

Parents

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Your momma ain't shit, your daddy ain't shit
And then you realize that life is a bitch
With a dirty white tee and some dirty ass kicks
And you got no money so you can't feed the jit
Your momma ain't shit, your daddy ain't shit
And then you realize that life is a bitch
Got no education so you got to be the chick
That strip for a living cause you gotta pay the rent

Pity, pity, pity, first you showing off them titties
Letting niggas lick the clittie to a flower or some witty comment
Witty, now you shitty with those saggy tig ol' bitties
And a flabby old ass, trying to look like Ms. Nicky
Picky, cause I say you look like Ms. Piggy
It's a damn shame that we the same pigment
First you act like Bobby, now you look like Whitney
If a nigga know the chorus then please say it with me

Nigga, nigga, nigga, let a nigga level with ya
How the hell you gon' be broke and always be the bigger spender?
Stories sweeter than the splenda that was thrown inside the blender
So you wanna get crunk while you mix it with the liquor
Nigga, people like you, I don't get ya
Claimin' you a baller but your momma living with ya
Better look inside the picture, cause you ain't getting richer
Now it's hard to see his son cause the momma took him with her

Let 'em do whatever, it's whatever
They endeavor, from the streets to the clubs, to the guns
To the cheddar 'til you get a phone call, e-mail
Or a letter that your jit locked up or he dead on the stretcher
Better parenting is the main pressure
Your daughter got kissed but wasn't taught about pleasure
Your kids are the treasure, the love you couldn't measure
Will end up in the hole if you don't get it together