

My Baby Mamma

Luniz

Stress, that's all y'all hear, I like a bag of stress
(Is that right?), baby mamma's own
Speak on this, uh

My baby mamma, why y'all be crazy daily
Hit us up with drama, playin with babies
And tryin to break your player partners
Wonder why we blaze weed and steadily smokin marijuana?
Your baby mamma, YOUR MAMMA!

My baby mamma, probably been screwed
by so many dudes that she's confused
Keep makin moves and breakin fools and V-12's like you and I
I flew in high of Endo and I.C.E.
That baby's supposed to look like me
Girl, youse a lie, now who's them eyes?
Where did he get that big-ass hair-fro?
Lookin like a baby macks hair-drum, huh
Platinum, until my bread come
So she can try to sue me and do me
like they did my man Num, my baby mamma
The typical groupie, she watch me go from
squattin the hoopie, to clockin loochie and the prowl
I see woman livin me coochie like, catch (catch)
Go, go smoke-a-lot Rolex stretch in the crowd, grab a bitch, ey
Throw up your hands if you're H-O-support
Throw up your hands if you're going to court hey
The life that you live is long not short hey
Dig it, you catch a nigga like me smokin weed
on the porch with your baby mamma

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Your baby mamma
I know she freak nasty something like a black Madonna
To get me back behind my back
She probably fuck my partner
but you can have her player partner
Yo, cause I forgot, my baby mamma (YOUR MAMMA!)

My baby mamma, not dat, different from many same schemes
To conceive a nigga baby and basically fuck up everything
Bring your whole castle to ruins
If you don't see your baby in my presence then I'm suing
I knew you was scandalous, man-less, but I took a chance though
Now every time a nigga get paid, I see your hands hoe (ice that dough)
You stick the D.A. on me, and even worse than that
you got my little baby daughter thinkin daddy phony
But will she grow up; you tell her your faulty tales
When you took my essence, I check and spent all the mail
I was in jail, you told lies to my mum
Scooped the next nigga and sucked him at the prom
Now I'm, going to court for welfare-back payments
Because I didn't keep receipts and bank statements

I got the lead on ya, you only daddy's little girl
because I think your daddy's sweet on ya
Your baby mamma

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Your baby mamma's they come in all shapes and sizes
With little surprises in their bellies
They use it to buy Christelly Chanelle jellies
and ounces of smelly al-greenery, smokin out the whole scenery
My baby mamma, the craziest bra since my wife
At night, she the type to go sleep walkin with a knife
like Jason Nikitcha, tryin to slit ya wrist and the bitch wit'cha
Did ya forget its been three years since I fucked wit'cha (bitch)
Quit fuckin' my high off
Quit showin up at shows askin for dough fuckin my life off
Listen my boss players' haters, let the playboy
smoke-a-lot for nature, lace, modulate ya (hey)
Tie you shoes on these down-home blues
Out of all the woman I choose
Your baby mamma look like boo-bleh
I got some top notches I know you do to
But nine times out of ten your baby mamma look like boo-boo nigga

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Now who got the baby mamma's uh, uh
Now sexy mamma's, mamma's, mamma's
Now who go the baby mamma's dig it
Hey, the classy mamma's, mamma's
Hey, hey, the welfare mamma's, mamma's
Hey, the section eight mamma's, mamma's
Hey, hey, now who got the baby mamma's?
Dig it, uh, done deal