## **Jingling Baby**

## Ll Cool J

They're jinglin', baby
Go 'head, baby

Uncle L, Future of the Funk Records, I recorded minus all the junk
People spread gossip and believe what they must
But I slam dunk and make 'em bite the dust
A minute is needed to make a phony roni bleed
And put him in a bucket like it's chicken feed
Check out the pick of the litter, not a quitter, I'm nice
And I'ma dust you off and dust you off twice
You never heard this so observant all hysterical fan
Natics of the Asiatic Miracle Man
Prominent, dominant, McCoy and I'm Real
Another brother's fan? Forget how you feel
He's so so, I got the instinct, they call me Deputy Dog
Now put your booty in the clink
You dance to the Marty Mars remix single love

They're jinglin', baby
Go 'head, baby

Let me see your earrings jingle love

I chopped you, chewed you, baked you and stewed you
That stopped you pop, you need to stop, you're kind of rude you
No good niggaboo tryin' to base
How we livin' Holmes? Get out my face
I'm complete, in effect, and I can't fall
I rise, suprise, and I advise you all
to stand back and peep, don't sleep or doubt
My skill'll get ill, I turn the mother out

I'm top notch, you're playin hop-scotch
Now I'ma do ya while the party people watch
You're real funny, you really try to go for yours
But I know why you ain't had no dough before
So you tried and lied to drain my fame
This ain't a game, yo, you know my name
Innovatin', devastatin' and dope on a single, now

Dance on my remix single
They're jinglin', baby
Go 'head, baby

When you first walked in, I ain't know what to think
'Cause you grabbed the microphone like your booty don't stink
And tried to run down that I can't get over that
Job a too, you were sayin' you call that a battle rap?
How you gonna go against an army with a handgun?
I'm L..L, if you don't understand, son, I'm a legend, on top of that I'm livin'
Now you look boogy like that bum Ms.Givens
Whoever geesed you nah, how should I say it?
Whoever set you up, they knew just how to play it

'Cause man, yo, I feel for you brother, I'm a bad word to the mother
Takin' out suckers while the ladies pucker
Rollin' over punks like a redneck trucker
Innovatin', devastatin' they dope on a single, now
Lemme see your earrings jingle

They're jinglin', baby
Go 'head, baby
Right now
Jjinglin', baby
Go 'head, baby
They're jinglin', baby
They're jinglin', baby
They're jinglin', baby
They're jinglin', baby

Come on go 'head, baby They're jinglin', baby Yeah, do it, baby

Can't believe you tried to grip the same mic as me
Your grip's too weak, you can't hold it, B
You can dream of makin' progress and gettin' this nice
But when I roll up, it's like Hip Hop Vice
Serve the curbs, I never swerve I'm superb
Every word you heard played tricks on your nerves
Played your hand, lost track of your plan
When I show up, I blow up, end of story, my man
Play you like a poker chip, that's what you get
I bet your fret, sweat, and regret you met
e titan of fightin', excitin' when writin', you triflin' toy bo

The titan of fightin', excitin' when writin', you triflin' toy boy I gotta enlighten, so start bitin'

You know you can't create and get mean like this
When I'm on the court G, it's strictly Swish
When it's all over, said and done, my friend
They say, L..L Cool J just scored again

So take a step back, give me some room to wreck shop Here's your token back, you're gettin' off at the next stop I'ma deliver and give my speech with vigor

Pass the wine cool you big black

They're jinglin', baby

Go 'head, baby

They're jinglin', baby

Yeah, go 'head, baby

They're jinglin', baby

Go 'head, baby

They're jinglin', baby

Go 'head, baby

I used to stay in New York City

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