

# LL Cool J, Niggy Nuts

It's for the ghetto..

For the ghetto (uh) for the ghetto (yeah)

It's for the ghetto (uh) man it's for the ghetto (yeah)

It's for the ghetto (uh) it's for the ghetto (yeah)

It's for the ghetto (uh) man it's for the ghetto (yeah)

[LL Cool J]

Leanin dipped in rocks, pump the joint on the block  
Behind the Dolce Gabbana shades, peepin the spots  
Frostbit and I'm turnin blue, that's why I'm so hot  
Put the hustle down majorly and never get knocked  
Who can grind for this? Momma taught me to swerve  
Rent the presidential suite out, snatch ya bird  
My motto is dough or die, peace sign in the sky  
In the brand new 'lectric blue Bentley ridin by  
Hurt these clowns, anybody that want it  
Let you borrow my crown, tell me why would you flaunt it?  
Don't you know you can get it, have your wig-piece splitted  
Meth asked me to spit it, see my coupes is kitted  
And my minks is fitted, lyrically I'm sid-dick  
Honey frontin when you around, I always hit it  
The boss is home, regulatin on chrome  
Tell Russell it's line one, LL's on the phone

[Chorus]

Get off my niggy niggy nuts! (ha ha, ha ha-hah ha)  
(ha-hah, ha-hah-ha, ha ha-hah) Get off my niggy niggy nuts!  
(ha ha, ha ha-hah ha)  
(ha-hah, ha-hah-ha, ha ha-hah) Get off my niggy niggy nuts!

[LL Cool J]

Get them niggy nuts, now here's wiggy what  
Y'all need to do, when I come through, give it up  
Paper stackin, daddy get it crackin  
Chains might be gold, the joints always platinum  
(And rims) always chrome (jeans) always pressed  
(Loot) always right (cut) always fresh  
(Gear) always dipped (honey) always bangin  
(You hot?) Always, my niggy nuts always hangin  
Hold it down, rocks by the pound  
The new 2002 b-boy sound  
Hoes stand back, I'm shakin up the game  
You shoulda never tried, to SLIDE in my lane  
Guaranteed-to-blow-the-block-up  
When-I-ease-this milky white drop up  
Wanna bang ya, that's all you need to know  
50 deep in Summer Jam, I closed the show

[Chorus w/ variations]

[LL Cool J]

Nuts, y'all, baby - stay flowin!  
Hit Big B, tell him bring the Mo' in (bring it in)  
Uhh - we rockin to the rhythm (all night baby)  
Uncut raw, what we give 'em  
Hell yes - bounce to the music! (bounce)  
When the joint come on, everybody lose it  
(This year) leave the bar, hit the floor  
Represent, let these clowns know who you are  
When it's bangin like this, why stop? (Why stop?)  
Ask me why I pop Cris', why not? (Why not?)  
The flow of the century  
Got your Belve splashin to the melody, what you tellin me?  
This is fresh - 'til the day I die

Leavin' mamma with a tear in her eye  
You was frontin' for a minute, now what?  
You snapped when the joint dropped

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

[Neptunes ad lib for a bit]