

# Rub My Back

LL Cool J

Sippin' somethin' on the rocks  
I got a shorty that makes the bed hop  
I got plans to spoil you, you even though you sayin' stop  
I'm a drop that Phantom on you baby watch  
Roberto Cavali and the Denali, am I hot?  
Malibu beaches and hydrofoil yachts  
Baddest Mercedes, Lorenzos and Silver Fox  
I keep it flowin' see we goin' to the top  
I'm a get you everything, give a damn how much you tell me stop  
You want it hotter then we take it 'cross seas  
Party jumpin' is bumpin', tokin' somethin' in Belize  
I know you want it sucka free  
Know you wantin' to shine, even though you're fightin' me  
Take it easy player  
Talkin' greasy player, know you can feel me player  
Uhh, you put it down tight  
Yeah, you not havin' what you want don't even sound right  
Hey lady, I'm gonna hit you with a Wine Mercedes  
Somebody's gotta work the mouth, my baby  
All you do is rub my back  
Rub my back, rub my back, rub my back  
Ohh  
I said "My baby"  
Watch television in the Escalade  
Go shoppin' when you want to baby  
All you do is rub my back  
Rub my back, rub my back, rub my back  
Ohh  
Lay down for a while, pretty relax a minute  
I caught a feelin' when you represented  
Gave you that Mercedes, you better get up in it  
Get off the corner, come to pop some vintage  
You never seen a player flip your whole life  
Dip the caddy on the freeway, hittin' the strobe light  
You got a mean walk at times, right?  
I'm here to shine like, I get your mind right  
Charles Jordan girl, if you wanna take a hit  
Gotta (Incomprehensible) between the lippers this is it  
Lazy, lay back and count the chips

Some call it trickin' or ballin', depends on who you wit  
Him or L. Baby, so who you gonna pick?  
Mack Motor, I told ya, I want ya livin' rich  
You don't know about a brother

Blow around a brother, money flow around a brother  
Hey lady, I'm gonna hit you with a Wine Mercedes  
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Don't trip I know you like the rocks  
Wanna dip 'round the corner in the drop  
Music bumpin' you frontin' although you say you're not

You got your eyes on the watch  
You love the Pasha, the court in the Cartier is hot  
Baby, you need somethin', shop  
You got me trippin' and goin' bananas, baby stop  
I caught a mean one, you never seen one  
She like cream, how brothers gonna front on me?  
Spoilin' somethin' the average homie never see  
I mean it's only some money, nuttin' to me  
But yet and still you question me  
I got it that's if you want it or I'm a set you free  
Got 'em in line they beggin' me  
Baby, regardless your body is killin' me  
Girl, I'm lovin' your anatomy  
Your personality, so whatcha want from me?

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