

Saigon f/ Jay-Z, Swizz Beatz

"Come On Baby"

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[Just Blaze]

You know we had to do a remix, right? (Yea, Jus Bleezy)

[Swizz Beatz]

Hey - hands UP!

Hey - hands UP!

[Just Blaze]

Ladies and gentlemen, you STILL rockin with the best
I bought a few friends along, we gon do it like this,
c'mon

ONE (ONE) TWO (TWO) THREE - HERE WE GO!!!

[Saigon]

Its the critically acclaimed, lyrically insane
The rhyme like her-oin, you stick it in ya vein
The track somethin like crack, it hits ya in ya brain (ya
brain)

C'mon baby, c'mon c'mon and get with the gang
They put the world's most underrated
on the record with the greatest of all time, can't no one
debate it

Some made it fun to say that I am goin to make it
I will not lose, some of the shit he do is too understated
(I...will...not...lose)

(Who you?) Saigon the Don

Let it be proved to people that I'm a phenomenon
I'll pop a pussy person that play with my parmasean
C'mon baby, c'mon come get it on with the 'Gon
You gotta be kiddin me! Who you think can body me
lyrically

Get him - I'll gladly provide his ABSITE, sissy

My name Saigitty, this is MY city!

Hov' spit it with me - go get 'em Swizzy!

[Chorus: Swizz Beatz]

Hold up, the pump will make you jump up, put ya body
in the tr-unk

Keep goin now..

New York, and all the way to Cali and the South'll make
ya ju-ump

Don't touch the boy, yup!
Hold up, the pump will make ya jump up, put ya body in
the tr-unk
I'll whip ya ass from
New York, and all the way to Cali and the South'll make
ya ju-ump
ONE, TWO, THREE, WE GONE!

[Jay-Z]

You ain't crazy, don't you play me, don't you know it's
Jay-Z?
When internets ask who's the best, why won't you say
me?
Don't you hate me? C'mon baby, was it all gravy?
I took my lumps comin up just like a boxer baby
My first style - hmm, maybe if I stuttered, maybe
But then I slowed it down, brought it from the gutter
baby
Mat'a fact, I don't give a FUCK where you rate me
Record labels told me, "No" - guess what the fuck they
made me?!
Super rich! Stupid bitches know I'm super vicious
like, standin over a wounded man wit, two biscuits
Let's get it clear like eucalyptus, if you conflicted
My flow is like the Cuban Missile Crisis
Nigga, my hand missles in priceless
I hide a couple rare jewels in a verse
for my niggaz that like to listen like this
Hahahaha - you gotta let it do what it do, baby
C'MON!

[Chorus]

[Saigon]

Four finger, three finger, two finger, one finger
Humdinger, gun slinger, that's what I am
I spit it slick as the shit that's in a Crisco can
So you should, c'mon baby, c'mon c'mon and get
witcha man
Got the rap shit down to a chemistry
Lotta fakes in the industry, but I don't let them get to
me
I rock for my brothers that's locked in the penitentiary
Me, Jay and Swizzy got the "Symphony of the Century"
Roc-A-Fella, Fort Knox, fucker ya heard that!
I don't know where you be, but see I be where the birds
at
She ask me buy her a drink, I get her some 'gnac
Then it's, c'mon baby, c'mon c'mon let's merk to the
back
And way before my contract, I had hoes

Rappers claim that they had broads, but I doubt that
they was bad broads
I'm feelin disrespected
If ev'rybody fuckin dimes, who got all these UGLY
bitches pregnant?!

[Chorus]

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