

# 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 (Hotness)  
I'm a profit for profit  
Once I decide to lock it  
Frontin on me is toxic  
Go prop on haters love songs and rock hits  
Blow em out the? trunk? is what I spit they aint about ish (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 it)  
I blow the whole house down  
On your big mouth clown  
You can come see me now  
(chorus)  
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 ish)  
You are now Rocking wit the G.O.A.T.  
Go 'head do your two step wit your hand in your coat playa  
You are now Rocking wit the G.O.A.T.  
Throw your hands in the air try to wave away the smoke (That's it)  
You are now Rocking wit the G.O.A.T.  
Go 'head do your two step while I let these haters know  
(You better back down)  
Listen good with both ears  
Keep your mouth shut, fall back like broke chairs  
How can they deliver like me I'm so rare  
Your man 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 superstars 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 all comers since Cut-Creater tried to break beat  
Farmers Blvd's is up in here thick  
And I help Russell hustle you could go ask Rick(chorus)  
Mic check  
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Throw your hands in the air have a sip take a toke (Hot ish)  
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Go 'head do your two step wit your hand in your coat playa  
You are now Rocking wit the G.O.A.T.  
Throw your hands in the air try to wave away the smoke (That's it)  
You are now Rocking wit the G.O.A.T.  
Go 'head do your two step while I let these hatersThe(4 x's)  
(Monster) is back  
They probably put a hit on me for murdering the track  
They tried to flip 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) brrrraaaackkkk  
I floated to the top  
Fully loaded on cock  
'Cause once he get the oven this hot he don't stop  
These frauds 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 sick time to get your clique together dummy  
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  
uh(chorus)  
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 ish)  
You are now Rocking wit the G.O.A.T.  
Go 'head do your two step wit your hand in your coat playa  
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Go 'head do your two step while I let these haters  
Mic check  
You are now Rocking wit the G.O.A.T.

(Retire)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>