

# C'mon Baby

Saigon

Just Blaze, hey, hands up  
Swizzy, hey, hands up  
1, 2, 3, here we go!

Microphone check one two what is this?  
The Yardfather coming to give niggas the business  
It's so beyond rap, cock sucker we live this  
So uhm, come on baby, come on, come on and witness  
The next ten years of this shit, the slickness is deliberate  
Lyrically it's as sick as it get  
I been in the pen, been in the jects, been in the?  
I been in the Benz, been in the Lex, been in the MSX  
Yes, I run ringers around the fraudulent type  
Come here and I'll show you that I spit on just more than a mic  
I make it hard for niggas to breathe, please  
These wicked emcees squeeze  
Hammers like the Pampers used to squeeze, hit the DT  
I Mike Tyson ya eye, put a permanent ring around it  
Then go run in the booth and sing about it  
Look, if I don't hurt the nigga that play with my wealth  
I'm like me on Entourage god, I'm playing myself, let's go

Hold up, the pump will make you jump up  
Put ya body in the tr-unk  
(Don't you baby, don't you baby, don't ya baby)  
Keep goin now...  
New York, and all the way to Cali  
And the South'll make ya j-ump  
(Come on baby, come on baby, come on baby)  
Don't touch the boy, yup  
Hold up, the pump will make ya jump up  
Put ya body in the tr-unk  
(Come on baby, come on baby, come on baby)  
I'll whip ya ass from...  
New York, and all the way to Cali  
And the South'll make ya jump  
1, 2, 3, we gone!

Four finger, three finger, two finger, one finger  
Hum dinger, gun slinger, that's what I am  
Trying to get some cash in my hand as fast as I can  
So you should, come on baby, come on, come on and fuck with ya man  
I got this rap shit down to a science  
Alotta niggas shit is aight but they ain't fucking with Ryan  
First there was some defiance, until I formed an alliance  
With Justin, he plugged me in, now I'm as hot as a fucking iron  
You lying, all the gunplay talk  
Knowing behind closed doors you be practicing on ya runway walk  
I been in the kill, been in the cap, been in the box and back  
I been in the ville, tripping the gat, trimming a boxing match  
And I still walk around this fucker with not a scratch  
And that's way more than I can say for alot of cats  
My name's Saigon nigga  
Break bread mufucka 'fore I break ya fucking head lil sucka

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Finally I've arrived, so we can say our goodbyes  
To the ring tone rapper, that crap'll never survive  
It's the lyrics in hip-hop, they even the odds  
We gotta, come on baby, come on, come on and keep it alive  
I got a microphone jones, I'm in love with it  
If I wasn't, I wouldn't even fuck with it  
I been in the rocks, been in the grams  
Been in the pots and pans, I been in demand  
Been in the sense I dropped contraband, damn  
Simon says, "Saigon slap the shit outta suckas"  
"Slam his head on the cement and stomp it until he's? "  
My son says your son scared of societies shit list  
Sick as the second stage of siphylis and swift as the Savior's scripture  
I say after it's all said and done  
I'mma be way ahead of them, never see a better one  
So look niglet, fall back a tid bit  
Or get ya fucking wig split, this some big shit

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