

## LL Cool J "The Do Wop"

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L.L. Cool J

Servin em well

And as you all know..

I AM - HARD - AS HELL

Woke up at 9:30 on a Saturday morn'  
Hemmed my remote control, turned my stereo on  
Then I reached for a brush since I don't use the picks  
And the floor was kinda cold, so I put on my kicks  
Walked to the kitchen and ate some cornflakes  
As I bop to a tape of Cut Creator's breaks  
With hardcore - heavyweight - b-boy blast  
Connoisseur of hardcore, and Cut Creator's fast  
Jumped in the shower, it was boiling hot  
So I stayed there a hour, cause I like it a lot  
Jumped out, dried off, put on the Denim cologne  
Then I called up Earl on the telephone  
He told me 'bout a jam that I could do later on  
10 g's plus a limo for one strong song  
So I said, yeah, I was with it, hung up and got geared  
Got a magnifying glass, then I brushed my beard  
Rewound some tapes of some Def Jam tunes  
As I waited for this freak to ring my bell at noon  
12 o'clock came, left the door crack  
The freak walked in, a mink on her back  
Put her curt on the rack, threw my ??? on  
Then I threw in a tape of the quiet storm  
We drank Roundhill Cavern, ate soft mignons  
She said, "L.L., when you're gonna let me taste your  
tongue?"  
My skin got pale, I wam-bammed the tail  
Did it so hard I shoulda went to jail  
She left, Earl came over and we went outside  
Jumped in the BM to bust a joyride  
Went up to A.J., in my fresh black wheel  
I'm not a sucker on the corner tryin to scrape up a meal  
The girlies want sex, the fellas try to plex  
But those who flex end up with broke necks  
Signed some autographs for a posse of freaks  
Said, "It's L, baby, I ain't down with Chic"  
Conversated with the skeezers for 10 minutes more  
Then I jumped in my ride and the freaks slammed the

door  
Due cause I'm a gangster people think I do crimes  
They don't know I'm just a connoisseur of hip-hop  
rhymes  
Some smile, try to call L.L. a hoodlum at times  
But he don't know my autograph's on his wife's behind  
L.L. has iced all the washed up slobs  
Vigilante of rap, so to hell with the mob  
Don't run from the cops, makin suckers jock  
And I'm only 18 makin more than your pops  
Tormentor of toys and boyscout boys  
And I dare any critic to call it noise  
Peeped at the clock, it said 6:03  
Said 'later' to Creator and broke out with E

Went up to White Castle for a chocolate shake  
Thinkin 'bout a 100'000 that I'd soon make  
Finished up the snack, jumped up, out my seat  
E-Love hit the table and he made up a beat  
Kicked a few lines, stepped out the door  
Since tonight is a bore I'm in the mood for more  
We jumped in my ride, I took a peek at the time  
It was almost 7:30 and the show was at nine  
L.L. Cool J will soon stand at a jam  
With thousands of people screamin, "Touch my hand!"  
But since I had a hour plus a half for tat  
I was searchin for the cutie who's my perfect match  
Her name was Renee, her face was okay  
But she had the kinda body that made Jay wanna play  
I said, "No need to rehearse," then I made my  
approach  
Said, "You got a good team, girl, but you need a new  
coach"  
Said, "My name's L.L. - Cool, if I may introduce  
But I'm not here for conversation, I'm here to seduce  
Wanna mix it up, baby, wanna feel you grind  
Cause it ain't 5th grade, and these ain't nursery  
rhymes  
And I know that you adore my sure side hardcore  
Check out the real L.L. behind closed doors  
So tell your buddies you're busy, tell your boyfriend  
beat it  
Forget the silk dress, cause you ain't gonna need it  
Unplug your clock, do away with the light  
After five minutes or more you hear me say, 'That's  
right!'  
Your body is bad and I heard you got a Caddy  
When we make love you can call me daddy  
I'm L.L. Cool J, say hey, Renee  
I'm not a toyboy, but I still wanna play  
Promise you I'm not wack when I'm in the sack

After that I leave you starvin for me to come back  
But in the meantime, put your digits down  
And the next time I see ya I'm goin to town"  
Stepped away from the freak, it was a quarter to nine  
When I rolled to the jam I saw the crew on line  
Took a trip around the side, so I could get backstage  
If you call me a tiger, then the stage is my cage  
I rip, stomp and crush, heavy metal bands rust  
Them flaky knuckleheads I crumble up like crust  
Walked in my dressing room, and then I heard four  
knocks  
They said, "L.L., you're runnin late and it's time to  
rock"  
Told Cut Creator what the order would be  
Then I said "Lord have mercy" and slapped hands with  
E  
Went onstage, I heard the girlies scream  
And that's the very moment I woke up from the dream  
Aahh!

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