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 crewThey 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 letterDear, Yvette
Dear, Yvette
Dear, Yvette
Dear, YvetteI'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
Dear, YvetteI 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-hoIn 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 liverDear, Yvette
Dear, Yvette
Dear, Yvette
Dear, YvetteYou'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 daysSo 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 93For 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 mightI 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
Dear, YvetteB-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 notSo 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 dayGo 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'Dear, Yvette
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