

Baby

Ghostface Killah

[Chorus: Raheem DeVaughn]

If it's a boy
His swag and ditty bop'll be just like mine
And if it's a girl
Ooh, just like her momma she gon' be so fly
What a joy we made, from the love we made
Yeah... yeah...

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, aiyo, I ran up on the corner, poppa warned her 'what'
She pulled her shirt down, smiled, trying to hide her butt
I said 'Nah, baby girlfriend, you ain't gotta do that'
Hope you ain't the anorexic type, trying to lose that
Us boys like 'em thick, short weaves, curls, braids
I take 'em buck 50, 60 with them thick legs
We can sail it out, five nights, six days
Boat cruise, wardrobe flights, everything's paid
If I'm aggressive, just pardon my gangsta
I just wanna get to know you, get to show you
The way I move, that's part of my gangsta
Like art, yo, I can sit you down and paint cha
Plus my stove game's up, no red meat, but having you
In my cypher right now, makes me feel complete
Like a baby going night-night, sucking on his baby bottle
You in a class by yourself, all them chicks follow

[Chorus]

[Ghostface Killah]

Yeah, yo, she cook and clean, matter fact she saved my life
When I'm outdoor, she check and see if I'm alright
I'm OK, babe, how you? I'm alright
Just that the baby's kicking, I want some Popeye chicken
And my back kinda hurt from the way I was sitting
Hurry home so you can rub my big belly and kiss it
And I need some, don't be fresh, girl
You know I can't help it, baby, it stay wet, girl
Yeah, that's my joy, love, strawberry shortcake
Leave me weak in the knees where I can't even walk straight

That's the reason I got two court dates
Grown nigga like me let his thing blaze for that
I was raised in the Stat', that's my word
I pluck something if you fuck with my bat
And my name ring round the way, girl, she the sweetest thing
I love you Starks, writing hearts in between our names

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Raheem DeVaughn]
Mr. Producer, drop the beat right here, now
Ghostface Killah, let me talk to them
Radio Raheem

[Hook: Raheem DeVaughn]
I will be the sweetest thing you've ever known
Like a kiss on a, collarbone
I wanna be ya, best friend, your homey and your king
And bring to fruition, all of your dreams
And so you're having my baby
So stay forever my lady, like Jodeci
Now, push (push) harder (harder)
I'd rather you be wifey, than to be a baby father

[Chorus 2X]

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