

## LL Cool J

### "Baby featuring Richie Sambora"

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(feat. Richie Sambora)

[Intro: LL Cool J (Richie Sambora)]

Both hands in the sky, everybody in Giants Stadium put  
your hands up (baby)

I feel like I wanna get my Elvis on, on this joint (baby)

Oh yeah, this is serious, oh

[LL Cool J]

Met this lil' girl she was off the hook

I got cold chills when her body shook

Hot Sex on the platter, no need to cook

I let her steal my heart like a horny crook

Had her grindin and windin against my leg

She fucking with my head, want a nigga to beg

Sexy pumps on, toenails red

Your body's a gun baby, pump me full of lead

It's hard to hold you when you movin vulgar

Peace sign on your eyes like John Travolta

My Pulp ain't Fiction, it's an addiction

To see your booty clap on the floor in the kitchen

Nasty girl, taught me all the lingo

While mama play bingo, she ride mandingo

She don't give a damn if I'm married or single

She makes me TINGLE! She wanna be my

[Chorus: LL Cool J (Richie Sambora)]

(Baby) any time of day

Get off the bus, girl, we running away

So you can be my (baby)

Let's take a roll in the hay

Let's go out in the yard to play

You wanna be my (baby)

All night and day

Let's go, put the books away

You gon' be my (baby)

Nothing left to say

That'll only take my buzz away, hey, hey

[LL Cool J]

She likes Hip-Hop and Rock & Roll

Her lifetime goal is a movie role  
She lookin for a man that could give her a break  
Like Usher or Justin Timberlake  
I'm really not sure if her breasts are fake  
Cause with whipped cream on 'em, they taste just like  
cake  
We drink some beers inside her dad's Camaro  
She shot me in the back with cupid's arrow  
We finish the 6-pac, she push the seat back  
Pulled up her dress and she made me eat that  
I'm drunk as a skunk, feeling all dirty  
Truck stop bathroom at 7:30  
Order some dessert, muthafuck if it's early  
Head spinnin around like roller derby  
Everything about her says you dont deserve me  
I hope im worthy, for you to be my

[Chorus]

[LL Cool J]

In the back of the pickup clothin ripped up  
How about a cornfield, shit gets more real  
Runnin and laughin, music blastin  
Side of the road bent over crashing  
Mouth all dry, I've been pumping herb  
If you see my mama, dont say a word  
The cops wanna know why my words are slurred  
Don't ask me officer ask hurr  
Wanna another drink baby she like surr  
Wanna hit the club she like I dont curr  
She all in the rearview doin her hurr  
Hairspray and lip gloss everywhurr  
This all happens on an average day  
Your life is the shit, girl I'm here to stay  
I never had a girl make me feel this way  
Even though I had to pay, you gon' be my

[Chorus 2x]

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