

Ghostface Killah f/ Raheem DeVaughn**"Baby"**

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[Chorus: Raheem DeVaughn] 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...

[Ghostface Killah] Yo, aiyo, I ran up on the corner, poppa warned her '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 cypher 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

[Chorus] [Ghostface Killah] 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 OK, 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 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 [Chorus]

[Interlude: Raheem DeVaughn] Mr. Producer, drop the beat right here, now Ghostface Killah, let me talk to them Radio Raheem [Hook: Raheem DeVaughn] 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 [Chorus 2X]

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