Come On Baby (feat. Jay-Z & Swizz Beatz)

Saigon

feat. Swizz BeatsJust 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 fraudulant type
Come here and I'll show you that I spit on just more then 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 permenant 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 jump1, 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 wit 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 thats way more then I can say for alot of cats
My name's Saigon nigga
Break bread mufucka 'fore I break ya fucking head lil suckaFinally I've arrived, so we can say our goodbyes
To the ring tone rapper, that crap'll never survive
Its 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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