

Baby Girl

Z-Ro

You ain't nothing like my last chick
Matter of fact you got me hoping this relationship can
last
Ask no questions cause I feel like I been granted my
wish (granted my wish)
Been a long time since a brother felt like this (felt
like this)
I'm not going to the club tonight I'm staying home
Me and my woman some Isley Brothers and sip this Patron
My homies they be laughin at me telling me that I'm
sprung
But I'm in the zone when it comes to lil mama cause she
the one
What I really love about her she don't even need a man
But she follow my lead and respect the fact I wear the
pants
And I got no problem hullin myself cause she my queen
Half the time I spoil her half the time I'm tryin to
get her out her jeans
Z-ro still a gangsta he never been a romantic
He spends most of his time with semi and fully
automatics
Although my baby been givin me reasons to leave the
streets
So instead of shootin up the block I'm a take baby out
to eat

Cause she my baby girl
I'm used to the wrong woman
Now I got my own woman
She so good to me she gotta be my
Baby girl

No Longer do I have to search
She a diamond she down to Earth
It's Understood to me she gotta be mine
Baby Girl

And Everytime we sexing
That hidden room is like a weapon
Hey she gotta be mine
Baby Girl

More than anything she my friend
It ain't all about the skins
I don't ever want this to end.

She don't ever have to worry if I'm cheating
I'm on the way home to give that bottom a beating
Even though I'm what they call a rap singer
With business to handle I got time to Carat my woman
neck and her finger (Yea it's that deep)
She there for me when life get hard for me
And if I get busted she willing to take the charge for
me
But I can't see her with handcuffs on for me
Soon as they fingerprint

She go be there with my bond money
Feelin like Martin Luther King Free at Last
I hate you bitch is a thing of the past
Not totally though I still got up a couple walls
But on the other hand I be feeing for her phone calls
And I'll be mad if I don't get it

I ain't to gangsta to admit it
So don't play with me when I'm stressing
I'll take yo shit and split it
Hell naw she ain't no hoe She my old lady
The one that's go gave 3 or4 of Z-ro's babies

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When I come home my bath water and my food ready
And that lingere she be wearin be keeping the mood
steady
Lord Heaven must have got robbed cause an Angel is gone
I'm guilty as charged Lord cause she all up in my home
Just let me keep her I'll protect her from the whole
universe
I'll say I do in sickness and in health for better or
worse
I'm a still kick it with all four homies alive
When I'm not in Europe lettin baby shop until she drop
I'm the King and what good is a Queen if she can't rule
with ya
Get out there like one of the homies and act a fool
with ya
What's mine is hers she ain't gotta borrow nothing
Watch I'll buy her a beauty shop and a foreign car or
something
And what's hers is mine. All I want is her heart
And of Course that secret hidden treasure when her legs
come apart
And if I was to ever fall off my game she wouldn't
leave me
She'd help me get back on my feet and back on my CHANGE

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