

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'knaawmean? 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 underestimatin 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...