Fetus

Aminé

Workin' dead end jobs till my girl off
Me and my baby broke, so we don't know what condoms are
The change my Mama gave me clinkin' like they Dorothy dog
I hope my seed don't inherit my Dad's cholesterol
I'm protective 'cause this world has got an evil will
They givin' guns with every muthafuckin' happy meal
A shooter every month and they pretend it's daffodils
My son'll probably see that fire before a fire drill
We fell in love and lit a flame before the tinder came

Back when T.I. "Bring 'Em Out" and 50 fucked with Game
We was a unit somethin' special life was super bliss
You shook your iced coffees like they was Shakira hips, ya dig

I-I-I want it
But she-she-she callin'
She want to get on it
I tell her I'm on one
Said we could have a baby, baby girl
But what kinda nigga am I if I bring 'em in this world?
I-I-I want it but
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To my future daughter or son
The streams from this album gon' pay for your college funds
The circle of life could make a man feel like the one
Just know that you on purpose, it's never just hit and run, look
She said she might've missed her period
But my mind is somewhere else and I'm in 6th period
You know, 17 and delirious
Thinkin' we independent on that scared of our parents shit
See plan b really gotta be Plan B
Shit maybe C, D, E this is my damn seed, yeah
We paid cash rip up the damn receipt
'Cause mama got my account, that shit she can't see
Either time's flyin' or my mind is playin' tricks
Can't believe my baby girl's already turnin' six
Pray you nothin' like your daddy, stay away from drugs
Hope I can be half the father that my Mama was
I hope I can be half the father that the Mamba was
But now I'm kinda stuck, 'cause what I'm chasin' is so possessful
'Cause Adam too tough, yeah, Adam talkin' college funds
Shit, and I don't know if I'll have enough
'Cause man this game is inconsistent, yeah, ain't nothin' promised
And a bitchweekly paycheck sound perfect for my wallet
At what point ya hang the gloves up and throw ya towel on
Yeah, have I been wrong? Yeah, yeah

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I think that we are so used to life not bein' valued
That we think wastin' it on kindness is a bad idea
You should be gettin' money, you should be fuckin' hoes
You should drive fast cars, and then you realize, that you
Sometimes you get those things
And now you're just a nigga with those things
'Cause its like, well, what's next?
And it's like, well, I never tried a grape fruit by itself
And now you're just a nigga peelin', like eatin' a grapefruit
And you're like this is nice with sugar in it
And you're like why is this nicer than my Ferrari?

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