

# Baby (feat. Madlib & Guilty Simpson)

J Dilla

Let's go!  
Turn it up live niggaz throw it up  
It's the official, we got the bank for ya  
GO! You can catch Guilty Simpson at a rave with babes  
Packin a .38 snub and a razor blade, uh!  
Thug shit in a major way  
I kick ya dog's ass like a Flavor Flav  
Thug niggaz with guns beneath leathers  
If you know better, keep ya bitch on tether  
Niggas got snow like cold cold weather  
And big money clips cause they fold dough better Yeah! Packin three cuties in the Hemi  
I be runnin hoes like Luke in Miami  
So I hit her gotta get the half of my jimmy  
I don't mean to pimp that hard, it's just in me  
Got a sick flow and a couple of pistols  
Got this thick chick Coco in 'Cisco  
The same day I met her, we backstage in the bathroom  
She got a mouth like a vacuum, uh!  
We them boys with the chains on our neck  
E'ry five minutes we untanglin them  
It's Pay Jay make sure the name on the check  
Jay Dee in the turnin lane with ya ex/X, like Los Angeles And the nights are scandalous  
Thick like big bread basket sandwiches  
Choke on that, we smoke on bats  
And put a hole through the horse on your Polo hat  
And leave the shit smokin where the logo at  
And the witnesses won't tell po-po jack, uh!  
That's how it is when we fuck shit up  
(Kill it!) People hoes horny and the blunts lit up  
FEEL IT! Yup, real talk y'all  
I met this girl last night, she whispered in my ear like Baby, you're the one  
Baby, take me home tonight  
Baby, lay me down  
Baby, girl it's only right  
Baby, you're the one  
Baby, you're the one for me  
Baby, (yeah!)  
You should be havin' my baby (Turn it up!)  
You should be havin' my baby It's the official

Think it's a disco when I ran Bisco  
If you feelin' it, where your Earl Flynn at?  
Cut the check, Tim tell em where to send at  
That you  
Kay moved to the valet where the Benz at  
Let's beOut ridin' high  
Girls stop when they see the clique ridin by, on jock  
They ain't invited unless they gon' drop  
You do it how I like it and make it go pop  
If all's agreed, we got weed  
Skatin' through the area movin at Mach speed  
Makin moves is a must why bother doin it  
If what y'all doin ain't 'bout dollars?All my girls always lookin' for me  
My kids' moms always lookin' for me  
They lookin' good for me  
You what? You gon' stick with her or me?  
Damn girl, you always givin the third degree, you still my  
Always keepin me up on my toes  
Unless I'm out creepin' on do's or sleepin' with hoes  
Still my, cakes with cakes upon cakes  
(Ay, where my money at?) Keep a nigga spendin' papesTurn it up another notch  
Yeah, that's how we doin it  
Broadcasting, LIVE from WBBE  
You know how we do it  
We got a special guest in the house  
He goes by the name of Dave New York  
Dave, we talkin' 'bout, hip hop and radio  
Dave, where you at with it?How do I feel about radio hip-hop?  
I think it's wack, most of the shit they play is straight GARBAGE!

Songwriters

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