

Come On Baby

Saigon

You know we had to do a remix, right? (Yea, Jus Bleezy)

Hey - hands UP!

Hey - hands UP!

Ladies and gentlemen, you STILL rockin with the best
I bought a few friends along, we gon do it like this, c'mon
ONE (ONE) TWO (TWO) THREE - HERE WE GO!

It's the critically acclaimed, lyrically insane
The rhyme like her-oin, you stick it in ya vein
The track somethin like crack, it hits ya in ya brain (ya brain)
C'mon baby, c'mon c'mon and get with the gang
They put the world's most underrated
On the record with the greatest of all time, can't no one debate it
Some made it fun to say that I am goin to make it
I will not lose, some of the shit he do is too understated (I... will... not
... lose)
(Who you?) Saigon the Don
Let it be proved to people that I'm a phenomenon
I'll pop a pussy person that play with my parmasean
C'mon baby, c'mon come get it on with the 'Gon
You gotta be kiddin me! Who you think can body me lyrically
Get him - I'll gladly provide his ABSITE, sissy
My name Saigitty, this is MY city!
Hov' spit it with me - go get 'em Swizzy!

Hold up, the pump will make you jump up, put ya body in the tr-unk
Keep goin now...
New York, and all the way to Cali and the South'll make ya ju-ump
Don't touch the boy, yup!
Hold up, the pump will make ya jump up, put ya body in the tr-unk
I'll whip ya ass from
New York, and all the way to Cali and the South'll make ya ju-ump
ONE, TWO, THREE, WE GONE!

You ain't crazy, don't you play me, don't you know it's Jay-Z?
When internets ask who's the best, why won't you say me?
Don't you hate me? C'mon baby, was it all gravy?
I took my lumps comin up just like a boxer baby
My first style - hmm, maybe if I stuttered, maybe
But then I slowed it down, brought it from the gutter baby
Mat'a fact, I don't give a FUCK where you rate me
Record labels told me, "No" - guess what the fuck they made me? !
Super rich! Stupid bitches know I'm super viscious
Like, standin over a wounded man with, two biscuits
Let's get it clear like eucalyptus, if you conflicted
My flow is like the Cuban Missile Crisis
Nigga, my hand missles in priceless
I hide a couple rare jewels in a verse
For my niggaz that like to listen like this
Hahahaha - you gotta let it do what it do, baby
C'MON!

Four finger, three finger, two finger, one finger
Humdinger, gun slinger, that's what I am
I spit it slick as the shit that's in a Crisco can

So you should, c'mon baby, c'mon c'mon and get witcha man
Got the rap shit down to a chemistry
Lotta fakes in the industry, but I don't let them get to me
I rock for my brothers that's locked in the penitentiary
Me, Jay and Swizzy got the "Symphony of the Century"
Roc-A-Fella, Fort Knox, fucker ya heard that!
I don't know where you be, but see I be where the birds at
She ask me buy her a drink, I get her some 'gnac
Then it's, c'mon baby, c'mon c'mon let's merk to the back
And way before my contract, I had hoes
Rappers claim that they had broads, but I doubt that they was bad broads
I'm feelin disrespected
If ev'rybody fuckin dimes, who got all these UGLY bitches pregnant? !