

LL Cool J "Jack The Ripper"

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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
And 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

Jack the Ripper
Jack the Ripper
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 wanna 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

Jack the Ripper
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King Hercules

Jack the Ripper, a man, not a myth
AKA James Todd Smith
Hard like penitentiary steel
Breaking necks while I flex my sex appeal
Homegirls in the house, c'mon
Homegirls in the house, give it up
You gotta want to get hotter
Moving and grooving, and always improving a lot's of

People don't know how nice I am
He was 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 the 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

Jack the Ripper
Jack the Ripper
Jack the Ripper
King Hercules

Break it down
Break it down
Break it down
Yo Bob, show that old school sucker punk
What real hip hop is, boy

How you 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'ma keep on hitting you with rough LP's
Day after day after day
You're smacked in the face by the bass of Cool J
I'm

[Incomprehensible]
Wow
[Incomprehensible]
What?
[Incomprehensible]
Who?
Jack the Ripper
So dance around

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 beat-aholics, this beat's 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

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