

Jingling Baby

LL Cool J

(They're jinglin, baby) Go 'head, baby
They call me Uncle L, Future of the Funk
Records I recorded minus all the junk
People spread gossip and believe what they must
while I slam dunk {fags} and make em bite the dust
A minute is needed to make a phony roni bleed
and put him in a bucket like it's chicken feed
Check out the - pick of the litter, not a quitter, I'm nice y'all
and I'ma dust you off and dust you off twice
You never heard this so observant all hysterical fan-
-natics of the Asiatic miracle man
Prominent, dominant, McCoy and I'm Real
If you're another brother's fan? Forget how you feel
cause he's so-so, I got the instinct
They call me Deputy Dog, now put your {ass} in the clink
Innovating, devastating, and dope on the single now
let me see your earrings jingle
I chopped you, chewed you, baked you and {fucked} you
That {shit} you pop, you need to stop, you're kind of rude you
no good {niggaboo} tryin to base
How we livin Holmes? Get out my face!
I'm complete, in effect, and I can't fall
I rise, suprise, and I advise you all
to stand back and peep, don't sleep or doubt
My skill'll get ill, I turn the mother out
I'm top-notch, you're still playin hop-scotch
Now I'ma do ya while the party people watch
You're real funny, you really try to go for yours
But I know why: you ain't had no dough before
So you tried and lied to drain my fame
This ain't a game, yo, you know my name
Forget all the MC's who like to mingle
Yo baby, let me see your earrings jingle
When you first walked in, I ain't know what to think
You grabbed the microphone like your {shit} don't stink
And tried to run down that; I can't get over that
{bullshit} you were sayin - you call that a battle rap?
How you gonna go against an army with a handgun?
I'm Cool J, yo you don't understand, son
I'm a legend, on top of that I'm livin
Now you look stupid like that {bitch} Ms. Givens
Whoever geesed you up; nah, how should I say it?
Whoever set you up, they knew just how to play it
Cause man, YO, I feel for you brother
I'm a baaaaaad... (Word to my mother!)
Takin out suckers while the ladies pucker
and rollin over {niggaz} like a redneck trucker
Innovatin, devastatin, and dope on a single, now
Lemme see your earrings jingle
Yeah baby, you know what I mean?
You like be jinglin crazy, word
(yeah yeah yeah)
All over this funky beat
You be like jinglin, and your earrings be jinglin
and shakin all over the place and all (mm-hmm)
It's like real, it's real wild to me honey yaknahwhatI mean?
The way you be jinglin, worrrrrrrd

Can't believe you tried to grip the same mic as me
Your grip's too weak, you can't hold it, B
You can dream of makin progress and gettin this nice
but when I roll up, it's like Hip Hop Vice
I serve to curbs, I never swerve I'm superb
Every word you heard played tricks on your nerves
You played your hand, lost track of your plan
When I show up, I blow up, end of story, my man
I'm a play you like a poker chip, that's what you get
I bet your fret, sweat, and regret you met
the titan of fightin, excitin when writin, you triflin toy-boy
I gotta enlighten, so start bitin
You know you can't create and get mean like this
when I'm on the court, G, it's strictly SWISSSSHHHH!
When it's all over, said and done, my friend
they say, "That {bad motherfucker} just scored again"
So take a step back, give me some room to wreck shop
Here's your token back, you're gettin off at the next stop
I'ma deliver and give a speech with vigor
I drink some Olde E and start waxin {niggaz}