Jack The Ripper

LL Cool J

Milky, and I'm back
My ace in the hole was this brand new track
I'ma slow it up and speed it up and now you're gonna eat it up
Listen to the funky beat, my tongue is gonna beat it up
I did it, but the devil didn't make me
I did it for the suckers who tried to shake and bake me
Proving a point that I'm a serious joint
You can roll me up and puff me, and then I'll anoint
Your head with oil--lots of oil
Make it run like water, watch it boil
'Cause I made 'em play it, made 'em say it
Made 'em okay it, made 'em obey it---huh!
Prince of the growl is on the prowl
How you like me now punk? You living foul
Here's what my game is, kill is what my aim is
A washed up rapper needs a washer, my name is--[Chorus:]
Jack the Ripper
Jack-Jack-Jack the Ripper
Jack-Jack, Jack-Jack, Jack-Jack, Jack the Ripper
King Hercules!Back for the payback, I must say that
I heard your new jam, I don't play that
It ain't loud enough punk, it ain't hitting
This year you tried, next year you're quitting
Last year you thought I was dying out
But again, and again, and again without a doubt
It's the gangster boogie, the earthquake sound
Pump it up and play it so they hear it all around
I do it up rough, tough, I don't bluff
And this is an example of funky stuff
When you want to make hits, you make 'em like this
They ain't like this they don't hit, they miss
It's a strong record, a record for the strong
For those who appreciate real rap songs
Listen how I won't allow myself to go off track
Stay back, I got the power, I'm--[Chorus:]Jack the Ripper, a man, not a myth
A-k-a James Todd Smith
Hard like penitentiary steel
Breaking necks while I flex my sex appeal
Home girls in the house, see'mon

Home girls in the house, give it up
You gotta want to get hotter
Moving and grooving, and always improving a lot of
People don't know how nice I am
People sleeping, so now I gotta slice my man
Like ham in a pan, wrap him up in Saran
Kidnap him and slap him up inside of a van
While you're doing your dance I want you to make moves
No one out there thought you could do
You know my name and my game and what I'm here to do
Party people, lemme see if you can dance to--[Chorus:]
Break it down! x3
Yo Bob, show that old school sucker punk what real hip hop is boy
[scratches]"How Ya Like Me Now?" I'm getting busier
I'm double platinum, I'm watching you get dizzier
Check out the way I say my, display my, play my
J on the back, behind the cool without the A.Y.
I love to ride the groove because the groove is smooth
It makes me move and I'll improve
As it goes on, as it flows on
When you see me, don't ask if the show's on
How that sound? Don't came around, playing me close, brown
Pull on my jock to be down
You need to stay down, way down, because you're low down
Do that dance, the prince of rap is gonna throw down
Aiming to please while I'm killing emcees
I'm gonna keep on hitting you with rough LPs
Day after day after day
Tou smashed in the face by the vase of Cool J
I'm--[scratches]I'm a beast on the microphone, a night stalker
A killing machine, a savage street talker
Jason with an axe, but I put it on wax
To eradicate the suckers who thought I had relaxed
The prince of hip hop, straight from Queens
Kicking it mean, keeping it clean
And you've never seen anybody rock the party
All you funky beataholics, this beats Bacardi
I go to the show, and terrorize emcees, don't you know
Moving my hand like I'm playing the piano
Don't touch the dial, don't change the channel
Don't let me hear you say I ain't debonair
I'm better than any emcee out there
As a matter of fact, suckers can't compare
When I rocking the mic people stop and stare, at..

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/