

The FORCE

LL Cool J

Smooth as Luther Vandross down in St. Andros
Shower on the yacht while we boppin' to Pop Smoke
Somebody tell immigration them cases is wardrobe
Succulent juices, we sip Petruses and Bordeaux
Never losing my memories of Farmers and old gold
Before Check Out The Melody, his neck was a light show
That's light dough
Always gotta come with the right flow
We like dough
Learned that from Chuck Rich in Alpo, Uptown so
Now we out here running with billy goats, it's natural
Speak game on the seaplane
Now the blue faces matching the deep waves
Shorty took the pics solo, no, no one see things
Now she hopping out the Range Rover in pink Jays, Louis frames
Ain't new to game, she true to game, ain't doin' lames
If opportunity knock, we bet you'd do the same
Teamwork make the dream work, review the game
We just call it like we see it, it's up to you to name
You can claim that your team is cold
Rewind the time, turnin' back into panthers
We eat a goat
Unbelievable
But the goal is achievable
Ya'll ain't the only ones gettin' it, boy, we schemin' too
Speeding through, two-seater coupe
We ain't part Illuminati, we just the realest crew
We dream too, that's how Madonna got smashed by Peter Shue

You know, I was wondering, you know
The force, it's got a lot of power here
The force, it's got a lot of power here
The force, it's got a lot of power here
The force, it make me feel like

Chef's in the kitchen while we out fly fishin'
Water so clear, you can see the fish pissin'
Convos on the speedboat, just listen
She surfen' for the Birkin and the signature edition
VVS to death 'cause we understood the mission
Now we sky dwellin', rebelling against the system
Bad boys before P. Diddy and the Pistons
Doin' better numbers than Harvard mathematicians
Farmers Boulevard, Cullinan double park
Wanna eat with them paper plates, you gotta hustle smart
Someone caught a bullet, they ain't talkin' 'bout the charts
Inspiration for my soldiers walkin' in the yard
Open seas at high speed, floatin' like a god
Feel the breeze, sip Chablis, buss open a cigar
Over time, her tan lines look like a work of art
Not her hub, but she pop bubbs in hot tubs
And she love to lay on plush rugs for foot rubs
So what's up
You feeling the force, we got plugs
Put you on to power, plug you in and light you up, bruh
It take a team to get a chip
Medallion's swinging, money machines in the whip

If you want a bankroll, follow the code, don't slip
You can't get frustrated, king, we don't quit
Getting money is automatic, that's why we drive sticks
If we wasn't doin' this, it'd be ninety-nine bricks
So be glad we on the yacht with the force and doin' some real shit