

Michelle Shocked

"Baby Come On"

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[Intro: Method Man]

Uh.. that's right, oh yeah
Back with some nasty shit, right there
Nasty, nasty, girl, nasty girl, baby come on
Think you a nasty girl, yea

[Method Man]

Pretty young thing like to bone
And she hate to spend her nights alone, baby doll you
in the zone
Why not call me on the phone, and invite me home
Come on, now, baby, come on-on
Know what I mean, take a real queen to fuck with me
Trustin' me, and give it up for free
Next time, feel free to hit me up, anything you wanna
puff a tree
Come on, now, baby, come on-on
We'll shake me up, stop stallin', what you waitin' for?
You know we both ain't got no place to go
So roll it up, and lay low
Everytime I say, yes, baby, you say no
Come on, now, baby, come on-on
Now-now, now-now-now, you don't have to stay
It's ok, there's the dough, you can walk away, why
make we wait
Til tomorrow, when you can break me off today
Come on, now, baby, come on-on

[Chorus: Kardinal Offishall]

Yeah! Gal dem we love, and gal we need
She crush up me things and light me weed
We see dem shotgun, and watch me speed
Me need a pringy one or pon we need it
Gal dem we *ugh*, and gal we screw
When we need the girl, up one night po' half me crew
And lick on my collection, and what to do
Me need a nasty girl, it could be you, eh!

[Method Man]

I won't lie, I love P-U-S-S-Y, (why?)
Cuz I never let it walk on by, or any slice of the

american pie
Come on, now, baby, come on-on
Girlfriend, you know it's half past two A.M
You got a friend, but you ain't really try'nna fuck with
him
Aight, then, hit up Batty, I'll gladly come and tuck you in
Come on, now, baby, come on-on
Scream at your frog, all's fair, love & basketball
She remind me of this chick that used to fuck with Dirty
Bastard, ya'll
Heard that she could suck a ball through a plastic straw
Come on, now, baby, come on-on
Know what I'm sayin', kid, she get it poppin' off and
half the time
A little, candlelight, a little glass of wine
I'm thinkin', another drink and that ass is mine
Come on, now, baby, come on-on

[Chorus]

[Method Man]

If you girl come knockin' at my door, it's my duty
To give her what she came here for
I'm try'nna knock it down, but I ain't try'nna claim that
dough
Come on, now, baby, come on-on
That's what's up, start the fire, Buddha, light things up
The only nigga puttin' ends on some rims for his ice
cream truck
Pick a flavor, I'll come and scoop your whole team up
Come on, now, baby, come on-on
That's how it be, don't trip, but girl you put a hurtin' on
me
Oh shit, hope other chicks don't take it personally
But ma, you killin' her, murder in the first degree
Come on, now, baby, come on-on
Okay, okay, can the ladies come out and play with Mr.
Meth
I ain't try'nna take you out your way
Why break me off tomorrow, when you can break me
off today
Come on, now...

[Chorus]

[Outro: Method Man]

Me need a nasty girl, it could be you, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh,
eh
Big up to, super producer, Fafu, one love to Kardinal
Offishall
And the whole T-Dot, oh!

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