

LL Cool J, Rasta Imposter

[Intro:]

What you got to do with it? What the fuck you talkin about?
What the fuck you got to do with it? You stupid nigga? You stupid?
Did you see that video, nigga? Fuck wrong with you? Like you don't,
you don't know what you go to do with it. Like your fuckin insane or
something. (You fuckin wack ass nigga)
[laughing in background]

[Verse One]

Y'all faggots is weak, y'all starstruck niggas think shit is sweet
That busy signal bullshit is dead up in the street
Heard that garbage dough jam, made me reminisce
On when heard your man's wack shit and went to take up his
Jealous faggot man cause I'm richer than y'all
When I load my desertees, I'm picturin y'all
On the streets of Queens where I was raised and born, hardcore
And stood on every corner like a liquor store
Clips full of hollowtips, follow loose lips
Aimin at your clique and make em cough up my chips
Bitch, ya niggas wanna see if I'm ill?
Wanna see how many rappers can be killed, how much blood can spill?
When I inject this lyrical drill, if I can't do it, the dumb-dumbs will
Tell that nigga to tell his man to tell that nigga
I send the wolves to kill that nigga
If you wanna know why, its cause I'm still that nigga
Michael Jordan of all this rap shit, pullin the trigger
What the fuck? You on a mission to self-destruct
And have the nerve to let the chickenhead model cluck
Your swervin nigga, better follow the white lines
Your up on the sidewalk, off course, read the sign
I'm so ill, y'all niggas is so wack
Your whole crew is such, y'all lack the hard impact
Far as your man go, I got young niggas that wanna get him
Treat him like a Philly, wet'im and split'im

[Chorus]

L.L. don't lose niggas, we can do it however you choose nigga
One on one or round up the crews nigga
But Can-I-Blast you out your shoes nigga
You know the rules nigga!
[repeat]

[Verse Two]

Queens shit, give me cream so I can grab my dick
Sew that shit, what the fuck y'all niggas workin with?
Backwards, ass-jerk, jumpin up out the woodwork
Ridin my meat, tryin to critique my physique
A real nigga wouldn't even mention my lips
Can't believe you went there, no I know you a bitch
Sugar-coated nigga, deep-throated nigga
Young guns take a pull before they quote a nigga
Yeah, I wrote it nigga for all my real live devoted niggas
I'm a true and livin lyrically ill poet nigga
So what you talkin bout? That shits supposed to be hot?
Y'all niggas on the warpath, y'all takin over my block?
I think not, matter of fact your not aloud to rap no more
And if you hear this in the club sneak out the backdoor
And if you bumpin in your ride make sure your windows is up
and your tint's passed the limit
So they don't know a faggot's in it!
I'm L.L. and I did this to you
Teflon waitin for every nigga runnin with you
Rhymes hit you, lace you up again and split you
Niggas ain't official thats why Mom Dukes miss you

Tell your man bring it on, I'm only gettin warm
Never die, never quit, and my money's long
Punk ass crab nigga, talkin bout his lips
Constantly involvin my name with that bullshit!
Why I diss you? You stepped up in the ring
Ice jinglin in the video like you the next Don King
And tell your man I know he got some lyrics in the stash
But I'm the best that ever did it, now get this motherfuckin ass
Mic's too hot to hold, leave it in the sand
So I can describe the picture with both hands
You must not understand who's in command
I got all the flavor, but y'all niggas is mad bland

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I'll cut your fuckin head off and leave it on your mom's dresser
Then pay the pope a hundred thou to go and bless her
You wanna test a lyrical teacher and professor?
I bet y'all niggas fall off now that your under pressure
I don't stress ya, yet still I must check ya
Extort niggas for gettin fucked up, stop and inspect ya
Fuck wrong with you nigga? You can't do nothin to me
If I put a slug in you on the low, you'd probably try to sue me
Your girl blew me, I said "Now!" She said "Do me"
Bust a nut in her face on tape to let the crew see
Can't put dirt roll, nigga poppin shit
Underestimantin what Queens niggas'll do for chips
I originated all this shit
The ice, the champagne, the bitches on the dick
That really don't apply to you crabs in a barrel
Mic's my staff sendin you a message like Pharaoh
Leave it alone or get swallowed in the sea
The King of Hiphop is something you could never be
My crown you'll never see, I'll rule forever, G
I'll be goin platinum when you just a memory
I'm the double L, capital C, double O
With the seven upside down jakes slayin the clown

What the fuck wrong wit y'all niggas? You out your mind nigga?
You better try to go beg Lauryn to come back or something
Fuck wrong with you?

[Chorus]