

Syreeta's Having My Baby

The Roots

[Black Thought]

Slow down when you're hitting them corners

Fuck around, spill this 'gnac on my two hundred dollar suit
(stop being a backseat driver man)

(turn him up)

Your ma don't like to jitterbug, said this unholy music

Hip hop just so ridiculous, everything sounds so confusing

Nowadays ain't nothing like it was, one thing that showed the blues

Is this system so mysterious, can't let that stop the movement

Can't get no satisfaction, they all laughing, glad it's happening

All wings hot for the main attraction

Acting a fool with a lust for action

Young girl caught in a crime of passion

Sitting there crying in designer fashion

Didn't blow, didn't have time for asking

Somebody call for the ambulance, girl

[Hook]

Baby, baby, baby

Baby let me live, please girl let me slide

Baby, baby, baby

Baby if you let me go, I swear I'll change, just change your mind

Your old man don't like to jitterbug, said this old dirty music

Hip hop just so ridiculous, them stories too confusing

Nowadays he ain't loving you like he was

And you ain't there just for using

Could have sworn that was him with another girl

And they wasn't out just for cruising

Can't get no satisfaction

He out late nights, probably smashing

Leaving a trail like trolley tracks

Or the train on the ground, downtown Manhattan

Everybody seen him run around and you bound to catch him

The condoms, you found and asked him, was all this just for practice?

He didn't realize what he had

Now your heart got fractured girl

[Hook]

Baby, baby, baby

Baby, baby, baby