

## 2Pac F/ Heavy D, Grand Puba, Notorious B.I.G. "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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