

# Control Myself

## LL Cool J

No me puedo controlar aqui con el senor LL Cool J  
Y aqui estoi  
1, 2, 3 muevete!The club was far from empty  
It was crowded at the entry  
I slide right through like how I do  
This girl began to tempt me.  
She said her name Shaiyeeda  
I could tell her mama feed her  
When they tight and when them jeans don't fit  
I'm L, nice to meet ya.  
I could feel my body yearnin'  
The room just started turnin'  
Didn't wanna go out on the floor  
But this girl was so determined (Let's dance)  
My brain began to sizzle  
I'm sweatin' just a little  
On the dance floor in the middle,  
She turned around and giggled,  
She saidYou got, you got, you got  
What it takes to make me leave my manIt's hard to control myself  
It's hard to control myself  
You got, you got, you got  
What it takes to make this boy be bad  
It's hard to control myself  
It's hard to control myselfIt's hard for me to control myself  
Get to hold myself  
Back from  
Jumpin' on ya  
Like I wanna,  
Like I wanna, wanna.Temptation is a mother,  
How we lust for one another  
We barely know eachother  
Yet we're whilin' like we're lovers (uh huh)  
The air is filled with passion  
The strobe lights are flashin'  
The hustlers throw cash n  
The bar tender keeps splashin'  
Her moves were so erotic  
Her games were so hypnotic

I bet this girl could stop it  
But she continued to pop it You know I know you like it,  
Let me hit you on your sidekick  
Cause the after party is at my body,  
Meet me, you're invited You got, you got, you got  
What it takes to make me leave my man It's hard to control myself  
It's hard to control myself  
You got, you got, you got  
What it takes to make this boy be bad  
It's hard to control myself  
It's hard to control myself It's hard for me to control myself  
Get to hold myself  
Back from  
Jumpin' on ya  
Like I wanna,  
Like I wanna, wanna. She licked off  
Her lip gloss  
Her hips toss  
Back and forth  
Side to side and  
Up and down  
She touched the ground  
It turned me out.  
I'm battlin' desire,  
Lord help me douse this fire  
This internal inferno,  
Hotter than a shot of cuervo  
Her top was short and purple  
Belly dancin' in a circle  
When I feel like this I can't resist  
I ? don't make me hurt you  
She said You got, you got, you got  
What it takes to make me leave my man It's hard to control myself  
It's hard to control myself  
You got, you got, you got  
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Jumpin' on ya  
Like I wanna,  
Like I wanna, wanna

Songwriters

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