Mr. GoodBar

LL Cool J

Nah, y'all, nah, y'all, uh-uh
I ain't disrespectin' though

I'm just sayin' it happen to me
It can happen to him
How you doing?
What's your name?
Oh, you're his girl

Hello, my name is Mr. Goodbar
I'm came to offer champagne
Later on, maybe, I'll tell you my real name
But for now sip your drink and be merry
And be a nice girl and sing me a cherry
Me, I'll have a Cowa-loo and milk
'Cause champagne always stains my silk
You got a man? That's somethin' we will talk about
He's smart enough to have ya, but dumb enough to let ya out
I like ya friendly bag, your alligator shoes
Ya hairstyle, and ya whole point of view
The way you lick your lips and stare
You tell me that's a habit, hmm, yeah
Funny coated legs with not one scar
The stylish wardrobe is up to par
Here's my number; call me in my car
You deserve a visit from Mr. Goodbar

So how long you been talkin' to him?
Word, nah, he's cool with me, he's cool with me
Oh, he loves you

Honey, open up a bottle of brandy
Better yet, have a piece of Cool J candy
And sweat the man with the master disaster
Break ya like plaster-plan and
The cards on the table, and the deal is dealt
Uh, I'm in the mood for a tuna melt
And I can't make you; I sure wouldn't rape you
Feelin' kinda mellow, and I sure would hate to leave the job half-done (Nah!)
Cause at a time like this you're the one that I'm lookin' for

Callin' on the floor (Woof!)
I'm comin' back for more
If the Mona Lisa's name was Teresa
I'll get a piece-a of the Mona Lisa, then smoke a cigar
You deserve a visit from Mr. Goodbar

Yeah, so you be callin' on the request line
oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh, he's my man; word him too
Yeah, I like Bobby Brown
Tell him he's cool but

Don't be cruel, 'cause you'll be on your own
Cause my, rockin' my microphone
Come and get this ice-cream cone
Or I'll deliver it when your daddy ain't home
Grown and healthy, that's how I like 'em
Big juicy legs and a nice pair of kegs
Hmm, Mr. Goodbar style
You haven't met a guy like me in a while
I jump out a cake, dance, play, shake I ain't got no Body By Jake
Smooth as Whitester extra dry Moetzer
Don and I'll slip it in your mouth like a Bon-Bon

Ya know what I'm sayin'?
I'm Mr. Goodbar, (Goodbar) yeah
So, you know next time, uh, your man is out
Check my,
Nah, nah, he's cool
But my girl, oh, I don't know, your man might be with her, uh
Ya know what I'm sayin'?
But I'm with you, yeah, Mr. Goodbar, baby, uh
May I say, may I say that outfit you got on,
Slim, juicy lips; so honey coated,
Yo, he never says that to you
He never gives you compliments
Yo, he be givin' you flowers, baby
And tellin' you how much he cares for you
Does he hold you, and caress you, and give you affection
I didn't think so

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