

LL Cool J "Clap Your Hands"

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[LL Cool J]

Yeah..

Yeah I like that guitar man, yeah

Yo E-Love I like the way you flipped that guitar man

Knahmsayin? It was a good idea man, knahmsayin?

Yeah

It's kinda like freakin me, yaknahmsayin?

I wanna get hype man, I wanna do this, yaknahmsayin?

Just gon' chill, check it out

Slick as Vaseline, smell good as cologne

I'm like a muscle man in jail -- they leave me alone

I rhyme like Superman, you rap like Jimmy Olson

I break you like a bottle of green Golden Molson

You ain't a real rhymer, you look like a actress

How you gon' sleep on me holmes, do I look like a
mattress?

Am I that old, do I walk like Grady?

I'ma hundred-fifty proof, Smirnoff is only 80

Don't you EVER try to rock my house

I'm a real cool cat, know what I'm sayin Mickey Mouse?

The poetry specialist, so take a dose of this

Now think about it -- can you really come close to this?

You soft as powder, weak as a cabin cooler

Ugly as work shoes, messin with the Ruler:

the ultimate writer reciter and def entertainer

I work myself harder than a boxer's trainer

[Chorus: LL Cool J]

Clap your hands everybody (aiyyo)

And everybody just clap your hands (aiyyo)

Clap your hands everybody (aiyyo)

And everybody just clap your hands (aiyyo)

I said, clap your hands everybody (aiyyo)

And everybody just clap your hands (aiyyo)

Clap your hands everybody (aiyyo)

And everybody just clap your hands (aiyyo)

[LL Cool J]

You end up, underneath my sneaker

You're dog doo-doo, I'm watchin you get weaker

You can't believe, the skill and dexterity
LL Cool J, and the J is for Jeremy
So BUFF ME, James Todd the earthquaker
That's right my brother, you're goin out like Sega
censored chewed, so whassup dude?
One of my battles'll get your girlies in the mood
Sucker MC's really make me sick
I'm so bad, I can suck my own dick
If you go to your girl's house and I'm there already
Don't go Crazy cause my name ain't Eddie
Rhymes so rough, it's like a course in trigonometry
When Einstein was talkin, he was talkin bout ME
The Prince of the Earth, and I'ma give birth
to a rhyme so hard you look soft as a Smurf
Gigglin and wigglin, so how we goin out?
LOVELY, and that's without a doubt!

[Chorus 3/4X]

[LL Cool J]

Rappers are my servants, they serve me like an
emperor
When I'm through, you'll need a nurse
to take your temperature
and cool you down, cause you're cold as leftovers
Not the ones on the table, I'm talkin about RUFF rovers
You can't get over -- what's my name, Goofy?
You smoke I'm no joke, so my brother break out the
looseys
and take a pull, cause the buck stops here
I get swift as a magician, wreck shit and dissappear
Don't cross me, or lose your loyalty
to the Prince of the Rap Court, I'm royalty
And it ain't no puzzle, it's a shame how rappers guzzle
paragraphs I put together so I carry a muzzle
to shut em up and cut em up and make em be quiet
I'm a one man RIOT, so don't even TRY IT
The Prince of special tactics, plus I'm athletic
Before you play your hand you better do some
calisthetics
Jumpin jacks, squats, push-ups, the whole nine
Speak your piece, then I'ma go for mine
And I guarantee you, I'm gonna strike again
I recommend my friend you drop the pen and give in
Cop out to one rhyme cause you're facin ten
I ain't Sidney Poitier but we can 'Do This Again'
I'm nice wit mines, and I gotta admit it
You don't really wanna battle, why don'tcha just forget
it!

[Chorus 1/2]

[LL Cool J]
But if you're hard headed and you still don't
understand
Here's a little sample -- EHM EHM, my man

(BRRRRRRRING) "Hello?"
[cut n scratch "Cool J"]
".. takes everything you've got" -> [Cheers (theme
song)]
[cut n scratch "pushin a broom"]
".. sure would help a lot" -> [Cheers (theme song)]

[LL Cool J]
Check my stats, how we livin, I thought so
I'm fresh, oh yes, but can they flow, hell no
My rhymes are up to date, excellent, on point
I'm tellin you, they're the serious joint
I eat my steak fast, I drink my brew slow
My voice is milky with a nice clear flow
I eat like a fat man, and walk like a gigolo
I'm not a ballplayer, so now Y'KNOW!

Clap your hands everybody (aiyyo)
And everybody just clap your hands (aiyyo)
cause I rock the house, everybody (aiyyo)
And everybody just clap your hands (aiyyo)

Knowhat!msayin? And I'ma be straight til the year 3000
That's word to mother, knahmsayin?
And I say mother with a V cause the V
is for Victory yaknahmsayin?
Cause I'm the victor in this game, word up
Knahmsayin? That's what time it is, peace

[crew applause]

That man, he sure is FUNKY FUNKY FUNKY
FUNKY! Funky, he sho' is!
You best believe he's FUNKY!
You didn't KNOW??? FUNKY!
Lyrics: Clap Your Hands, L.L. Cool J [end]

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