

## Mr. Good Bar

LL Cool J

Nah, y'all, nah, y'all, uh-uh  
I ain't disrespectin' though

I'm just sayin' it happen to me  
It can happen to him  
How you doing?  
What's your name?  
Oh, you're his girl

Hello, my name is Mr. Goodbar  
I'm came to offer champagne  
Later on, maybe, I'll tell you my real name  
But for now sip your drink and be merry  
And be a nice girl and sing me a cherry  
Me, I'll have a Cowa-loo and milk  
'Cause champagne always stains my silk  
You got a man? That's somethin' we will talk about  
He's smart enough to have ya, but dumb enough to let ya out  
I like ya friendly bag, your alligator shoes  
Ya hairstyle, and ya whole point of view  
The way you lick your lips and stare  
You tell me that's a habit, hmm, yeah  
Funny coated legs with not one scar  
The stylish wardrobe is up to par  
Here's my number; call me in my car  
You deserve a visit from Mr. Goodbar

So how long you been talkin' to him?  
Word, nah, he's cool with me, he's cool with me  
Oh, he loves you

Honey, open up a bottle of brandy  
Better yet, have a piece of Cool J candy  
And sweat the man with the master disaster  
Break ya like plaster-plan and  
The cards on the table, and the deal is dealt  
Uh, I'm in the mood for a tuna melt  
And I can't make you; I sure wouldn't rape you  
Feelin' kinda mellow, and I sure would hate to leave the job half-  
done (Nah!)

Cause at a time like this you're the one that I'm lookin' for  
Callin' on the floor (Woof!)

I'm comin' back for more  
If the Mona Lisa's name was Teresa  
I'll get a piece-a of the Mona Lisa, then smoke a cigar  
You deserve a visit from Mr. Goodbar

Yeah, so you be callin' on the request line  
oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Oh, he's my man; word him too  
Yeah, I like Bobby Brown  
Tell him he's cool but

Don't be cruel, 'cause you'll be on your own  
Cause my, rockin' my microphone  
Come and get this ice-cream cone  
Or I'll deliver it when your daddy ain't home

Grown and healthy, that's how I like 'em  
Big juicy legs and a nice pair of kegs  
Hmm, Mr. Goodbar style  
You haven't met a guy like me in a while  
I jump out a cake, dance, play, shake I ain't got no Body By Jake  
Smooth as Whitester extra dry Moetzer  
Don and I'll slip it in your mouth like a Bon-Bon

Ya know what I'm sayin'?  
I'm Mr. Goodbar, (Goodbar) yeah  
So, you know next time, uh, your man is out  
Check my,  
Nah, nah, he's cool  
But my girl, oh, I don't know, your man might be with her, uh  
Ya know what I'm sayin'?  
But I'm with you, yeah, Mr. Goodbar, baby, uh  
May I say, may I say that outfit you got on,  
Slim, juicy lips; so honey coated,  
Yo, he never says that to you  
He never gives you compliments  
Yo, he be givin' you flowers, baby  
And tellin' you how much he cares for you  
Does he hold you, and caress you, and give you affection  
I didn't think so