

# Can't Think

LL Cool J

You ever get to the point where you so frustrated  
you ready to give up?  
You ready to end it all?  
Don't do it dog, word up  
I don't care if you black, white, latin, asian, whatever  
We all go through pain  
When you can't think.. use your soul baby

Preliminary discussions is over with, the verdict is in  
I took the rap throne back  
I reigned like krills in eighty-seven, my name is on the map  
It feels like a razor down the middle of my back  
They slept on my lyrical ability to blow  
Gave another nigga credit for inventin my flow  
I'm a child of God, witness the risin son  
From the cradle to the grave, I remain number one  
This thing of ours, got competition takin red showers  
Grievin mothers callin 1-800-Flowers  
My repoitoin burn your ashes in the urn  
Is it God or money that really make the world turn?  
Grab your gun, seperate the ones from the real funds  
Inhale deep and hold it in your lungs  
The streets was requestin some original LL  
A soundtrack for niggaz that was raised in {hell}  
They lookin for a leader that can guide 'em through the maze  
Smoke filled rooms, breathin in purple haze  
Po' nigga's on the bricks his whole life  
He ain't got nuttin to live for, so fuckin livin right  
But if you stay in the rain like hurricane  
Gold melts down but it don't fear flames  
Toxic, lethal, psychologically evil  
Genocide was committed on the black people  
And the ghetto is a trap with glass walls  
Should I sell drugs, be a rap thug, or play ball?  
We end up in the grave anyway  
The average cat and LL Cool J  
It's a never ending cycle, life and death  
Until then may my mic stay blessed, to the death

I CAN'T THINK! Why do I feel I'm losin my mind?  
I CAN'T THINK! Could it be the ill beats and rhymes?  
I CAN'T THINK! Even though I'm a one of a kind  
I CAN'T THINK! I want the paper, that's just the bottom line  
I CAN'T THINK! Mo' murder every day around the way  
I CAN'T THINK! I'd rather get paid and parlay  
I CAN'T THINK! It's all about survival God

Put your life on the line, you runnin out of time  
The coroner's callin, she know she on a nigga mind  
Amongst the dogs, real cats is hard to find  
Even a nigga MOMS hate it when he start to shine  
Get the money and run, dodge the devil and his sons  
Spit powerful parables like a sermon has begun  
Fuck the turntables up, leave the DJ awestruck  
Attitude is WHAT, keep the razor blade tucked  
Too much flossin'll get your reputation touched  
Too much rappin'll get your big mouth shut

Protect your neck nigga, you'll get it in the gut  
You wearin a vest? What if you get your throat cut  
Sold your soul for a dollar, now you havin bad luck  
Used to keep a bad bitch in the crib baggin up  
Player here, player there, nigga turned you out  
but never told you beware  
Never told you that black love supposed to be shared  
and you never judge a woman by the texture of her hair  
Fancy cars and gold teeth, G-strings and things  
The almighty dollar replace the wedding ring  
The Ark of the Covenant was held by a king  
I ain't tradin my soul in for skins and chrome rims

Think about it yo, think about it  
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Think about it yo, think about it  
Think about it yo, think about it!  
The dawn, of a new millenium, came to pass  
The world revolves around sex or cash  
The black man's motto, "Kiss my ass!"  
Shorties in kindergarten are strapped, ready to blast  
All I ever seen was killers and dopefiends  
From FEDS Magazine to the heart of killer Queens  
Bronx and Brooklyn and everything up in between  
No matter what, you always got a Judas on your team  
Givin it to the world and I'm tellin it like it is  
Tossin lyrical daggers and sendin em in your wig  
Know where the body's buried, I ain't sayin where it is  
Raised inside the ghetto, but damnit I WANNA LIVE!  
The legendary master of lyrical combat  
But ain't no competition, ain't nobody to go at  
So I'ma take the time and spit a universal verse  
Hit the streets with a blessin and erase the curse