

# Tony Yayo

## "Baby U Got"

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[50 Cent]

Ahhhhhh! G-Unit!

[Intro/Chorus - 50 Cent]

Baby you got, you got, you got, you got what I want

Baby you got, you got, you got, you got what I need

Now shake that thang

Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it up

Girl shake that thang

Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it up

[Chorus - 50 Cent]

Baby you got

Hips that hypnotize

When you walk I can't help but watch you shake

I love the way you shake (Baby you got)

Hips that make a nigga fantasize

I could spend a day lost in your eyes (Baby you got)

Some kind of control on me

Feels like you got a hold on me (Baby you got)

My imagination running wild

Infatuated with your physical, damn, I like your style

[Verse 1 - 50 Cent]

It's something about your style, it's something about  
your smile

It's something about you making me want you right  
now

If you don't like me, then don't listen to me

Lord knows I spit that G that have you coming out your  
clothes

I'm a professional when I become sexual

You need a chaperone to bring your girlfriend next to  
you

Don't it sound like phone sex, kinky, when I talk switch  
the slang

Partner, tell that nigga from New York, shorty

Come ride on my roller coaster

Porn star stamina, I try not to damage ya

Unlimited tongue action 'til you're climaxin'

Foreplay, you can have it your way

I follow directions, whoa, your jiggling baby

Back shots have your whole back wiggling crazy  
After sipping on Nightrain, that potent pipe game  
I have you saying 'slow down baby'

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 Â– Young Buck]

Baby it's hard to look and don't touch  
Girl the way you strut and dressed in your fine dutch  
I don't know if it's your lips or your hips that got me  
Or the way that ass bounce when you move your body  
I'm parked outside in the blue Denali  
There's room for two, just me and you, if you 'bout it  
Ice from Tiffany & Co., Norma Kamali footwear  
I spend g's, I'm a G, that's a good look girl  
You need a thug that can handle that  
One dose'll make you go and put my name on your  
back  
Whenever you pass through, whatever they ask you  
Just tell em you my boo, and show em your tattoo,  
ooohh  
Don't hurt nobody baby  
When you drop to the ground and drive me crazy  
I done been around the world, and I finally found ya  
Now back that ass up and let me get behind ya (ahhh!)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 Â– Lloyd Banks]

Baby you've got a hell of a first impression  
Making me wanna ask you a personal question  
Like 'Are you flexible?' and 'How do you like it?'  
Give me a little input, I'm not a psychic  
Cuz you can exit as soon as you get the ok  
You got a body like the cold ray, hey  
I need a drink, I'll be right back  
But before I go, do that little dance, yeah, just like that  
It's late, I have to score, 'This blue drink tastes good,  
don't it?'  
'Sure it does, now have some more'  
I'm deep, but she got her ladies wit her  
So bring em, I'll call ya a babysitter  
So we can hit the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn  
I'm contemplatin' how my time's spent  
Cuz I'm bent, and I'm as hard as a brick, love  
You move like you work in a strip club

[Chorus]

