

# Come on Baby (Feat. Jay-Z & Swizz Beatz) [Remix]

## Saigon

Put your hands up  
Put your hands up Ladies and gentleman your now rockin' with the best  
Just Blaze,  
Put your hands up Swizzy,  
Put your hands up Diddy  
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, cock sucker 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  
Lyrically it's as sick as it get  
I been in the pen, been in the jets, been in the inter taps  
I been in the Benz, been in the Lex, been in the M.S.X.  
Yes, I run ringers around the fraudulent type  
Come here and I'll show you that I spit on just more then a mic  
I make it hard for niggas to breathe, please  
These wicked emcees squeeze  
Hammers like the Pampers used to squeeze, hit the D.T.  
I Mike Tyson ya eye, 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 [Chorus]  
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 ya baby)  
Keep goin' 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 its Jay-Z  
When internet ask you who's the best, why wont you say me?  
Don't you hate me, c'mon baby, was it all gravy

I took my lumps comin' 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  
Matterfact, I don't give a fuck what you rate me  
Record labels told me, guess what the fuck that make me  
Super rich, stupid bitches know I'm super viscous  
Like standin' over a wounded man with two biscuits  
Lets 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 that like to listen like this  
Gotta let it do what it do baby[Chorus]Four finger, three finger, two finger, one finger  
Hum dinger, gun slinger, 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 wit' ya man  
I got this rap shit down to a science  
Alotta 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 gunplay 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 mu'fucka' 'fore I break ya fucking head lil' sucka'[Chorus]

Songwriters

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