

# LL Cool J, Take It Off

[LL Cool J]

I didn't even know a young lady could look that good  
I'm ready da bounce outa queens and come to your hood  
I'm ready da change your life baby, spend some cash  
Because you got me chinky eyed like blunts mixed with hash  
When your in my ferrari, look at the seats carve your ass  
L drive drunk baby, pass the glass  
As we run up in the club politican with thugs  
When your bra straps showin' baby girl it's love  
'Cause you are the loose  
Token and sippin' honeypooft  
Cause you are the loose  
Sweet as cranberry, peach snaps and apple-loops  
Runnin' with Queens finest all the way to the top  
Pass cars, hard dick and plenty money to shop

[Hook]

Take it off, Come on and dance with me baby  
Take it off, There aint nobody who can fade me  
Take it off, I'm on a hot-streak lately  
Take it off, You know that ass look crazy  
Take it off, You saw me up in that mercedes  
Take it off, I know my crew look shady  
Take it off, You see me spendin' dubs baby  
Take it off, Watch me dance for you baby

Wo day drive is live, Monte Carlo was ill  
Convertible limousines, def jam got the bill  
Remember R. Kelly had the house on the hill  
Well when the partys over we can go there and chill  
In London it's Big Ben style breakfast in bed  
In Paris you were on an Eifel Tower givin' me head  
Go to Switzerland, private jets over the house  
Come home, ghetto style, bend you over the couch  
Real niggaz, nothin' but the platinum shit  
Keep that ass soakin wet, plus I'm spendin' his chips  
Who's fuckin' wit that, put your middle finger in the air  
Has a jet pasion X-man playin' wit your hair

[Hook]

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Take it off, Watch me dance for you baby  
Dance for me baby (x4)

To my man Black Jus baby RIP  
Accesory to the crime is the prime dogg 3  
When we get the money baby, spreadin' the cream  
To tell your brother Joe to hold it down for Queens  
And to my cousin Will, hold ya head nigga chill  
J.T. Damon in the car let's get the squeels  
My nigga Big Bonny Puff, glad your home  
Rock the bells Melly Mell, Jimmy Love and Tone  
Baby we live cats, lookin' at where in we rides at  
Drug walls, hip-hop beats, how 'bout that  
The rest fell so far, they can't climb back  
Let's take it to the video-tape, rewind that

[Hook (x2)]

Take it off, Come on and dance with me baby (everybody in the club)

Take it off, There aint nobody who can fade me (word up)

Take it off, I'm on a hot-streak lately

(champagne glass in the air baby)

Take it off, You know that ass look crazy

(Just wanna pop it dog, word up)

Take it off, You saw me up in that mercedes (yeah yeah)

Take it off, I know my crew look shady (it's official, word up)

Take it off, You see me spendin' dubs baby

Take it off, Watch me dance for you baby

Take it off, Greatest of All Times. [x1]