

The Do Wop

LL Cool J

L.L. Cool J
Serving 'em well
And as you all know
I am hard as hell Woke up at 9: 30 on a Saturday morn'
Hemmed my remote control, turned my stereo on
Then I reached for a brush since I don't use the picks
And the floor was kinda cold so I put on my kicks Walked to the kitchen and ate some
cornflakes
As I bop to a tape of Cut Creator's breaks
With hardcore, heavyweight, b-boy blast
Connoisseur of hardcore and Cut Creator's fast Jumped in the shower, it was boiling hot
So I stayed there a hour 'cause I like it a lot
Jumped out, dried off, put on the Denim cologne
Then I called up Earl on the telephone
He told me 'bout a jam that I could do later on
10 g's plus a Limo for one strong song
So I said, yeah, I was with it, hung up and got geared
Got a magnifying glass then I brushed my beard Rewound some tapes of some Def Jam tunes
As I waited for this freak to ring my bell at noon
12 o'clock came, left the door crack
The freak walked in a mink on her back Put her curt on the rack, threw my [Incomprehensible]
on
Then I threw in a tape of the quiet storm
We drank Roundhill Cavern, ate soft mignons
She said, "L.L., when you're gonna let me taste your tongue?" My skin got pale, I wam-bammed
the tail
Did it so hard I shoulda went to jail
She left, Earl came over and we went outside
Jumped in the BM to bust a joyride
Went up to A.J. in my fresh black wheel
I'm not a sucker on the corner trying to scrape up a meal
The girlies want sex, the fellas try to plex
But those who flex end up with broke necks Signed some autographs for a posse of freaks
Said, "It's L, baby, I ain't down with Chic"
We conversated with the skeezers for 10 minutes more
Then I jumped in my ride and the freaks slammed the door Due 'cause I'm a gangster people
think I do crimes
They don't know I'm just a connoisseur of hip-hop rhymes
Some smile, try to call L.L. a hoodlum at times
But he don't know my autograph's on his wife's behind L.L. has iced all the washed up slobs
Vigilante of rap so to hell with the mob
Don't run from the cops, making suckers jock

And I'm only 18 making more than your pops
 Tormentor of toys and boyscout boys
 And I dare any critic to call it noise
 Peeped at the clock, it said 6: 03
 Said later to Creator and broke out with E
 Went up to White Castle for a chocolate shake
 Thinking 'bout a 100'000 that I'd soon make
 Finished up the snack, jumped up, out my seat
 E-Love hit the table and he made up a beat
 Kicked a few lines, stepped out the door
 Since tonight is a bore I'm in the mood for more
 We jumped in my ride, I took a peek at the time
 It was almost 7: 30 and the show was at nine
 L.L. Cool J will soon stand at a jam
 With thousands of people screaming, "Touch my hand"
 But since I had a hour plus a half for tat
 I was searching for the cutie who's my perfect match
 Her name was Renee, her face was okay
 But she had the kinda body that made Jay wanna play
 I said, "No need to rehearse", then I made my approach
 Said, "You got a good team, girl but you need a new coach"
 Said, "My name's L.L.Cool, if I
 may introduce
 But I'm not here for conversation, I'm here to seduce
 Wanna mix it up baby, wanna feel you grind
 'Cause it ain't 5th grade and these ain't nursery rhymes"
 "And I know that you adore my sure
 side hardcore
 Check out the real L.L. behind closed doors
 So tell your buddies you're busy, tell your boyfriend beat it
 Forget the silk dress 'cause you ain't gonna need it"
 "Unplug your clock, do away with the light
 After five minutes or more you hear me say, that's right
 Your body is bad and I heard you got a Caddy
 When we make love you can call me daddy"
 "I'm L.L. Cool J, say hey, Renee
 I'm not a toyboy but I still wanna play
 Promise you, I'm not wack when I'm in the sack
 After that I leave you starving for me to come back"
 "But in the meantime, put your digits down
 And the next time I see ya I'm going to town"
 Stepped away from the freak, it was a quarter to nine
 When I rolled to the jam I saw the crew on line
 Took a trip around the side, so I could get
 backstage
 If you call me a tiger, then the stage is my cage
 I rip, stomp and crush, heavy metal bands rust
 Them flaky knuckleheads I crumble up like crust
 Walked in my dressing room and then I heard
 four knocks
 They said, "L.L., you're running late and it's time to rock"
 Told Cut Creator what the order would be
 Then I said "Lord have mercy" and slapped hands with E
 Went onstage, I heard the girlies scream
 And that's the very moment I woke up from the dream

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>