

Dear Yvette

Li Cool J

Yo, Yvette, there's a lot of rumors going around
They're so bad, baby, you might have to skip town
See something's smelling fishy and they say it's you

All I know is that you made it with the whole damn crew
They say you're a man-eater during the full moon
Mascot of the senior boys' locker room

They said Yvette walked in, there wasn't too much rap

Her reputation got bigger and so did her gap
'Cuz girl, your momma shoulda taught you better
I'ma sit down and write you a long letter
Dear, Yvette

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Dear, Yvette
I'm glad you ain't my sister, then again if you was
I'd have to treat you like you was my distant 'cuz
I'm not a news reporter, I don't mean to assume
What should I think? I seen ya coming out the men's bathroom
You wasn't in there alone, wasn't using the phone

The door was locked for twenty minutes, all I heard was "Moan"
Dear, Yvette

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Dear, Yvette
I don't really know if the story is so
I can either ask Curly or Larry or Moe
Or Earl, Shabazz, Lou, Mookie or Joe

Like Santa Claus said, you're a ho-ho-ho
In every disco, you say hello

Like you're a little angel but we all know
Since you was eleven you been acting this way
You always got in bed when you wanted to play
You're a freak, you think you're Lady Godiva

Some freaks are live but Yvette you're liver
Dear, Yvette

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Dear, Yvette
You're a back-seat queen, a elevator pro
A high-powered body makes your Levis grow
See the stories I've heard, they could amaze

I heard she did it on a motorcycle back in the days
So calm down freak, get a G.E.D.

That's a General Education on Decency
One day you'll see and agree with me

Unless you're gonna be a freak until you're 93
For you there's no fee, everything is free
This is from me to you, not you to me
Every night is your night, your leather pants are tight

You try to shake your butt with all your mightI don't really wanna diss nobody

You might think I had a little too much Bacardi

But that's not the problem, the problem's Yvette

How bad can a girl's reputation get?

See, she's the kinda girl all the homeboys met

If you're desperate, ask Yvette 'cuz she'll say "Bet"Dear, Yvette

Dear, Yvette

Dear, Yvette

Dear, YvetteB-Boys are hard on the boulevard

The reverend at the church said you was barred

Homeboys on the block love you a lot

You're a real famous freak whether you like it or notSo before you start walking and your beak starts squawking

Let me explain to you who is talking

I'm LL Cool J, from around the way

You boogie down to my records almost every dayGo a hundred miles an hour when you're standing still

You're faster than my Caddy when it's going downhill

Won't forget that day in the YMCA

The guy at the desk said it was okay

For you to come inside 'cuz he knew you'd stay

Greg G and Garfield yelled 'Hooray'Dear, Yvette

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