

Sheryl Crow % Stevie Nicks

"Jinglin' Baby"

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[And you say New York City...] {2x}

Chorus:

(They're jinglin', baby) Go 'head, baby. {4x}

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 punks and make 'me bite the dust.

A minute is needed to make a phony roni bleed,
and put 'em in a bucket like he's chicken feed.

Check out the...pick of the litter, not a quitter, I'm nice
(nice-nice);

and I'm-a dust you off and dust you off twice.

I heard it's all observant, 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 to put your booty in the clink.

You're dancin' to a Marley Marl remix single, love:

Let me see your earrings jingle, love...

Chorus {4x}

I chopped you, chewed you, baked you, and schooled
you.

That slop you pop, you need to stop, you're kind of
rude you

no good niggaboo tryin' to base, how we livin', homes?

Get out my face!

I'm complete, in effect, and I can't maul.

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, huh.

I'm top-notch, you're playin' hop-sotch.

Now I'm-a 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.

Innovating, devastating, and dope on a single, now,
dance to my remix single...

Chorus {4x}

When you first walked in, I ain't know what to think,
cuz you grabbed the microphone like your booty don't
stink.

And tried to run down that, I can't get over that
garbage you were sayin': you call that a battle rap?
How you gonna go against an army with a handgun?
I'm L.L., and you don't understand, son.

I'm a legend, on top of that I'm livin'.

Now you look booty like that bum Miss Givins.

Whoever geesed you up...nah, how should I say it?

Whoever set you up, they knew just how to play it.

Cuz man, YO, I feel for ya brother, I'm a baaaaaad...

(Word to the mother!)

Takin' out sucker while the ladies pucker,

and rollin' over punks like a redneck trucker.

Innovating, devastating, and dope on a single, now...

lemme see your earrings jingle...

Chorus {4x} ...break down!

[organ instrumental]

Chorus {4x}

Can't believe you tried to get 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 to curbs, I never swerve a 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

the Titan of Fightin', excitin' when writin',

you're trite from the toy, boy, I gotta enlight, so start
bitin'.

You know you can't create and get mean like this;

when I'm on the court, G, it's strictly SWISSSSHHHH!

When it's all over, said and done, my friend,

they'll 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'm-a deliver and give a speech with vigor.

Pass the wine cooler you big black.... (laughter)

Chorus {8x}

[And you say New York City] {4x}
[organ instrumental]

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