[LL]  
You're the, 212 or 718  
Or 914 I love it hardcore  
When it's over the phone, it's safe to do it raw  
Imagine every world we could both explore

[Amil] Hello

Baby what you wearin right now

[Amil] Hot pants

My girl aint around let's get down  
And I hope the phone's tapped let's pretend you on my lap

[Amil] I'm bouncin up and down with my shoulders back  
Nigga you like that

You see you runnin up my bill  
Mama might hear me but you just too ill  
I get your flicks lined up, stereo low  
Cherry flavored grease beneath my elbow  
If I was there what would you do

[Amil] I'd lay you on your back  
Ride or Die daddy and I love it like that

[Enuff]  
Ahh man, just a little bit of flavor Kay, just a little bit of flavor  
Aight, LL Cool J baby  
August 22nd

[LL]  
Mirror, mirror, on the wall  
Who was the man before 'Pac and Biggie Smalls  
No disrespect, but y'all know how I ball  
The L L C O O L J, what's my motherfucking name y'all  
Mirror, mirror, on the wall  
Who was the man before Master P and Puff y'all  
No disrespect, but y'all know what he's called  
The L L C O O L J, spell that shit

Frankly black, I'm on you niggas minds like Yankee hats  
Paparazzi flash, that nigga L up in the back  
Three quarter mink, platinum armor, flashin major stacks  
I step up, you step back  
Crucify ya, execution other men  
The lips, the voice, the way the whole shit blend  
My rain won't end, my crown don't bend  
From the mind, to the arm, to the hand, to the pen  
To the page, to the stage, career wise, half my age

Walkin in hell's kitchen and fell on the god's blade  
New millenium revoltuion, my niggas aint afraid  
Fuck these record labels til the legend's gettin paid  
The war zone, I'ma pierce to your bone  
I got a tank on the fanwith nigga, I'm comin home  
If you want it, come and get it, bring it to the death  
If you could match a third of my success you blessed

[Enuff]

That's right y'all, LL Cool J, The G.O.A.T.  
The Greatest Of All Time, August 22nd, go cop that  
Don't fuck with the bootleggers, aight  
I wanna big up my man DJ Kay Slay, for holdin it down wit me  
Aight, and before we shut it down, aight  
I wanna bring my man out, the A&R behind this, aight  
The A&R executive, yo Bimmy, yo Bimmy come out here son

[Bimmy]

Thank you, God bless you, good night...