

## Baby

Ghostface Killah

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...

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

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...

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

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...

Mr. Producer, drop the beat right here, now  
Ghostface Killah, let me talk to them

Radio Raheem

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

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...

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...