

# 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}