

Come On Baby (feat. Jay Z & Swizz Beatz)

Saigon

Hey, hands up

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One, two, three, here we go Microphone check one, two what is this?

The Yardfather coming to give niggas the business

It's so beyond rap, cocksucker, we live this

So um, come on baby, come on, come on and witness The next ten years of this shit, the slickness is deliberate

Lyricaly it's as sick as it get

I been in the pen, been in the jets, been in the end of tep'

I been in the Benz, been in the Lex, been in the MSX Yes, I run ringers around the fraudulent type

Come here and I'll show you that I spit on just more than a mic

I make it hard for niggas to breathe, please

These wicked emcees squeeze hammers like the pampers

Used to squeeze, hit the DTI Mike Tyson ya eye, I put a permanent ring around it

Then go run in the booth and sing about it

Look, if I don't hurt the nigga that play with my wealth

I'm like me on Entourage, god, I'm playing myself, let's go Hold up, the pump will make you jump up

Put ya body in the trunk

(Don't you baby, don't you baby, don't you baby)

Keep going now New York, and all the way to Cali

And the South'll make ya jump

(Come on baby, come on baby, come on baby)

Don't touch the boy, yup Hold up, the pump will make ya jump up

Put ya body in the trunk

(Come on baby, come on baby, come on baby)

I'll whip ya ass from New York and all the way to Cali

And the South'll make ya jump

One, two, three, we gone You ain't crazy, don't you play me, don't you know it's Jay-Z

When Internet ask you who's the best, why won't you say me?

Don't you hate me, c'mon baby, was it all gravy?

I took my lumps coming up just like a boxer baby My first style may be if I stutter, maybe

But then I slowed it down, brought it from the gutter, baby

Matter fact, I don't give a fuck what you rate me

Record labels told me no, guess what the fuck that make me Super rich, stupid bitches know I'm super vicious

Like standing over a wounded man with two biscuits

Let's get it clear like eucalyptus if you conflicted

My flow is like the Cuban missile crisis Nigga my hand missiles is priceless

I hide a couple rare jewels in a verse

For my niggas who like to listen like this
Gotta let it do what it do, baby, come on Hold up, the pump will make you jump up
Put ya body in the trunk
(Don't you baby, don't you baby, don't you baby)
Keep going now New York, and all the way to Cali
And the South'll make ya jump
(Come on baby, come on baby, come on baby)
Don't touch the boy, yuh Hold up, the pump will make ya jump up
Put ya body in the trunk
(Come on baby, come on baby, come on baby)
I'll whip ya ass from New York and all the way to Cali
And the South'll make ya jump
One, two, three, we gone Four finger, three finger, two finger, one finger
Humdinger, gunslinger, that's what I am
Trying to get some cash in my hand as fast as I can
So you should come on baby, come on, come on and fuck with ya man I got this rap shit down to a science
Lot of niggas' shit is aight, but they ain't fucking with Ryan
First there was some defiance, until I formed an alliance
With Justin, he plugged me in, now I'm as hot as a fucking iron You lying, all the gun play talk
Knowing behind closed doors you be practicing on ya runway walk
I been in the kill, been in the cap, been in the box and back
I been in the ville, tripping the gat, trimming a boxing match And I still walk around this fucker with not a
scratch
And that's way more then I can say for a lot of cats
My name's Saigon, nigga
Break bread muthafucka 'fore I break ya fucking head lil sucka Hold up, the pump will make you jump up
Put ya body in the trunk
(Don't you baby, don't you baby, don't you baby)
Keep going now New York, and all the way to Cali
And the South'll make ya jump
(Come on baby, come on baby, come on baby)
Don't touch the boy, yuh Hold up, the pump will make ya jump up
Put ya body in the trunk
(Come on baby, come on baby, come on baby)
I'll whip ya ass from New York and all the way to Cali
And the South'll make ya jump
One, two, three, we gone

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