

## 4, 3, 2, 1 (E-Dub Remix)

Master P

HUHHHHHH!  
Def Jam, No Limits  
No Limit  
Def Squad  
Wu-Tang, and beyond

Aiyyo, one two three four five six seven  
Blaze the hot  
trizack that sound like heaven  
Seven six five four three two one  
My mon Meth-Tical come and get some

Playin my position, hot Nixon  
This one, for all the sick ones, confliction  
Posionous darts sickening, best believe  
finger itchin with two broke legs, now I'm trippin  
on MC's cliché, shot that ricochets  
start trouble bust bubbles, hip to wicked ways  
Gotta love me, G-O-D no one above me  
Look good but fuck ugly, tap your jaw  
from my Punch Buggy sunnin you  
Got you shittin in your last Huggie, runnin who?  
Fuckin punk, get a speed bump comin through  
A single shot make your knees knock, respect Wu

Aiyyo I put it on a nigga, shit it on a nigga  
Turnin Christian to a certified sinner  
The bomb I release, time pent up (explodes)  
While you got set up I was hittin your ex hoe  
Shit I kept low, petro' your metro  
Politic, keep the chickenheads gobblin  
Shit I'm drivin in, come with funk halogen  
Terrorize your city, from the spliff committee  
Kick ass till both Timberlands turn shitty  
Gritty, smack the driver's head in the chin see  
When I approach rappers be takin notes  
I drop like I shoulda invented the raincoat  
Absolut, I love to burn to the roots  
I keep comin til your pour sperm from your boots  
Vigilante hardcore to the penis  
Tell you fuck you my attitude is anemic

I'm the illest nigga alive, watch me prove it  
I snatch your crown witcha head still attatched to it  
Canibus is the type who'll fight for mics  
Beatin niggaz to death and beatin dead niggaz to life  
When you look at me long enough, I start to read your thoughts  
if the signal was strong enough, and then I'll call your bluff  
like, "Yo, how many rhymes you got?" I think I'll go on  
for more Milleniums than Mazda's got on the car lot  
And there's nowhere to run ta, when I confront ya  
Nigga, I call your bluff like you had a phone number  
Who wanna see Canibus get wild, who wanna act fly and  
get shot down with a surface-to-air missile  
I take em on in all shapes sizes and forms and spit on  
anybody who ain't close enough to shit on  
Zero to sixty? I'm already doin a hundred

when I'm blunted and I give it to any nigga that want it

Stay out the dark, cause if I catch you when the sun is down  
Run it clown, come up off that, or I'm gon' gun it down  
When in doubt, however skull goes, it's gon' be that  
See that, that shit'll finish you dawg, believe that  
Where we at, do your value your life, as much as your possessions?  
Don't be a stupid nigga, learn a lesson  
I'm gon' get you either way, and it's better to live  
Let me get what's between your sock, cause it's, better to give  
than receive, believe what I say when I tell you  
Don't make me put your somewhere where nobody'll smell you  
And when the lights is out, they don't come back on  
This ain't a flick you ain't gon' come back on, you ain't that strong  
You knew it was wrong, but you asked for it baby  
You're a pink nigga, ski mask for it baby  
so I can hit you up on front teeth, you think I'm sweet?  
Want heat? One deep, leave him behind, front seat

Got my mic on, it's time to get rowdy  
Got homies from the N-O to the N-Y, Bout It Bout It  
I break bread with the ballers  
Professional killers, and shot callers  
I got game from the South to the West to the East  
to the middle now remember me  
A young nigga with the gold teeth bumpin  
Keep the crowd jumpin, gotta say something  
UNNNNNNNNNNNNGGGGHHH, now have a Coke and a smile  
The party don't stop but it get buckwild  
Pass the Hennessey and weed, just blaze one  
See a shorty, let's play one  
for the cookies you can't be a rookie  
I'm a No Limit Soldier, that's why they book me  
Master P rock bells, hell  
But I gotta give it up to my homey LL

two three four  
five six seven  
Blaze the hot trizack  
[Method] Shine like heaven  
Seven six five four  
three two one  
[Redman] Come on Mr. Smith, come get some!

When young sons fantasize of borrowing flows  
tell little shorty with the big mouth the bank is closed (yeah, word up)  
The symbol on my arm is off limits to challengers  
You hold the rusty swords I swing the Excalibur  
How dare you step up in my dimension  
Your little ass should be somewher cryin on detention  
Watch your mouth better yet hold your tongue  
I'ma do this shit for free this time this one's for fun  
Blow you to pieces, leave you covered in feces  
with one thesis ("LL Cool J is hard")  
Every little boy wanna pick up the mic  
and try to run with the big boys and live up to the real hype  
But that's like pickin up a ball, playin with Mike  
Swingin at Ken Griffey or challengin Roy to a fight  
Snappin, you amateur MC's  
Don't you know I'm like the Dream Team tourin overseas  
For rappers in my circle I'm a deadly disease  
Ringmaster, bringin a tiger cub to his knees (uhh)  
In the history of rap they've never seen such prominence

Your naive confidence gets crushed by my dominance (word up)  
Now let's get back to this mic on my arm  
If it ever left my side it'd transform into a time bomb  
You don't wanna borrow that, you wanna idolize  
And you don't wanna make me mad nigga you wanna socialize  
And I'm daring every MC in the game  
to play yourself out position, and mention my name  
I make a rhyme for every syllable in your name  
Go platinum for every time your grimy ass was on the train  
Watch your mouth don't ever step out of line  
LL Cool J nigga, greatest of all time