

# 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

<https://damnllyrics.com/>