

Baby (Feat. John-John & Malik B.)

The Roots

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 confusing
Nowadays ain't nothing like it was, one thing that showed the blues
Is this system so mysterious, can't let that stop the movement
Can'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 confusing
Nowadays 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 Manhattan
Everybody 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 girl

Songwriters

Douglas, Ladamon / Davis, Radric DelanticPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group, BMG RIGHTS
MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>