

# My Rhyme Ain't Done

LL Cool J

The President woke and he called the Pope  
The Pope climbed to heaven on a golden rope  
He asked the Lord to raise Michaelangelo from the dead  
So he can make a fresh painting of my head  
Then I hung out with a king and a queen  
And the queen put me down with her polo team  
The way I scored points all around the clock  
I had her daughter, the princess ridin my jock  
I knocked the freak off like a crazy retard  
Then I took a little trip into a deck of cards  
The diamond jack joker and the ace of spades  
Was amazed at greater Cut Creator on the fade  
Then I played cards with the queen of clubs  
The queen of hearts with me cold fell in love  
As for the queen of diamonds, she don't like men  
Because you know that a diamond is a girl's best friend  
The double-trouble spade was named the deuce  
And the joker acted stupid, so we gave him the news  
There was 52 cards, and I met everyone  
That story is over, but my rhyme ain't done  
Then I took a trip to the center of the earth  
I was kinda scared, so E-Love went first  
I met these funny little people, they called em skeezers  
So I held on to my wallet like Ebenezer  
Tight leather pants that'll make you grunt  
Two nice soft things right up front  
The center of the earth ain't got no crime  
Just people bodyrockin to the L.L. rhyme  
If you're kinda confused to what a skeezer is  
It's just a girl who's on my jock cause I'm in showbiz  
There was a whole lotta skeezers, I dogged everyone  
That story is over, but my rhyme ain't done  
Woke up late one afternoon  
Realized I was in the world of cartoons  
He-Man told me he'd beat me up  
Because he thought that I looked like Donald Duck  
Then I hung out with Spiderman  
He told me he was gonna start a comic strip band  
The Incredible Hulk was gonna play the drums  
Charlie Brown grabbed the guitar and started to strum  
Snoopy tried to rock on the microphone  
But Tom & Jerry both said he should leave it alone

Then I hung out with Mickey Mouse  
He had two freaks, so we went to his house  
Mickey's freak was ugly, but mine was def  
So I knocked it off until there wasn't none left  
They were cartoon characters, I met everyone  
That story is over, but my rhyme ain't done  
Since I'm a good friend of father time  
I'm not gettin older as I say this rhyme  
I was warm in the snow at the Alamo  
Before Booth shot Lincoln I stole the show  
I was down with George at the Delaware  
But I wore a Kangol, not the fake white hair  
Me and E-Love met Sitting Bull  
We made a peace pipe, then we took a pull  
Then he brought more leaves from a golden chest  
You thought it was tabacco - the shit was cess  
There was a lotta great men, and I met everyone  
That story is over, but my rhyme ain't done  
11: 33, I swear it's no sooner  
I went inside my TV, I met The Honeymooners  
Ralph wanted me to bust a couple of rhymes  
But I had my eyes on Alice's behind  
Norton came down right about that time  
Lookin in the frigde, so he could swine and dine  
Then I said to myself, I should give em a taste  
So I pulled the microphone out my black briefcase  
Said, it ain't Bob Hope or Barry Manilow  
Then I borrowed Norton's hat, cause I forgot my Kangol  
Ralph said, "I got a scheme, let me get to it"  
"Norton, my pal," I said, "Yo, don't even do it"  
They were all Honeymooners, and I met everyone  
That story is over, but my rhyme ain't done  
Cause my tongue cuts sharp, I hit a note like a harp  
Or a harmonica, Veronica, I do my part  
In a bedroom with leg room I'm strong like a monsoon  
Chilled in Maui-Waui and I carry a harpoon  
Stopped at the isle that's Mali, cause we got ill  
Wrote my name on a rock at the top of the hill  
I searched for other ways, made love in caves  
And I kicked the ill beats that make the natives rave  
Now I'm gonna tell you what all this means  
From Farmers Boulevard in St. Albans, Queens  
There's a lyrical technician who came to play  
Number one b-boy L.L. COOL J  
All of this is just a story that I made up  
Def lines I say on time with Cut Creator's cuts  
Some of it's fiction, and some of it's fact  
Not another kinda rap with a heavy drum track  
A whole lotta rhymes, and I wrote every one  
That story is over, and my rhyme IS DONE  
HUH!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>