

Ok, I love me some of yo mama, (oh) true that (true that)  
Don't call me daddy, only she can do that  
Ok, me and yo mama be fuckin, boy you ain't about that  
You seen her lookin all mad, ain't time for ya nap?  
You wake up, I'm back, eating up all your snacks  
Don't ask for help with your math (stupid)  
Ain't my fault, you can't add  
Don't be out here fake cryin, lyin  
Up in the keyhole straight spying  
Only knock the door if you're dyin  
I wish I could stay here forever (I love it)  
You the only reason me and your mama ain't together  
She's so much better than my old bitch  
Man, I love that old bitch  
I do

No stress, no drama, her kids hatin, they know I fucked their mama  
I love ya mama, I love ya mama, I love ya mama  
I love ya mama, I love ya mama, I love ya mama

The way she bounce both cheekies  
Boy, she freaky, shoulda known she was kinky  
When I walked inside the room and I seen that slinky  
Even made me use my pinky the way she teach me  
It's just so dreamy, oh God, damn, man  
I cheat on tests, cheat on hoes I cheat when I can  
I'm even cheating on my whip, I got a side Benz  
But she made me wanna cut off all my side friends (I love you, baby)  
A nigga be tryna taste her, take her  
They rape her, stand out the daycare sit there and wait there  
Fuck, I can't even trust the neighbors, damn (what you lookin' at?)  
You niggas stick to your young hoes  
I got a freak that wash, dry, and fold clothes  
You motherfuckers

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I got my welfare check, smokin' on that crack  
Hell yeah I'm unemployed  
Baby daddy-down my back  
Now what you got for me Sean?  
I heard it's big and it's long  
I take my teeth out, suck it good  
That's where your dick belong  
Yeah, do it like that daddy  
Pump pump bump bump it in my ass-matic  
You a dummie, you is big balls  
(Mom, I'm hungry) Shut your mouth, you little bastards gone  
All this ass is for you Seany, can I call you Seany?  
Sl-Sl-Slap me in my face with it  
Get a crack ? with that bass in it  
Cause if I got weed then I'm lacin it  
Eat all this ass, quit tastin' it

I got yo mama all in my line

Bullets all in my 9  
Rollie tell the time  
She ain't yours, she ain't mine  
Throw a hundred every time  
I think my coupe just lost its mind  
Put yo mama on that trippy shit, sippin' lean, snorting lines  
Overseas like bonjour  
Last ten years I've been on tour  
And I still got that old money  
I touch more green than a lawnmower  
With a ratchet bitch, you laid up  
I'm on my tour bus fucking mamas getting paid up  
I take that bitch to my mansion  
And a nigga can't pay her to leave  
Yo mama a great head doctor, with no PhD  
My pockets stuffed with that dough  
I made it all in the streets  
I might just go to the club, and throw it all on a freak  
Yo mama