

Baby (feat. Raheem "Radio" DeVaughn)

Ghostface Killah

If it's a boy
His swagger ditty bopping gone be just like mine,
And if it's a girl (ooh)
Just like her mama she gone be so fly
What a joy we made
From the love we made
Yeah, yeahI ran up on the corner,
Popped a boner, like what
She pulled her shirt down, smiled, trying to hide her butt.
I said, 'Nah, baby girlfriend, you ain't got to do that'
I 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 5 nights 6 days
Boats cruise wardrobe flights everything's paid
If I'm aggressive just pardon my gangsta
I just wanna get to know you
Get to show the way I move that's part of my gangsta
Like art yo I can sit you down and paint cha
Plus my stove games up no red meat
But having you in my cypher right now
Makes me feel complete
Like a bay going night night suckin' on his baby bottle
You in a class by yourself all dem chicks follow[Chorus]
If it's a boy
His swagger ditty bopping gone be just like mine,
And if it's a girl (ooh)
Just like her mama she gone be so fly
What a joy we made
From the love we made
Yeah, yeahYeah, yo, she cook and clean
Matter of fact she saved my life
When I'm outdoors 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 hurts 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 but stay away girl

Yeah, that's my joy, love, strawberry shortcake
leave me weak in the the knees
When I can't event walk straight
That's the reason why 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 back
And my name ring round the way girl
She's the sweetest thing
I love you starks riding hard[Chorus]I would be the sweetest thing you ever known
Like a kiss on a
I wanna be your best friend like aAnd so you have my babyNow push, push harder, harder[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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