You can call it a comeback I lay back, analyze the rhymes and realize I own that crown for lyrical combat Spit more raps to count more stacks Kicking back in the coup I got loops relax, I'm hotness Monotonous fans is running bizzack L please don't leave the game like thizzat Never in a million years I'll never let you down baby I drop 50, I steal gravy I look back on Venus I look (I look) back on Mars And (and) I burn with the fire Of ten (of ten) million stars (LL: guess who's back, uh) I'm more then a conqueror Double up your bets Come and rumble with the decks I know you had that clown picked Mind blowing out 'cause L still sound sick You dream you was me I gleam lyrically I love 'em for it it's the highest form of flattery Doin' the buck 10 chrome skating on the battery My, clutch burnin' on top of the world turnin' Rippers is just learning by stacks I been earnin' I'm the uncle, hell, future of the funk Turn my joint up, find out why I'm different from all these chumps And tell your favorite rapper that I'm ready to dump For real cat, that represented rap from the jump Six figure interest on the cheddar From music, fashion, film and television Poppin' amaretto, so what got a vendetta? I never felt better Now forever competition get severed by skills you can't measure I'm a champ, you a peon Kiss the ring, begone Known and respected on any block you be on And be on, stand there, get your mad on I chuckle cause there's nothing to waste energy on There you have it The uncut raw for rap addicts Waited three years to see if L still had it Ten million stars Got beef to the deck End of my contract, I'm the last one left! L's worth paper Dash that damn who put em up in that skyscraper (yeah) (I take them seriously baby) Ask my dogs up in old five, who made a major? LL playa Now who's next to need a paper Drop a bomb on them

I look back on Venus
I look back on mars
And I burn with the fire
Of ten million stars