

Passion

LL Cool J

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Ya'll need a new team like a girl with a BBL need new jeans
It's in my DNA to let 'em play in the enclave
Percolate while songs play Andre The Giant 3000 ways make 'em obey
I'm seasoned with it
Floor seats, who need ticket?
Time's up, get ya signs and pickets
Wanna see me in the desert but ya man's liquid
Sun shining, old diamonds, new blue face
Staring at my pocket lining 'cause I put the time in
Freak of nature with the bars, broken English got me foreign cars
Rolls Royce for some R&R

(Passion)

Diss tracks can't distract a mack
Too hot to troll, I'm so cold
Whether Fahrenheit or Celsius these niggas know
Below zero
Farmers Boulevard superhero
Word to Swizz Beatz, we rep like X-Men, Temptation, Darkman, or Malcolm
Different moods, gifted dudes
You picked up on the jewels if you're shrewd on the first stream, had 'em glued
Dominate the new era in my Yankee-fitted
Being prodigious with the lyrics brings digits
Told ya I was post-modern
Contemporary Queens niggas, vibes is Harlem
On the job all day, check the resumé going in
For references, check Smithsonian while style smooth linoleum
Honey goin' crazy and my key
Open legs like custodians

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We can make money or make excuses
Better be easy, I'm ruthless
Hella paper tigers, all toothless
Tony Montana blueprint is useless
Some people ignore facts
I love Scarface but that nigga with the chainsaw fell on the mat
We just act like we don't see that
Asking where the weed at
Eliminate the mids when the speakers giving feedback
That's based on my rep, you in trouble if you step, believe that
Flash gold rollies on niggas that don't know me
They know what time it is
Better watch ya 6, grandpops was a mason
My homie moved the bricks
Solid as a tutor, teach 'em to hit licks
I'm a dog with this shit
There's food in my pen, you would think I breed pitts
Triple entendre, stealing on this shit

My jewelry black and yellow like Wiz
If this ain't inspiration, what is?
On some Creflo Dollar slick pop my collar shit
What we came for, we gotta get
No boatload of coke but a lotta hits

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All these niggas blue in the face when I come in the place
Money tracking, you could run a relay race in my safe
Bimmy smiled freckle-faced when he showed me an eighth
Went legit, niggas still driving slow in the Wraith
We was bringing cash in before the new Kew Motor Inn sign was flashing
Babygirl is laughing 'cause my slang is old-fashioned
That's always been your problem, Dennis
No passion