

# Jack the Ripper

LL Cool J

Milky, and I'm back  
My ace in the hole was this brand new track  
I'ma slow it up and speed it up and now you're gonna eat it up  
Listen to the funky beat, my tongue is gonna beat it up  
I did it, but the devil didn't make me  
I did it for the suckers who tried to shake and bake me  
Proving a point that I'm a serious joint  
You can roll me up and puff me, and then I'll anoint  
Your head with oil--lots of oil  
Make it run like water, watch it boil  
Cause I made 'em play it, made 'em say it  
made 'em okay it, made 'em obey it---HUH  
Prince of the growl is on the prowl  
How You Like Me Now punk? You living foul  
Here's what my game is, kill is what my aim is  
A washed up rapper needs a washer, my name is--

Jack the Ripper  
Jack-Jack-Jack the Ripper  
Jack-Jack, Jack-Jack, Jack-Jack, Jack the Ripper  
King Hercules!

Back for the payback, I must say that  
I heard your new jam, I don't play that  
It ain't loud enough punk, it ain't hitting  
This year you tried, next year you're quitting  
Last year you thought I was dying out  
But again, and again, and again without a doubt  
It's the gangster boogie, the earthquake sound  
Pump it up and play it so they hear it all around  
I do it up rough, tough, I don't bluff  
and this is an example of funky stuff  
When you wanna make hits, you make 'em like this  
They ain't like this they don't hit, they miss  
It's a strong record, a record for the strong  
For those who appreciate real rap songs  
Listen how I won't allow myself to go off track  
Stay back, I got the power, I'm--

Jack the Ripper, a man, not a myth  
a-k-a James Todd Smith  
Hard like penitentiary steel  
Breaking necks while I flex my sex appeal  
Homegirls in the house, c'mon  
Homegirls in the house, give it up  
You gotta want to get hotter  
Moving and grooving, and always improving a lot'a  
People don't know how nice I am  
He was sleeping, so now I gotta slice my man  
Like ham in a pan, wrap him up in Saran  
Kidnap him and slap him up inside of a van  
While you're doing your dance I want you to make moves  
No one out there thought you could do  
You know my name and my game and what I'm here to do  
Party people, lemme see if you can dance to--

Break it down!

Yo Bob, show that old school sucker punk what real hip hop is boy

"How Ya Like Me Now?" I'm getting busier  
I'm double platinum, I'm watching you get dizzier  
Check out the way I say my, display my, play my  
'J' on the back, behind the Cool, without the A-Y  
I love to ride the groove because the groove is smooth  
It makes me move and I'll improve  
As it goes on, as it flows on  
When you see me, don't ask if the show's on  
How that sound? Don't come around, playing me close, brown  
Pull on my jock to be down  
You need to stay down, way down, because you're low down  
Do that dance, the prince of rap is gonna throw down  
Aiming to please while I'm killing emcees  
I'm gonna keep on hitting you with rough LPs  
Day after day after day  
You're smacked in the face by the bass of Cool J  
I'm--  
I'm a beast on the microphone, a night stalker  
A killing machine, a savage street talker  
Jason with an axe, but I put it on wax  
To eradicate the suckers who thought I had relaxed  
The prince of hip hop, straight from Queens  
Kicking it mean, keeping it clean  
And you've never seen anybody rock the party  
All you funky beat-aholics, this beat's Bacardi  
I go to the show, and terrorize emcees, don't you know  
Moving my hand like I'm playing the piano  
Don't touch the dial, don't change the channel  
Don't let me hear you say I ain't debonair  
I'm better than any emcee out there  
As a matter of fact, suckers can't compare  
When I rocking the mic people stop and stare, at..