

Baby

The Roots & John John

Slow down when you're hitting them corners
Fuck around, spill this 'gnac on my two hundred dollar suit
(Stop being a backseat driver man, turn him up)Your ma don't like to jitterbug
Said this unholy music
Hip hop just so ridiculous
Everything sounds so confusingNowadays ain't nothing like it was
One thing that showed the blues
Is this system so mysterious
Can't let that stop the movementCan't get no satisfaction
They all laughing, glad it's happening
All wings hot for the main attraction
Acting a fool with a lust for action
Young girl caught in a crime of passion
Sitting there crying in designer fashion
Didn't blow, didn't have time for asking
Somebody call for the ambulance, girlBaby, baby, baby
(Baby, let me live, please girl let me slide)
Baby, baby, baby
(Baby, if you let me go
(I swear I'll change, just change your mind)Your old man don't like to jitterbug
Said this old dirty music
Hip hop just so ridiculous
Them stories too confusingNowadays he ain't loving you like he was
And you ain't there just for using
Could have sworn that was him with another girl
And they wasn't out just for cruising
Can't get no satisfaction
He out late nights, probably smashing
Leaving a trail like Charlie tracks
Or the train on the ground, downtown ManhattanEverybody seen him run around
And you bound to catch him
The condoms, you found and asked him
Was all this just for practice?He didn't realize what he had
Now your heart got fractured, girlBaby, baby, baby
(Baby, let me live, please girl let me slide)
Baby, baby, baby
(Baby, if you let me go
(I swear I'll change, just change your mind)Baby, baby, baby
Baby, baby, baby

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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