

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