

## Under 2

MellowHype

I need my cornbread  
Not the substance of food  
My cornbread  
What matters the most to you?  
My cornbread  
My cornbread (2x)

I have a little boy  
He's my happiness  
My little joy  
Keep his father fighting on  
My little Roy  
Finally, I have something to live for  
Shits thats I can give for  
Pain is love, and yo I'm feeling it  
And I'm real sore  
He's an exact replica of me  
Distilled, pure  
Okay, so waking up to a new born baby at a teen age  
Getting over the fact that he was here to stay was a lean stage  
Blood is thicker than liquor  
Came together as a family, made decisions  
This life here we're going to give him  
A chance to be all he can imagine  
Weather mowing a fucking lawn instead of dating a model and fashion  
I'm teaching him to be on time in a timely fashion  
Now a days I realize  
I need to mind into my actions  
Cause, What's a father? Who's a father? Where's a father?  
Fuck a father if a father is behind bars and  
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Well I ate, well  
Well I ate, well  
Ohh  
Well I ate, well  
Well I ate, well  
Bo-boom boom clap  
Bo-boom boom clap  
Bo-boom boom clap

I like going to the park  
Playing ball in the It gets me ready for that mental foreplay  
It matters how you can give  
It completes your day  
Just get through those lunch hours, fried chicken  
McDonalds parfait, drive thru, one way  
Like displays on the menu  
Up the price of the venue  
You and your nephew, you niece is also in the car  
Pretty barrettes in their hair-do  
Don't drive too fast, be careful

Make sure the seat belts are on before you switch from park to drive  
Because once the car starts, the reflex is the eye  
Between you and I, and the being in the sky  
I have a human oversight, no equated calculations  
Practice sanitation  
The bullshit and aggravations  
And money ain't the motivation

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