

LL Cool J, A Little Somethin'

[LL Cool J]

Here we go - another funky style
Peace to my brothers on "Rikers' Isle"
Introducin' the crew, that's goin' a mile
To get behind the ropes, stop actin' wild
This here part is like section one
so you can bug-a-loo and set fire to your buns
Early mornin' light is yet to come
And when it come, we'll get buggy in the sun
Females - let your hair down
Cause this is how we do it when we go uptown
with the funky sound, the razzamatazz
you give me to the "sploshers", you can get your-a blast
Enter at your own risk - some brothers got weapons
Yet you're still steppin', the beats' so funkafied
and answer to the bone, people'll be dancin' alone
Leanin' on the wall next to grandma's mop
With the funky, funky groove that's far from pop
Dosey-do your partner all night long
and all you mothers, bring your kids along

[Chorus: LL Cool J]

(Yo Uncle) whassup, whassup?
(Yo Uncle) yeah, I do a little somethin'
(Yo Uncle) whassup, whassup?
(Yo Uncle) Huh, I do a little somethin'
(Yo Uncle) whassup, whassup?
(Yo Uncle) yeah, hah, I do a little somethin'
(Yo Uncle) whassup, whassup?
(Yo Uncle) (just kick a little somethin'...)

[LL Cool J]

Ain't no mountain high enough to overcome this
funky-like type of stuff
The feds are ridiculous, they call my bluff
Oh, my wrists are too skinny to hold me with cuffs
I got the sure-shot guaranteed mover
Suck it like a hoover and do ya whole maneuver
Don't stop till you get it on
With ya head be- boppin' like a bouncy ball
They do it in the park, they do it in the mall
But when I do it (yeah), I'm doin' it for y'all
Asiatic, automatic, your funky fanatic without no static
Flippin' on the freak like I'm acrobatic
You were searchin' for the funk and I had it
Here we go - hand over the cash yo
What chime? Ayyo, blast the tobasco
Work your body like a dime, oh no
Do the freaky-deaky - the whole girls' cargo
Females on the side - we gotta win 'em, yeah
The back pockets are stuck with nothin' in 'em, yeah
Except my beeper number, rubbin' all my lumber so I cannot slumber
Makes me sick like an earthquake
So do the baddy-too-true, we got cash to make
Able body, ready to party, all the ladies in the house
must be eatin' hardy
And provin' and movin', groovin', so soothin' good for ya
And clinically proven - damn!!
Every little bit of the tip makes ya taste flip, like sugar on Ritz
Get on down, to the sure-shot sound
Cause all five burrows are rockin' uptown

[Chorus: LL Cool J]

(Yo Uncle) whassup, whassup?

(Yo Uncle) yeah, I do a little somethin'
(Yo Uncle) whassup, whassup?
(Yo Uncle) whattup, hah, I do a little somethin'
(Yo Uncle) whassup, whassup?
(Yo Uncle) yeah, hah, I do a little somethin'
(Yo Uncle) whassup, whassup?
(Yo Uncle) ayyo, ayyo (just kick a little somethin'...)

[LL Cool J]

Pump up the nasty, nasty, nasty sound
Kick back and let it please ya like a rub down
Put ya body in the lost and found
(Kick that L) I love the way its goin' down
What you see is what you get
And all the words who's next to be the teachers pet?
Down-home monkey - corn fed, original
And what you do is up to you, the individual
This is the place to be for y'all underage brothers
with the rebel mentality
Sweet young freaks sayin 'Rock me ?Arma-day-us?
Skin so smooth lookin' all (???)
Video to video, tape to tape
Walkin' through the jam in search of a playmate
Party is packed like a rich mans' fridge
Too many people in the crib
The situation is sweaty and crazy like Eddy
and yes we are ready to funk it up steady
ain't nothin' here petty
Trip down to your laund-a-ray - I'm ready!!
Hold your horse, and baby feel the force
and get jaws off - no matter what the cost
Come out to cloth, get hot like a stove
Early in the mornin', we're dancin' in robes
to a funkafied sweaty, greazy groove
I know the Marley remix to make you move

[Chorus: LL Cool J]

(Yo Uncle) whassup, whassup?
(Yo Uncle) yeah, I do a little somethin'
(Yo Uncle) whassup, whassup?
(Yo Uncle) I do a little somethin'
(Yo Uncle) whassup, whassup?
(Yo Uncle) peace out, hah, I did a little somethin'