

G-Unit, Baby You Got

Ahhhhhh! G-Unit!

(Intro/Chorus - 50 Cent)

Baby you got, you got, you got, you got what I want
Baby you got, you got, you got, you got what I need
Now shake that thang
Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it up
Girl shake that thang
Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it up

(Chorus - 50 Cent)

Baby you got
Hips that hypnotize
When you walk I can't help but watch you shake
I love the way you shake (Baby you got)
Hips that make a nigga fantasize
I could spend a day lost in your eyes (Baby you got)
Some kind of control on me
Feels like you got a hold on me (Baby you got)
My imagination running wild
Infatuated with your physical, damn, I like your style

(Verse 1 - 50 Cent)

It's something about your style, it's something about your smile
It's something about you making me want you right now
If you don't like me, then don't listen to me
Lord knows I spit that G that have you coming out your clothes
I'm a professional when I become sexual
You need a chaperone to bring your girlfriend next to you
Don't it sound like phone sex, kinky, when I talk switch the slang
Partner, tell that nigga from New York, shorty
Come ride on my roller coaster
Porn star stamina, I try not to damage ya
Unlimited tongue action 'til you're climaxin'
Foreplay, you can have it your way
I follow directions, whoa, your jiggling baby
Back shots have your whole back wiggling crazy
After sipping on Nightrain, that potent pipe game
I have you saying "slow down baby";

(Chorus)

(Verse 2 - Young Buck)

Baby it's hard to look and don't touch
Girl the way you strut and dressed in your Von Dutch
I don't know if it's your lips or your hips that got me
Or the way that ass bounce when you move your body
I'm parked outside in the blue Denali
There's room for two, just me and you, if you 'bout it
Ice from Tiffany & Co., Norma Kamali footwear
I spend g's, I'm a G, that's a good look girl
You need a thug that can handle that
One dose'll make you go and put my name on your back
Whenever you pass through, whatever they ask you
Just tell em you my boo, and show em your tattoo, ooohh
Don't hurt nobody baby
When you drop to the ground and drive me crazy
I done been around the world, and I finally found ya
Now back that ass up and let me get behind ya (ahhh!)

(Chorus)

(Verse 3 - Lloyd Banks)

Baby you've got a hell of a first impression

Making me wanna ask you a personal question
Like "Are you flexible?" and "How do you like it?"
Give me a little input, I'm not a psychic
Cuz you can exit as soon as you get the ok
You got a body like Nicole Ray, hey
I need a drink, I'll be right back
But before I go, do that little dance, yeah, just like that
It's late, I have to score, "This blue drink tastes good, don't it?"
&"Sure it does, now have some more"
I'm deep, but she got her ladies wit her
So bring em, I'll call ya a babysitter
So we can hit the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn
I'm contemplatin' how my time's spent
Cuz I'm bent, and I'm as hard as a brick, love
You move like you work in a strip club

(Chorus)