

## Back Seat

LL Cool J

Ah yeah

I want to send this one out to all the jeep lovers worldwide  
City to city, ghetto to ghetto  
Some flavor for you and yours  
And your jeep

You're the type of girl that got class and style  
Still in all you need the backseat of my jeep once in a while  
So I pull up to your door to give you what you're looking for  
Hardcore

I know you want to come, in my jeep  
We can park on a back street  
You're checkin' out my car phone, scopin' out my jewelry  
Let's do this in a hurry  
Air freshener is kickin', drive through for chicken  
I know you need a good stickin'  
That's when I see my man Snoop  
Peace, what up kid? loungin' duke  
As I turn the corner, starin' in your cornier  
You're gettin' hornier and hornier  
I'm pumpin' up a blint tape (flavor)  
You're legs is incredible, I do a double take  
You're puttin' on your lipstick  
I want to give you this big fat (yea)  
Quick, I know a place where we can lounge and cool, don't sleep  
(where at?) back seat of my jeep

Back seat of my jeep, let's swing an episode  
Back seat of my jeep, let's swing an episode  
Back seat of my jeep, let's swing an episode  
Back seat of my jeep, let's swing an ep'

I'm pullin' over near your building  
I light a candle on the dashboard, we're chillin'  
I knew a girl like you would love a scene like this  
You got class but deep down you're real freakish  
You got it all, but you never had a wild episode  
That's when me and my jeep showed  
Up with the funk in the trunk and  
Hittin' it, we're spunkin'  
I'll even get you drunk and tipsy  
Cause I know you're feelin' frisky  
You love it 'cause it's wild and risky  
You got your eyes on the hood  
You're up to no good  
I took you in the back, you hoped I would  
You got your black on black so stacked in the back  
While I'm pumpin' in the CD I'll skip a track  
Windows are foggy  
And, uh, back seat treats in the streets could be a hobby  
And you ain't in between the Isley Brothers' sheets  
I give it to you real raw in the backseat  
That's how you want it, don't ya? (yeah)  
You'll tell your girlfriends, won't ya? (nah)  
Don't lie  
Take it in your eye (why?)  
So buckle up, buckle up

What's my name? what's my name? what's my name? what's my name? huh  
I never knew a four wheel drive could be so live  
I'll put your numbers in the archives  
So take 'em off, and put them things on the mirror girl  
It's my jeep and your world  
You got it going on lovely, time to do the right thing  
'cause I can tell you want to swing

We're bonin' on the dark blocks  
Wearin' out the shocks, wettin' up the dashboard clock  
Seats full of sweat, I told ya I would hit it  
Your kitty, kitty, cat, cat, was hungry so I fed it  
Workin' as a team  
Somebody, anybody (scream)  
Jump with me to the cash bar  
I'll be like Bruce Lee in them skins goin' "wah"  
Damn, it's so good, the mad grip on my tip  
You're still a nice girl but my jeep makes ya flip  
You go wild and stick your toes on the roof (yeah yeah)  
You're so cute, wit' your gold tooth  
Extensions on the carpet  
That nice round brown is my target  
It's so firm, so cushy, it makes me feel mushy  
I love it when it's pushy  
But don't laugh, I'm serious with this (word up)  
The back seat of my jeep, is priceless  
You're climaxin', you're climaxin', it's full action  
You love a good waxin', it's so relaxin'

Give me a hug  
See what I'm sayin' love?