

## **Boo & Gotti**

### **"Baby Girl"**

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Baby girl, she's cute, she's fine, she's sexy, she's mine  
Good heart, real smart, got her head on right  
Baby girl, all good from the hood  
Stay together, we could blow up like dynamite

Baby girl, gonna mob on the block  
Keep her thang on lock and oh my, she's so tight  
Baby girl, book a damn good meal  
And I think we'll blow up like dynamite

Come on girl, get with me, let's see the city  
You can stop by, let me see them tig ol' bitties  
We can stay in the city, let me play with the kitty  
Never been a minute man, all day with the kitty

Why you think chicks pray to get with me  
Enough for that, wanted a rough [unverified] smack  
Chicks cuff my gats, plus my gats  
Hustle my crack, never juggle my crack

Don't trust 'em but fuck 'em  
What's fucking with that?  
I'm the ill last trill, last real, last nigga  
Get mills fast nigga, built the last nigga

It's just me and my chicks, give 'em my whips  
They from a hood near you, ain't gotta get 'em no  
tricks  
They don't give me no look unless they spoke to the  
dick  
Keep a ride or die chick that like to smoke a spliff  
Put it all in the air, smoke dro to get  
I'm drinking H2O, I get you Mo and Cris, yeah

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I'm a sucka for them ghetto women but I don't love 'em  
I just love to fuck 'em an' I don't trust 'em  
You're looking at a hustler, baby  
That's the reason why you always see me in that new  
Mercedes

When she look at my face she think I'm a baby  
But she notice my papes and love how I made it  
It was made to spin, don't help me save it  
Ma get three of ya friends, let's jump off crazy

We can hit L.A. on a private jet, go to the L'Ermitage  
For some private sex, I'ma smoke some haze  
You can pop some Ex  
Just think about tonight and forget the next, girl

You know how CMR do, ain't no love Boo  
Just for our crew, sorry mammie that's just how thugs  
do  
Some chicks on their way  
So it's time to lose you

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Baby girl, I think I want you on my team  
Baby girl, let me see you dance  
Boo & Gotti wanna see you dance  
Baby girl, don't you wanna ride with me?  
Tonight you gotta leave your man  
Baby girl, you gotta understand  
(Baby girl)

I loves them girls that'll hold that work  
And put they money in they bra and not they purse  
Gimme brain in the car without saying a word  
While I ride through the hood getting high as a bird

She don't even get mad when I don't answer my phone  
She just like to brag that she been in my home  
Love to bounce dat ass when she put on a thong  
Baby girl, so street I can't leave her alone

I like Keisha and Tasha with they summer weaves  
Lisa sitting on the porch eating sunflower seeds  
Here I come flossing a Porsche at top speed  
Of course I get them [unverified] while they stay on  
their knees

I leave them with no voice, only harmony  
When they hum on these big N U T's  
'Cause they into g's, 'cause they into me  
No wonder my girls, why they envy me?

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Keep this on [unverified] the hood  
It's for the ladies right here

Yeah  
Yo, what up Joe?  
Greg Green  
Where the meat eater's at?

Yeah, yeah  
Uh  
Baby girl  
Baby girl

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