

# Baby Mama Drama

Grand Puba

Yeah...uh...yeah...uh  
Grand Puba...yeah...uh  
Let's talk about it, huh

If ya have a kid with a chick then I hope that chu' love her  
There's no stress like Baby Mother  
Some of these girls use a baby to get back at a brother  
Cause it ain't the same as it was  
Some cats bounce, leave the chick to play the daddy and mother  
It's all about the kid and not her  
If you and her don't work out then you still gotta handle your's nigga  
So handle your business nigga

She got chu' for everything  
The crib and the whip and the bling, ka-ching  
Now if ya ain't feelin' shorty like that  
Then you better put it on, put it on, put it on, put it on  
And shorty if ya feel the same back  
Then you better tell dude put it on, put it on, put it on, put it on  
There be a whole lot of seeds made from Hennessey and trees  
Once you raw dog hit it  
The ya ass done committed  
Cause ya dick is thinkin'  
Too many trees, too much drinkin'  
A one time resentment got you a lifetime commitment  
You hate her now  
You tell her get rid of that shit  
But she had three abortions already so she's keepin' it  
Now ya got drama with ya soon to be baby mama  
Nine months of pregnancy  
No hair no seed  
It takes two to play  
Connect that seed with that ay  
So ya better strap it on if ya goin' all the way  
Best night of ya life could be the worst of ya days  
She'll have you unjust rappers talkin' bout chu' got to pay

Now it's mommie's baby, daddy's maybe  
If it go like it supposed to then the shit go great  
You know what's up, if in doubt, do without  
Or get that funny feelin' when ya ass is pullin' out  
Like, what I just did  
I hope I ain't make no kids  
Every week you callin' (Yo you get cho' period?)  
Some cats handle they biz some leave mothers stuck  
Seed growin' up not knowin' who they daddy is  
Misguided, undivided, tryin' hard to find it  
Only seein' life one-sided  
Come on do you  
But if you got a seed make sure you do em' to  
The same f\*\*kin' way that chu' would do you  
That's what's up, some more hood drama  
And the baby daddy frontin' and it just be baby mama  
A little bit of something  
Is better than a whole lot of nothin'  
Cause nothin' from nothin' leave ya nothin'

So tell me why oh why  
Why did I hit that straight up  
I hate them chicks who threatin' niggas with that court shit  
That support shit, knowin' a nigga bought shit  
You don't want her so she really on some sore sport shit  
It ain't about that seed no more, it's all about what she can get  
But that's that bullshit but that's how some of em' do  
There's only gonna be more drama if ya find somebody new  
Now she hatin' you, ya ass is really due  
If this new chick that chu' got is lookin' better than she do  
Cats be flippin' too, soon as she find somebody new  
They be loungin' in the crib, you be like who the f\*\*k is you