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 betterYeah! 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 AngelesAnd 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 likeBaby, 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 babyIt'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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