

LL Cool J, Loungin' (Remix)

How you doin miss? My name is L I'm from Queens
I heard about your man he like to lace you wit cream
Dolce Gabbana, Mo-ski-no wit Donna jeans
But he slipped up, and threw his rock to a fiend
He be playin like a Willie cause he dress ya, duh
Neva knowin' that his woman is in need of love
You got Versace gold link stomach chains wit rocks
Official hair style but you stuck up in the spot
Makin love,duke is weak then he fallin asleep
You on the phone wit your old peeps dyin' to creep 'tween my sheets
So what you got Chanel on your feet
Hot sex on a platter makes the mission complete, uh

(chorus)-Total

Who do you love (i wanna lounge wit you)
Are you for sure (i do what i gotta do)
repeat...

Jew-als and Cristal gotta mack a phony style
He ain't watchin you he rather watch his money pile
Can't protect treasures when its in a glass house
Soon as he turn the corner I'ma turn this out
Full blown, frontin' in the 6 wit the chrome
yo B, why you leave your honey all alone wit me
Just because you blessed wit cash

Doesnt mean your honey wont let me finesse this..
So see the moral of the story is a woman need love
The kind you so-called playas never dreamed of
You gotta try love,can't buy love
If you play your hand then it's bye-bye love

(chorus)

Who do you love...are you..for..sure(repeat)

So what you got the cash flow and escro, damn
But your honey ran away like busto-alakazam
Man made the money,money never made the man
You still fakin jax throwin rocks on her hand
See,you put your mack down now you need no brown
Rck roller wit' so much ice your cap's polar
I got em smokin' beanies bottlin bikinis
Pushin ya whip on the fareway to see me
I keep it steamy, I make it burn when it's my turn
Teachin shorty all the tools that you neva learned
Don't get it twisted,gettin money aint wrong
But she wanna make love all night long, I'm gone

(chorus)