

# Only Your Mother

Scarface

Raggedy-ass bitches  
That bitch ain't no good

Look at your face all frowned up  
The only thing you got goin for ya is your fake tits and round butt  
You're a rich nigga's worst mistake  
You're just a trophy, and what make matters worse you're fake  
A mall broad tryin to keep up with the Joneses  
Whatever they wear in the videos, you want it  
You tryin to find the nigga with the biggest contract  
To get you pregnant, so you can ride around and get fat  
And collect big money, with the baby all sharing  
Got a 18-year career from child bearing  
And only God knows what this kid'll go through  
Got mixed feelings about his dad cause of you  
The dollar signs popped up, that's what did it  
And dude, he was just as fucked up cause he hit it  
And now you out there buyin champagne for the club  
To me that's kinda fucked up

Only your mother could love you  
Much too freaky, you're easy  
And I wouldn't would fuck you  
I ain't never had to pay for mine  
Only your mother could love you  
Much too sneaky, you're freaky  
And I wouldn't would fuck you  
I wouldn't give a broke bitch a dime

You used to turn up your funky-ass nose before I even stepped up  
I guess fuckin with me just wouldn't keep your rep up  
I used to think about you when I'd go sleep, even dream  
Of fuckin you without a rubber, fillin your pussy with cream  
But when I wake and see you again, it be the same old shit  
I finally realized you just a plain old bitch  
Started gettin my shit tight rockin shows every night  
Gettin my dick sucked, fuckin hoes left and right  
Workin hard to blow up, now you wanna show up  
With your stretch mark titties and pussy lips all towed up  
I heard you got married, that was it you thought  
Until he kicked your ass and took back all the shit that he bought  
Now you're lookin for a shoulder to lean on  
Bitch, I sho' hate it, cause my shit is dis-located  
You was the only one I was thinkin of  
But now you got a face only your mother could love

Break it down

I can't do nothin for ya  
Only your mother could love ya  
I can't do nothin for ya

Aight, check this out

Look, Young Tela a pimp by force, not a pimp by choice  
See, these bitches ain't playin when it come to the courts  
They'll fold you like some foil when it comes to support

And you niggas out here trickin like nature takes its course  
I'ma spit it till you're fitted, it's your main employ  
See, I was trained and I was taught that a pimp keeps a choice  
But you lames gotta change when you gave the whore a port'  
One weekend at the Allstar and the bitch bought a Porsche?  
I ain't mad, girl, flip em, you can get em, look we did it  
Cause his mind was all twisted off the aether from the clinic  
Now hit it, oh lawdy, look at shawty  
Mission hit your boy for a four and a forty  
Miss done get your Ford for a house - "Help me homie"  
See, I can give a fuck about your loss cause you're phoney  
You're a lame and she seen it in your heart from the start  
Why she ripped yo ass apart? It was lying in her cards  
But eh, she'll only come up with another, I don't trust her  
But she got one hell of a hustle  
You black-hearted bitch, you are full of lies  
So like go on and suck Young Tela and die