

## Proclivities

LL Cool J

Damn, baby, I don't know if you dance or not  
I'd love to see you on the pole  
I don't know if you conservative, or if you're a freak  
But I'd love to see you lose control  
Make the O-face for me, bounce your ass on me  
Turn around, bust it open, that's a long story  
Give it to you mad rough, baby, where the handcuffs?  
I'ma tie you up from the back while we stand up  
Pullin' on your hair, kiss you from the side  
Keep it right there, slingshot ride  
Now I got you in the air, feels good to be alive  
That's what happens when the pressure is applied  
Waitin' at your job, 'bout a quarter past five  
Take you in the alleyway, slap it on your thigh  
This parkin'-lot pimpin', yeah, I park it in your eye  
Travel with your finger, try to look up at the sky

So what you gon' do with it?  
And my face a movie star, ooh wit' it  
Ooh, let me tell you my proclivities, so come on outside  
They're cheerin' my name when they come outside

I'm jinglin', baby (Go 'head, daddy)  
You're the king of it, baby (Go 'head, daddy)  
Drip, drip on me, baby (Go 'head, daddy)  
They be thinkin' we crazy (Oh, go 'head, daddy)

You don't need GPS to find my spot  
Louis flip-flops push gears in my drop-top  
Get a little messy when you in my Snapshot  
Geeked up, he don't need Wi-Fi for this hot spot  
Uh, I get his head sprung  
I like it when it go, that's a lump sum  
If you gon' fuck my weave up, then get my hair done  
A couple bundles pressed out with a top bun  
Is you cool with it, daddy? Mm-hmm, yeah  
He said that he like whatever I like  
Penthouse, let's spin back, let's get the vibe right  
He ate me, infinity, that's my type

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Sippin' Irish, want some Guinness when I'm handlin' my business  
You like it when I-, you finish the sentence  
I like it when you top me in the rented  
Use both hands, the usual plans  
She can watch us and we can watch her dance  
I normally don't do this, but tonight I throw some bands  
I come and pick you up, I might not hit you in advance  
I pick you up and come, that's how we do, you understand?

I make the panties drop like the elevator cable prop  
Gym trainer when I stretch you on the table-top  
Put your crown on my head, call me the king of rock  
Can you smell what I'm cookin'?

I hit you in Piscataway, they hear your ass in Brooklyn  
Extra rude with it, people walkin' by and lookin'  
Foggin' up their glasses, see the way the ass is  
Cuttin' up like classes, po-po harass us, we drive off, laughin'  
You ain't a maid, baby, make it sloppy  
Body language cocky

Since we're skatin' it turned into night and you like to play with the ice  
I pull out my stick and invite you to play some tonsil hockey  
I put the box in the penalty  
Love it when you try to score goals on me mentally  
People without proclivities fray eventually  
It's destiny for you and me to keep the same energy