

# Rock The Bells - LL Cool J Lyrics

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## "Rock The Bells"

LL Cool J is hard as hell  
Battle anybody I don't care who you tell  
I excel, they all fail  
Gonna crack shells, Double-L must rock the bells  
You've been waitin' and debatin' for oh so long  
Just starvin' like Marvin for a Cool J Song  
If you cried and thought I died, you definitely was wrong  
It took a thought, plus I brought Cut Creator along  
Thinking of E-Love down with the Cool J Force  
Specializin' in the rhymin' for the record of course  
I'm a tower full of power with rain and hail  
Cut Creator scratch the record with his fingernail  
Rock the bells  
The king of crowd rockers finally is back  
My voice is your choice as the hottest wax  
True as a wizard, just a blizzard, I ain't taken no crap  
I'm rhymin' and designin' with your girl in my lap

The bass is kickin' always stickin' 'cause you like it that way

You think it's hotter plus it's def 'cause it's by Cool J

Cut Creator on the fader, my right-hand man

We rock the bells so very well 'cause that's the name of this jam

Rock the bells

Some girls will like this jam and some girls won't

'Cause I make a lot of money and your boyfriend don't

LL, go to hell, gonna rock the bells

All you washed up rappers wanna do this well

Rock the bells

Now I'm world-wide known, whether you like it or not

My one man band is Cut Creator a.k.a. Philpot

He'll never skip it, only rip it when he's on the fader

What's my DJ's name, (Cut Creator!)

Now you know the episode who's on the wheels

He'll drive the cross fader like a cut mobile

So precise with a slice that you know he's greater

What's my DJ's name, (Cut Creator!)

What you know, what do you know, Earl roles the weed

I go to the store and get Old Gold

So all you crappy lookin' nappy headed girls get back

'Cause there's a ten to one chance that you might get smacked

Rock the bells

The bells are circulatin' like the blood in your veins  
Why are girlies on the tip, (LL's your name)  
Cut Creator's (good), Cool J. Is (good-good)  
You bring the Woodpecker, I'll bring the wood  
The bells are wippin' and rippin' at your body and soul  
Why do you like Cool J (it ain't Rock 'N' Roll)  
'Cause it ain't the glory days with Bruce Springsteen  
I'm not a virgin so I know I'll make Madonna scream  
You hated Michael and Prince all the way, ever sense  
If their beats were made of meat, then they would have to be mince  
Rock the bells  
So listen to the rhyme the lines, I rhyme on time  
He'll cut the record in a second, make your DJ Look blind  
So all you Jheri Curl suckers wearin' high-heel boots  
Like ballerinas, what I mean is you're a fruit-loop troop  
All you gonna-be, wanna-be, when will you learn  
Wanna be like Cool J you gotta wait your turn  
Some suckers don't like me, but I'm not concerned  
Six G's for twenty minutes is the pay I earn  
I'm growin' and glowin' like a forest blaze  
Do you like Michael Jackson? (We like Cool J!)  
That's right, I'm on the mic with the help of the bells  
And no delayin' what I'm sayin' as I'm rockin' you well

Rock the bells

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