

M.i.s.s.i.

Ll Cool J

Ah ah, welcome to a brand new day
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Ah ah, word up, this shit gon' be ill
Raw like sushi
Love paper like Ricky love Lucy
Pop collars, L got heat
Fifteen years, I'm thorough on the street
Flood the rap game with product
That bullshit video, I don't know why you shot it
The biggest l of them all, 'Hollis to Hollywood'
And I still play the wall, y'all's get the balls motherfucker
Duke fold like singles
Bass from my joint make your clitoris tingle
That's my word scrams, stupid ass in the club
You buy a bitch a drink, now you falling in love
I gave y'all the love game you thought I was soft
Now you whining like a bitch over some broad you lost
Playboy Bunny got you feeling all crummy
Y'all niggaz want the honey all we want is the money
M.I. crooked letter, crooked letter
I think I want to hump-that I
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I had a bad shooby-doobie for ya
Down in Georgetown fucking with the hoyas
Looking for a darkskin chocolate chick
Bowlegged with a perm and the ass was thick
Blacker the berry, well you know the rest
She got the most rhythm, she ride the best
Talking midnight black, nappy hair with peas in the back
Scratch my pipe up every time I hit that
She don't look Hawain, she not Puerto Rican
No disrespect mami, but tonight I creeping
With the darkest honey I could find

Can't hit a light-skinned dime all the time
Get your black ass over here, you out your mind?
I'll turn Halle Berry down for you anytime
Black queen, dark and lovely, sipping on my bubbly
First you got to love yourself, then you can love me
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I think I want to hump-that I
I still love you light skin, I'll pimp y'all too
When I cruise through your hood girl, whatcha gon' do?
I heard only pretty boys get to run with you
Topless in my six now, is that really true?
Baby look at you, your whole yellow crew
Cute baby face but look at what you 'bout to do?
Si'l vous plais ma cherie, merci beaucoup
When my joint up in her mouth, she like, "You speak French too?"
M.I. crooked letter, crooked letter
I think I want to hump-that I, come on
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