

# Cheesy Rat Blues

LL Cool J

Nothin can save ya  
Nothin, can save ya  
Nothin can save ya  
Nothin

Just throw your hands in the air  
And wave 'em like you just don't care  
Keep 'em there  
Yo, run the jewels, run the jewels, run the jewels

Can you feel it

I used to be rollin like a millionaire  
Cash in a flash, bankroll to spare  
Homeboys hangin, champagne and girls  
Got my main woman Diamonds, my mistress Pearls  
Everybody laughin at my corny jokes  
I was stupid; I thought that they were sincere folks  
It turned out they liked the money and the fame  
If I ain't get paid, I'd be that nobody James  
The nobody, who dreamed about bein somebody  
Chief rocker at the party  
And they was hangin like, "Yo, I'm your man  
I don't even care about the ring on your hand"  
We'd go out to eat and chill  
But they would go to the bathroom when it was time to pay the bill  
I didn't notice all the chuckles and laughter  
Too busy with a female tellin me I'm the master  
I was slick like, "Huh, do I know you?  
I got play, here, let me show ya"  
Used to have a girl that was on the ball  
When the cash flow got low, so did her calls  
Used to have a homeboy, always chillin  
My cash went low, he told me I was illin  
And don't call cause he don't hang with derelicts  
Broke with no cash, yo, I was in the mix  
Everybody stepped cause my pocket wasn't fat  
My girl got a new man, I fixed his flat  
I'm the one that they're laughin' at  
They say, "Cheesy rat, you ain't all that"

Can you feel it?  
Can you feel it?  
Can you feel it?  
Can you feel it?  
Nothin can save ya

I mean crabbin, played out by backstabbin; I feel like tiein  
a anchor to my ankle and jumpin right in the ocean  
Cause I'm ashy and I can't afford lotion  
So-called friends in the jewelry store  
Told me, "Todd, come back when you get off tour"  
Souped as hell, I really regret it  
Now the only thing I got in my pocket is bad credit  
How can a man like me  
be walkin around in a world of misery?  
And if women like a man with a body, it's not mine

Cause they be walkin past me like I'm a stop sign  
My homeboys laugh when they pass the forty  
Sayin, "Todd, as if he used to have a sporty"  
The Benz was slammin, the Jeep was pumpin  
Ain't that somethin?  
I just laugh, this isn't what I was raised for  
When I walk away, it's like ain't this a  
kick in the rear, that I'm standin here  
And can't afford a tissue for my tear  
Should I drink wine and brandy  
or get a job puttin stripes on candy  
Or put a hole in donuts?  
Cause when you're broke, your middle name is "so-what?"  
I had to learn in an incredibly fast way  
When you ain't got no money they treat you like an ashtray  
I pawned all my jewelry and clothes  
Right after that, I got dissed by all the hoes  
that I thought was mine, but really never was  
Soon the whole neighborhood got the buzz  
That my tank was on "E", and that means empty  
That Twinkie looks good, so mister don't tempt me  
Everybody thought I was trippin  
I rode the back of the bus, but my grip kept on slippin  
I'm the man that they're laughin at  
They say, "Cheesy rat, you ain't all that"

I wanna hang with my man like, "Let's do this"  
But this man like "Who this?"  
That's right, the brother got two faces  
They got me puttin the tips on shoelaces  
P on the Puma, a mop and a bucket  
My motto is... I don't care  
I don't give a damn, so what, why try?  
I might as well rob some Blake Carrington sucker for his money  
It's so funny  
Cars ride by with the boomin system  
Sayin, "Leave him alone, my man already dissed him"  
Now I'm on the cheeseline, poverty-stricken  
As the red tape thickens  
I go to the park, they wanna baseball-bat me  
I go to the mall, they throw my old tapes at me  
I'm so horny  
And every girl I know be like, "He's so corny"  
I want money in a hurry  
I'm gettin tired of leftover curry  
I wanna fall off, but I don't know where the edge is  
I'm so hungry, I eat my neighbor's hedges  
Now I realize I gotta go for mine  
It's windshield time  
I take quarters, pennies, dimes and nickles  
and a kiddy's tricycle  
I'm a desperado  
"I'ma steal your rims" is my motto  
I watch wrestlin until I'm dizzy sore  
So if you're cashin your rent check, know how to get busy  
Go to the drive-through, run with a milkshake  
Go to the supermarket, pocket a raw steak  
I need beer  
I'ma catch the Miller truck out there  
You know how they throw, the newspapers in the morning  
The owner don't want em  
I'm the man that they're laughin at  
They say, "Cheesy rat, you ain't all that."

So yo, one more time, one more time  
Party people in the house tonight

Just throw your hands in the air  
And wave em like you just don't care  
Keep em there  
Run the jewels, run the jewels, run the jewels