

Ghostface Killah "How U Like Me Baby"

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If it's a boy his swag and ditty bop'll be just like mine

And if it's a girl, ooh, just like her momma she gon' be
so fly

What a joy we made from the love we made, yeah,
yeah

Yo, aiyo, I ran up on the corner, poppa warned her like,
"what?"

She pulled her shirt down, smiled, trying to hide her
butt

I said, "Nah, baby girlfriend, you ain't gotta do that"

Hope you ain't the anorexic type trying to lose that"

Us boys like 'em thick, short weaves, curls, braids

I take 'em buck 50, 60 with them thick legs

We can sail it out, five nights, six days

Boat cruise, wardrobe flights, everything's paid

If I'm aggressive just pardon my gangsta

I just wanna get to know you, get to show you

The way I move, that's part of my gangsta

Like art, yo, I can sit you down and paint cha

Plus my stove game's up, no red meat, but having you

In my cipher right now, makes me feel complete

Like a baby going night, night, sucking on his baby
bottle

You in a class by yourself, all them chicks follow

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And if it's a girl, ooh, just like her momma she gon' be
so fly

What a joy we made from the love we made, yeah,
yeah

Yeah, yo, she cook and clean, matter fact she saved
my life

When I'm outdoor, she check and see if I'm alright

I'm okay, babe, how you?", I'm alright

Just that the baby's kicking, I want some Popeye
chicken

And my back kinda hurt from the way I was sitting

Hurry home so you can rub my big belly and kiss it

And I need some, don't be fresh, girl

You know I can't help it, baby, it stay wet, girl

Yeah, that's my joy, love, strawberry shortcake

Leave me weak in the knees where I can't even walk
straight

That's the reason why I got two court dates

Grown nigga like me let his thing blaze for that

I was raised in the Stat', that's my word

I pluck something if you fuck with my bat

And my name ring round the way, girl, she the
sweetest thing

I love you Starks, writing hearts in between our names

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What a joy we made from the love we made, yeah,

yeah

I will be the sweetest thing you've ever known

Like a kiss on a collarbone

I wanna be ya best friend, your homey and your king

And bring to fruition all of your dreams

And so you're having my baby

So stay forever my lady like Jodeci

Now, push, push harder, harder

I'd rather you be wifey than to be a baby father

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