

Control Myself (feat. J. Lo)

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
What it takes to make this boy be bad
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Like I wanna,
Like I wanna, wanna

Songwriters

MILLER, JOHN / WILLIAMS, ELLIS / ALLEN, ROBERT / BAKER, ARTHUR / BAMBAATAA, AFRIKA /
ROBIE, JOHN / DUPRI, JERMAINE / SMITH, JAMES TODD / TOBY, RYAN MAURICE / PHILLIPS,
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