

# Get Down

LL Cool J

G, G, G, G, G, G Get...

Down, to the rhythm that'll rock the walls  
Go sportin and Jordans and I'm on the balls  
Don't lackin I'm black but I'm not ?Lou Wrong?  
Disappeared for a year now I'm back y'all  
So get down with the entrepeuner of funk  
Not a sloppy fat punk or a Shaolin Monk  
Ain't down with Johnny Cousin know as use at a jam  
So to hell with Anne McMahon & Tom McCan  
J-Ski is the box, farmers is the street  
Signing hungry-over-beasts that's why I always eat  
Up to you to guess whose rockin the funky sound  
If you don't know never mind come on and get down

Go L.L., go L.L., go L.L., go L.L.  
Get Down  
Go L.L., go L.L., go L.L.  
Get Down

Hard like haystacks cow-hold  
Callin me a sucker boy you're pushin a broom  
If you try to pull a ace you'll get a punch in the face  
All eyes are on my posse when we walk in the place  
Got a (???) family from my happy days  
Not the boys that play the bench for the Oakland A  
He drop you to a hop to the record he play  
Couldn't keep it a secret I'm L.L. Cool J  
Rhymes are all wack and real all real  
Yo Earl, tell the party people the deal

Yo listen here  
Ya ain't no thing, can't complain  
They catch like a muh'fuck pass to J

That's right I'm back he's talks how to rap  
He used to Smurf now you're jackin cause my name's on the map  
Sit and lie my homeboy Earl says is that he loves hats  
With a hands like a hatcher, Cut Creators in bat  
Cut Creator on the fader the teachers pet  
Baddest man with ten fingers you've ever met  
And sooner or later we'll have to sit  
Cut Creator cut the record so they don't forget  
Get down

Go L.L., go L.L., go L.L.  
Get Down  
Go L.L., go L.L., go L.L.

I make hard rock jams for hard rock fans  
What I'm sayin is for real this ain't lala land  
Got a can full of jams pullin off the lid  
Competition in New York is doin what I did  
Cold sender of a story I paid my dues  
I rocked at house parties I was down with crews  
Now I'll never be caught I'm on my P's and Q's  
And for the rest of your life you wanna be in my shoes

I scar like stones hard like cement and I rocked every jam that I ever went  
Cause I got a better reppin than any emcee has  
And I'm down like a brother from Alcatraz  
Get down

Go L.L., go L.L., go L.L.  
Get Down  
Go L.L., go L.L., go L.L.

Ni-ni-nigga-nigga-ni-ni-ni-ninja  
I rap the boss is back the only man  
you should call when the party's packed  
From Paris to L.A they say I'm as sharp as a pin  
When it's a Cool J party you gotta get in  
So I'm makin big steps like Gladys Knight in the pier  
One rhyme you're on my tensils as I leave my lip  
Up the block kids are talkin and spreadin the news  
About the new grandmaster the one you'll choose  
Cause I'm chuckling I wanna stomp the rest  
When I kick it couldn't bore it could only impress  
I'm not a Hula-Hoop this isn't a passin phase  
Hard work pays I'm gettin straight up A's  
Cool J is runnin things I want it understood  
Executioner I should wear a black hood  
And carry an axe cause I'm ruff on wax  
Speakers speakin ?phone-wear from durable? eight-tracks  
Get down

(G, G, G, G, G, G, Get Down)