

# 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

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