

**LL Cool J f/ Richie Sambora****"Baby"**

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[Intro: LL Cool J (Richie Sambora)] Both hands in the sky, everybody in Giants Stadium put your hands up (baby) I feel like I wanna get my Elvis on, on this joint (baby) Oh yeah, this is serious, oh [LL Cool J] Met this lil' girl she was off the hook I got cold chills when her body shook Hot Sex on the platter, no need to cook I let her steal my heart like a horny crook Had her grindin and windin against my leg She fucking with my head, want a nigga to beg Sexy pumps on, toenails red Your body's a gun baby, pump me full of lead It's hard to hold you when you movin vulgar Peace sign on your eyes like John Travolta My Pulp ain't Fiction, it's an addiction To see your booty clap on the floor in the kitchen Nasty girl, taught me all the lingo While mama play bingo, she ride mandingo She don't give a damn if I'm married or single She makes me TINGLE! She wanna be my [Chorus: LL Cool J (Richie Sambora)] (Baby) any time of day Get off the bus, girl, we running away So you can be my (baby) Let's take a roll in the hay Let's go out in the yard to play You wanna be my (baby) All night and day Let's go, put the books away You gon' be my (baby) Nothing left to say That'll only take my buzz away, hey, hey [LL Cool J] She likes Hip-Hop and Rock & Roll Her lifetime goal is a movie role She lookin for a man that could give her a break Like Usher or Justin Timberlake I'm really not sure if her breasts are fake Cause with whipped cream on 'em, they taste just like cake We drink some beers inside her dad's Camaro She shot me in the back with cupid's arrow We finish the 6-pac, she push the seat back Pulled up her dress and she made me eat that I'm drunk as a skunk, feeling all dirty Truck stop bathroom at 7:30 Order some dessert, muthafuck if it's early Head spinnin around like roller derby Everything about her says you dont deserve me I hope im worthy, for you to be my [Chorus] [LL Cool J] In the back of the pickup clothin ripped up How about a cornfield, shit gets more real Runnin and laughin, music blastin Side of the road bent over crashing Mouth all dry, I've been pumping herb If you see my mama, dont say a word The cops wanna know why my words are slurred Don't ask me

officer ask hurr Wanna another drink baby she like surr  
Wanna hit the club she like I dont curr She all in the  
rearview doin her hurr Hairspray and lip gloss  
everywhurr This all happens on an average day Your  
life is the shit, girl I'm here to stay I never had a girl  
make me feel this way Even though I had to pay, you  
gon' be my [Chorus 2x]

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