

LL Cool J "Rub My Back"

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(feat. Timbaland)

[LL Cool J]

Sippin somethin on the rocks
I got a shorty that makes the bed hop
I got plans to spoil you even though you sayin stop
I'ma drop that phantom on you baby watch
Roberto Cavali and the Denali, am I hot?
Malibu Beaches and hydrofoil yachts
Baddest Mercedes, Lorenzos, and silver fox
I keep it flowin see we goin to the top
I'ma get you everything, give a damn how much you
tell me stop
You want it hotter then we take it 'cross seas
Party jumpin is bumpin, tokin somethin in Belize
.. I know you want it sucka free
Know you wantin to shine, even though you fightin me
.. Take it easy player
Talkin greasy player, know you can feel me player
Uhh.. you put it down tight
Yeah you not havin what you want don't even sound
right

[Chorus: Timbaland]

Hey lady! I'm gonna hit you with a wine Mercedes
Somebody's gotta work the mouth my baby
All you do is rub my back
Rub my back! Rub my back! Rub my back! Rub my back!
I said MY baby
Watch television in the Escalade-y
Go shoppin when you want to baby
All you do is rub my back
Rub my back! Rub my back! Rub my back! Rub my back!
Ohh!

[LL Cool J]

Lay down for a while pretty, relax a minute
.. I caught a feelin when you represented
Gave you that Mercedes, you better get up in it
.. Get off the corner, come to pop some vintage
You never seen a player flip your whole life
Dip the Caddy on the freeway, hittin the strobe light

.. You got a mean walk at times right?
I'm here to shine like, I get your mind right
Uhh, Charles Jordan girl if you wanna take a hit
Gotta ? between the lippers this is it
.. Lazy, lay back and count the chips
Some call it trickin or ballin, depends on who you wit
Him or L baby, so who you gonna pick
Mack motor, I told ya, I want ya livin rich
You don't know about a brother
Blow around a brother, money flow around a brother

[Chorus]

[LL Cool J]

Don't trip I know you like the rocks
Wanna dip 'round the corner in the drop
Music bumpin you frontin although you say you're not
.. You got your eyes on the watch
You love the Pasha, the ?, the Cartier is hot
.. Baby you need somethin, shop
You got me trippin and goin bananas, baby stop
I caught a mean one, you never seen one
She like cream, how brothers gonna front on me?
Spoilin somethin the average homey never see
I mean it's only some money, nuttin to me
.. But yet and still you question me
I got it that's if you want it or I'ma set you free
.. Got 'em in line they beggin me
Baby regardless your body is killin me
Girl I'm lovin your anatomy
Your personality, so whatcha want from me?

[Chorus]

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