

Back Where I Belong

LL Cool J

Yo, yea, aight after this particular practice run
I'ma practice both verses, after this, I want you to find a spot
That's close to when the beat drops to the rewind point, locate point
You ain't gotta be on that all night, this the soundtrack
Yo, Yea, Check it
ok, alright, huh ok

The other night I was up at Farmers, politican wit some bloods
They told me "yo L, in the streets you aint gettin no Love
And Ever since the X's and the Jiggas came out
my niggas aint tryin to the hear that smooth shit you talk about
What's Up wit that cat Canibus, some played you out
Why you didn't answer back correctly, fuck was that about?"
as I sip on some henny, and try to explain some things
about the life of a legend, and all the Drama it brings
been gone a long time, had a lot of shit on my mind
I decided I don't want to reach my goal if it means losing my shine
Streets is Hip-hop and I'm Hip-Hop, so the streets is Mine
Ballin' as long as you been livin', that's a long time
Hard to Stay hungry when your pockets are so fat
You hit a hot one in every city on the map
And niggas keep sleepin' and you keep coming back
You know better than the gat, but niggas still wanna clap

It feels so good to be back Where I Belong
The Streets is Where I Belong
They Had me locked down much too long
Hey Hey

Some Say "L that's cool, but see times have changed"
Niggas got red bandanas, and the grill in the range
That gold shit is dead, niggas rock platinum chains
Trade O.E. for Henny, Colt 45 for champagne
Hustling niggas found they way into the game
Extorting all these so called ballers wit big names
And you gotta have a squad, cuz running from Def aint safe
I know you living good, but aint no smile up on our face
I'm like a villain, I'm representing on my lyrics
and force feed the world, even if they don't want to hear it
As far as Canibus go, my man is hittin' his ex-broad
I'm getting head from his new piece
While 20 gang-bangers applaud, you came up with that bullshit
Some heads sucked it up, then you dropped that garbage album
And Totally fucked it up, I coulda told ya I knew your moms
From the after-hours spot, when I used to be up in Canada
With the dreads on a black block, before you dick rode Lost Boyz
For a ticket our to Jersey, but being the man I am
I tried to show ya mercy, I coulda told the World
The way ya label hates your guts
And how me and Wyclef, got together to set you up
And how he gave me half your budget, don't believe me look it up
Ya A&R promotion niggas, they helped me hook it up
I hate to be responsible, for destroying your career
A one-hit wonder, huh
No Wonder you disappeared, I coulda told the world
You get your lyrics from the internet
Then spit 'em word for word

Like you really a rap vet, How you take metaphors from books
And put 'em in your rhyme, and how you really from Canada
And you been frontin' all this time
I heard your second album, that shit is garbage too
LL Cool J and I did this to you
On that note he said
"Yo L, you the man", I said peace, one love
And Drove off in the Lex Land

Yea nigga, the jig is up nigga, huh ha
You know what I'm sayin?, all that bullshit you was talking
Dont mean shit, you finish now
I'm still the man nigga
the vanguard award is in my motherfuckin living room
You know what I mean? come get that shit, fuck, what
MIC still on my arm nigga, word up
Both arms, I'ma get another one nigga
You Know what I'm sayin, this LL you know how I get down
You should of known, when you did it
He probably did it to get some fame
but is this really what you want? Hahahahahahahha