

J Dilla f/ Guilty Simpson, Madlib "Baby"

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[sample of "BABY!" repeats throughout the song]

[J Dilla - Intro]

Let's go!

Turn it up...live niggaz throw it up

It's the official, we got the bank for ya...

GO!

[Guilty Simpson]

You can catch Guilty Simpson at a rave with babes

Packin a .38 snub and a razor blade, uh!

Thug shit in a major way

I kick ya dog's ass like a Flavor Flav

Thug niggaz with guns beneath leathers

If you know better, keep ya bitch on tether

Niggaz got snow like cold cold weather

and big money clips cuz they fold dough better

[J Dilla]

Yeahhh! Packin three cuties in the Hemi

I be runnin hoes like Luke in Miami

So I hit her gotta get the half of my jimmy

I don't mean to pimp that hard, it's just in me

Got a sick flow and a couple of pistols

Got this thick chick Coco in 'Cisco

The same day I met her, we backstage in the bathroom

She got a mouth like a vacuum, uh!

We them boys with the chains on our neck

E'ry five minutes we untanglin them

It's Pay Jay make sure the name on the check

Jay Dee in the turnin lane with ya ex/X, like +Los

Angeles+...

[Guilty Simpson]

...and the nights are scandalous

Thick like big bread basket sandwiches

Choke on that, we smoke on bats

and put a hole through the horse on your Polo hat

and leave the shit smokin where the logo at

and the witnesses won't tell po-po jack, uh!

That's how it is when we fuck shit up

(Kill it!) People hoes horny and the blunts lit up
FEEL IT!

[J Dilla]

Yup, real talk y'all
I met this girl last night, she whispered in my ear like
[*singing*]
Baby, you're the one..
Baby, take me home tonight
Baby, lay me doooown..
Baby, girl it's only right
Baby, you're the one..
Baby, you're the one for me
Baby, (yaaaah!)
You should be havin my baby (Turn it up!)
You should be havin my baby

[J Dilla]

It's the official, {?} make the wrist glow
Think it's a disco when I ran Bisco
If you feelin' it, where your Earl Flynn at?
Cut the check, Tim tell em where to send at
That you {?} my man Phat, tell me where ya friends at
Kay moved to the valet where the Benz at
Let's be...

[Guilty Simpson]

...out ridin high
Girls stop when they see the clique ridin by, on jock
They ain't invited unless they gon' drop
You do it how I like it and make it go pop
If all's agreed, we got weed
Skatin through the area movin at Mach speed
Makin moves is a must - why bother doin it
if what y'all doin ain't 'bout dollars?

[Madlib]

All my...("BABY!") girls always lookin for me
My kids' moms always lookin for me
They lookin good for me
You what? - You gon' stick with her or me?
Damn girl, you always givin the third degree, you still
my ("BABY!")
Always keepin me up on my toes
Unless I'm out creepin on do's or sleepin with hoes
Still my ("BABY!"), cakes with cakes upon cakes
(Ay, where my money at?) Keep a nigga spendin papes

[J Dilla - Outro]

Turn it up another notch
Yeah, that's how we doin it

Broadcasting, LIVE from WBBE
You know how we do it
We got a special guest in the house
He goes by the name of Dave New York
Dave, we talkin 'bout, hip hop and radio
Dave, where you at with it?

[Dave New York]
How do I feel about radio hip-hop?
I think it's wack, most of the shit they play is straight
GARBAGE!!...
[*echoes*]

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