

# My Baby Mamma

Luniz

Stress, that's all y'all hear, I like a bag of stress  
(Is that right?), baby mamma's own  
Speak on this, uh

My baby mamma, why y'all be crazy daily  
Hit us up with drama, playin with babies  
And tryin to break your player partners  
Wonder why we blaze weed and steadily smokin marijuana?  
Your baby mamma, YOUR MAMMA!

My baby mamma, probably been screwed  
by so many dudes that she's confused  
Keep makin moves and breakin fools and V-12's like you and I  
I flew in high of Endo and I.C.E.  
That baby's supposed to look like me  
Girl, youse a lie, now who's them eyes?  
Where did he get that big-ass hair-fro?  
Lookin like a baby macks hair-drum, huh  
Platinum, until my bread come  
So she can try to sue me and do me  
like they did my man Num, my baby mamma  
The typical groupie, she watch me go from  
squattin the hoopie, to clockin loochie and the prowl  
I see woman livin me coochie like, catch (catch)  
Go, go smoke-a-lot Rolex stretch in the crowd, grab a bitch, ey  
Throw up your hands if you're H-O-support  
Throw up your hands if you're going to court hey  
The life that you live is long not short hey  
Dig it, you catch a nigga like me smokin weed  
on the porch with your baby mamma

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Your baby mamma, YOUR MAMMA!  
Your baby mamma  
I know she freak nasty something like a black Madonna  
To get me back behind my back  
She probably fuck my partner  
but you can have her player partner  
Yo, cause I forgot, my baby mamma (YOUR MAMMA!)

My baby mamma, not dat, different from many same schemes  
To conceive a nigga baby and basically fuck up everything  
Bring your whole castle to ruins  
If you don't see your baby in my presence then I'm suing  
I knew you was scandalous, man-less, but I took a chance though  
Now every time a nigga get paid, I see your hands hoe (ice that dough)  
You stick the D.A. on me, and even worse than that  
you got my little baby daughter thinkin daddy phony  
But will she grow up; you tell her your faulty tales  
When you took my essence, I check and spent all the mail  
I was in jail, you told lies to my mum  
Scooped the next nigga and sucked him at the prom  
Now I'm, going to court for welfare-back payments  
Because I didn't keep receipts and bank statements

I got the lead on ya, you only daddy's little girl  
because I think your daddy's sweet on ya  
Your baby mamma

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Your baby mamma's they come in all shapes and sizes  
With little surprises in their bellies  
They use it to buy Christelly Chanelle jellies  
and ounces of smelly al-greenery, smokin out the whole scenery  
My baby mamma, the craziest bra since my wife  
At night, she the type to go sleep walkin with a knife  
like Jason Nikitcha, tryin to slit ya wrist and the bitch wit'cha  
Did ya forget its been three years since I fucked wit'cha (bitch)  
Quit fuckin' my high off  
Quit showin up at shows askin for dough fuckin my life off  
Listen my boss players' haters, let the playboy  
smoke-a-lot for nature, lace, modulate ya (hey)  
Tie you shoes on these down-home blues  
Out of all the woman I choose  
Your baby mamma look like boo-bleh  
I got some top notches I know you do to  
But nine times out of ten your baby mamma look like boo-boo nigga

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Now who got the baby mamma's uh, uh  
Now sexy mamma's, mamma's, mamma's  
Now who go the baby mamma's dig it  
Hey, the classy mamma's, mamma's  
Hey, hey, the welfare mamma's, mamma's  
Hey, the section eight mamma's, mamma's  
Hey, hey, now who got the baby mamma's?  
Dig it, uh, done deal