

# Bye Bye Baby

## Bay City Rollers

Hey come here girl, let me squeeze on this right here  
What's up, TQ?  
You know you like that, bring your ass over here  
Hey break yourself, nigger  
Oh fuck  
Just give him whatever he wants  
Shut up, bitch  
Oh, look out boo, watch out  
Yo, yo let me up in this mother fucker  
At night, I can't seem to get no sleep  
Addicted to Indo and Hennessey  
I'm stressed homes got my vest on  
Let's hit the streets, it's time to put the west on  
Friday night and I'm chilling with my baby  
In a black six hundred Lorenzo's on it  
And I'm, all up on them thighs, smoking on doja  
So I guess I didn't see them niggas behind me  
We at the stop light, get out your car, nigga  
Before I exit, they start to pulling triggers  
So now I'm ducking and diving try to surviving  
All I can hear is gun shots and crying  
Then in an instant the crying stopped  
Look at my Benz, all my windows bucked out  
I see my girlfriend laying on the asphalt  
Bleeding looking dead at me and all I can say is  
Bye, bye baby  
I can't believe it, these niggas done shot my baby  
The only thing that make me go crazy  
Somebody gonna feel my three eighty  
My, my baby won't live to see it  
It's gonna be murder, I guarantee it  
You already had it coming, boy for stepping to me  
But ya'll shouldn't have fucked with my baby  
Now I met her at the Beverly and she was the bombast  
She had me going nigga I'm gonna be honest  
And she was stacked with big bags behind her  
Matter of fact, she kinda looked like Tyra  
All the niggas use to stop when they seen her  
Dressed in black laid back demeanor

Nigga, she gone now and I'm all upset  
I'm like a grown child, I want my baby back  
But now it's on pal all things behind us  
I'm gonna take you where no one can find ya  
Mind ya, I'm about to go crazy  
Gimme my baby gimme my baby  
Bye, bye baby  
I can't believe it, these niggas done shot my baby  
The only thing that make me go crazy  
Somebody gonna feel my three eighty  
My, my baby won't live to see it  
It's gonna be murder, I guarantee it  
You already had it coming, boy for stepping to me  
But ya'll shouldn't have fucked with my baby  
Now I try not to think about it, all the things that we did together  
We make the bedroom walls shake from in the living room  
I was so infatuated with everything you do  
Somebody took you away from me with a shell or two  
And I'm gonna ride, 'cuz that's what the hell I do  
Gonna be some madness, girl I'm telling you  
This shell's for you, what they wanna do  
Bye, bye baby  
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