

# Rocking with the G.O.A.T.

LL Cool J

You should be happy if we get outta this thing wit a ringtone clown

That was cool now let's get back to that block shit  
Make it impossible for haters who wanna pop shit (I got this)  
I'm leanin back in the cockpit  
I drop big bombs these bastards can't stop it (Hot shit)  
I'm a profit for profit, once I decide to lock it  
Fuckin' with me is toxic  
Go prop on niggas love songs and rock shit  
Show these motherfuckers how to spit they ain't about shit (This is it)  
I'm so ruthless and cunning when the drummer was drumming  
Ya'll see I got your man running  
LL the boss, like luke wit the force  
My techniques ugly, dirty like rugby  
Drop jewels like yoda my young students love me  
All rappers are under not one of them above me  
I rip shit, I blow the whole house down  
On your big mouth clown  
You don't wanna fuck around

Mic check

You are now Rocking wit the G.O.A.T.  
Throw your hands in the air have a sip take a toke (Hot shit)  
You are now Rocking wit the G.O.A.T.  
Go 'head do your two step wit your hand in your coat nigga  
You are now Rocking wit the G.O.A.T.  
Throw your hands in the air try to wave away the smoke (That shit)  
You are now Rocking wit the G.O.A.T.  
Go 'head do your two step while I let these niggas know

(You better back down)  
Listen good with both ears  
Keep your mouth shut, fall back like broke chairs  
How can they forget a nigga like me I'm so rare  
You niggas had a pretty good run I don't care (So far)  
So far ahead that I'm countin in light years  
That mean lightning strikes longer than your career  
I'm so arrogant motherfuckers you like that, yeah  
In your Club making rukus no momma wanna touch us (I'm a grown man)  
Muff boys like Kobe at the Ruckers  
Play Chris Tucker, Rush all you cocksukers  
You way to lame, I showed you game  
Just in case Ya'll forgot my name  
I'm the G-O-A-T., much hottest lately  
Ripping motherfuckers since Cut-Creater tried to break beat  
Farmers Blvd's is up in this bitch  
And I help Russell hustle you could go ask Rick

The, the, the, the  
(Monster) is back

They probably put a hit on me for murdering the track  
They tried to shit on me they thought I wasn't coming back  
They sealed the jar 'n then they threw me in the back  
Career means circles I came (back like) crrraaaackkkk  
I floated to the top, fully loaded on cock  
'Cause the way ya motherfuckers his hot oven this hot he don't stop

These niggas wanna sell you the hype but don't cop  
I'll give you the pure shot, I'm the L  
Motherfuckin' L forever  
What they sayin' on the internet I rip whoever  
For the last 10 years I so I loved 'em better  
But I'm back you niggas get your shit together nigga  
I (Play hard)  
I goes in for real  
The odds 'r always wit me win I spin the wheel  
And you could've rocked wit me but your not real  
So when I polish off the plaque I'll let you know how it feels