

# Rock the Bells

## LL Cool J

L.L. Cool J. is hard as hell  
Battle anybody I don't care who you tell  
I excel, they all fail  
I'm 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  
Evened up with E-Love down with the Cool J. force  
Symbolizin' 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 take a step because it's def and plus 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  
L.L. went 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 d.j.'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 d.j.'s name, Cut Creator  
Now you know, what do you know, Earl roles the weed  
I go to the store and get Old Gold  
So all you crabby 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' the blood in your veins  
Why are girlies on the tip, L.L.'s your name  
Cut Creator's (good), Cool J. is (good-good)  
You bring the wood pecker, I'll bring the wood



The bells are wippin' and rippin' at your body and soul  
Why do you like Cool J., we like rock and 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 since  
If their beats were made of meat, then they would have to be mince  
Rock the bells So listen to the lines of rhyme, I rhyme on time  
He'll cut the record in a second, make your d.j. 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(s), wanna-be(s), 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  
There's no delayin' what I'm sayin' as I'm rockin' you well  
Rock the bells

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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>