LL Cool J, Dear Yvette

[Verse 1]

Yo Yvette, there's a lot of rumours goin' around
They're so bad, baby you might have to skip town
See something's smellin' fishy and they say it's you
All I know is that you made it with the whole damn crew
They say you're a man-eater during the full moon
Mascot of the senior boys' locker room
They said Yvette walked in, there wasn't too much rap
Her reputation got bigger, and so did her gap
Cuz girl your momma shoulda taught you better
I'mma sit down and write you a long letter.

[Chorus]

Dear Yvette [x4]

[Verse 2]

I'm glad you ain't my sister, then again if you was
I'd have to treat you like you was my distant cuz
I'm not a news reporter, I don't mean to assume
What should I think? I seen ya comin' out the men's bathroom
You wasn't in there alone, wasn't usin' the phone
The door was locked for twenty minutes, all I heard was "Moan".

[Repeat chorus]

[Verse 3]

I don't really know if the story is so
I can either ask Curly, or Larry or Moe
or Earl, Shabazz, Lou, Mookie or Joe
Like Santa Claus said, you're a ho-ho-ho
In every disco you say hello
Like you're a little angel, but we all know
Since you was eleven you been actin' this way
You always got in bed when you wanted to play
You're a freak, you think you're Lady Godiva
Some freaks are live, but Yvette you're liver.

[Repeat chorus]

[Verse 4]

You're a back-seat queen, a elevator pro
A high-powered body makes your Levis grow
See the stories I've heard, they could amaze
I heard she did it on a motorcycle back in the days
So calm down freak, get a G.E.D.
That's a General Education on Decency
One day you'll see, and agree with me
unless you're gonna be a freak until you're 93
For you there's no fee, everything is free
This is from me to you, not you to me
Every night is your night, your leather pants are tight
You try to shake your butt with all your might
I don't really wanna dis nobody
You might think I had a little too much Bacardi
But that's not the problem, the problem's Yvette
How bad can a girl's reputation get?
See she's the kinda girl all the homeboys met
If you're desparate ask Yvette, cuz she'll say "Bet".

[Repeat chorus]

[Verse 5]

B-Boys are hard on the boulevard
The Reverend at the church said you was barred
Homeboys on the block love you a lot
You're a real famous freak whether you like it or not
So before you start walking and your beak starts squawkin'
let me explain to you who is talkin'
I'm LL Cool J from around the way
You boogie down to my records almost every day
Go a hundred miles an hour when you're standin' still
You're faster than my Caddy when it's goin' downhill
Won't forget that day in the Y.M.C.A.
The guy at the desk said it was OK
for you to come inside cuz he knew you'd stay
Greg G. and Garfield yelled "Hooray"

[Repeat chorus x2]