

# Dear Yvette

## LL Cool J

Yo, Yvette, there's a lot of rumors going around  
They're so bad, baby, you might have to skip town  
See something's smelling fishy and they say it's you  
All I know is that you made it with the whole damn crew  
They say you're a man-eater during the full moon  
Mascot of the senior boys' locker room  
They said Yvette walked in, there wasn't too much rap  
Her reputation got bigger and so did her gap  
'Cuz girl, your momma shoulda taught you better  
I'ma sit down and write you a long letter  
Dear, Yvette  
Dear, Yvette  
Dear, Yvette  
I'm glad you ain't my sister, then again if you was  
I'd have to treat you like you was my distant 'cuz  
I'm not a news reporter, I don't mean to assume  
What should I think? I seen ya coming out the men's bathroom  
You wasn't in there alone, wasn't using the phone  
The door was locked for twenty minutes, all I heard was "Moan"  
Dear, Yvette  
Dear, Yvette  
Dear, Yvette  
I don't really know if the story is so  
I can either ask Curly or Larry or Moe  
Or Earl, Shabazz, Lou, Mookie or Joe  
Like Santa Claus said, you're a ho-ho-ho  
In every disco, you say hello  
Like you're a little angel but we all know  
Since you was eleven you been acting this way  
You always got in bed when you wanted to play  
You're a freak, you think you're Lady Godiva  
Some freaks are live but Yvette you're liver  
Dear, Yvette  
Dear, Yvette  
Dear, Yvette  
You're a back-seat queen, a elevator pro  
A high-powered body makes your Levis grow  
See the stories I've heard, they could amaze  
I heard she did it on a motorcycle back in the days  
So calm down freak, get a G.E.D.  
That's a General Education on Decency  
One day you'll see and agree with me  
Unless you're gonna be a freak until you're 93  
For you there's no fee, everything is free  
This is from me to you, not you to me  
Every night is your night, your leather pants are tight

You try to shake your butt with all your might I don't really wanna diss nobody  
You might think I had a little too much Bacardi  
But that's not the problem, the problem's Yvette  
How bad can a girl's reputation get?  
See, she's the kinda girl all the homeboys met  
If you're desperate, ask Yvette 'cuz she'll say "Bet"  
Dear, Yvette  
Dear, Yvette  
Dear, Yvette  
B-Boys are hard on the boulevard  
The reverend at the church said you was barred  
Homeboys on the block love you a lot  
You're a real famous freak whether you like it or not  
So before you start walking and your beak starts squawking  
Let me explain to you who is talking  
I'm LL Cool J, from around the way  
You boogie down to my records almost every day  
Go a hundred miles an hour when you're standing still  
You're faster than my Caddy when it's going downhill  
Won't forget that day in the YMCA  
The guy at the desk said it was okay  
For you to come inside 'cuz he knew you'd stay  
Greg G and Garfield yelled 'Hooray'  
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