

Halo Letter From My Unborn Son

2 Chainz

It's going down if I say so
I come to raise hell, call me Halo
I'm growing up
I'll be out in a couple months
See right now I'm hanging out in my mama front
Oh dad, I heard you used to like sports, yeah?
Used to keep money in a sports bag
Heaven said you ain't be home in some weeks, nigga
Don't go starting that shit with me, nigga
By the time I get bigger I need a father figure
Someone to lean on
Sipping lean with your team, [?] big screen on you
You looking like a fiend, ho
You rap about triple beams only
In every argument you try to make my mama seem wrong
Fuck you, nigga

And Harmony know I'm coming
She would no longer be the youngest
She keep kicking mama in the stomach
I'm gon kick your ass when I get there
You know sibling rivalry, it's all love
We'll all fight and then all hug
Like damn daddy got a ball court
I'm like damn daddy got a four wheeler
Damn daddy got a sports car
Damn daddy been wanting a lil nigga
We got enough land to find Sasquatch
Damn mommy, daddy making money
What the hell you complaining about?
So what if he was fucking with girls
As long as he don't even bring them hoes to the house
Heaven straight, Harmony cool
I can't wait to get my own room
I can't wait till home room
I can't wait I'll be home soon like
I can't wait to meet them, can't wait to meet them
I gotta hug now mom
Gotta hug GGG, get babysitted by nanna