

Supastition

"A Baby Story"

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Let me tell you all a little story...
bout falling in love with material things

Aiyo, we all infatuated with material things
It could be our rims, car, stereo, and rings
As superior as it may seem
It's pointless how you, cherish objects that hold no
value
Life is something larger than what a store can sell
I know it all too well
I got a story to tell
About a brother named Kamal
he was 20-something years young
the speakers in his car could pierce your eardrums
Kamal had a nice, little, Cadillac DeVille
He'd ride down the block and let cats look at the wheels
He fell in love with his car, and niggaz noticed it
Joked with em
Said he sprayed Armoral more than deodorant
He just laughed, and told them that the shit can't faze
me
Then jumped back in his Lac which he nicknamed 'his
baby'
Kamal had a wife and two beautiful seeds
But why he loved his car so much was ludicrous to me

[Chorus]
You going round, round like your world is gonna end
Gotta get that cash, money, clothes, car, rings and
things
All you think about is getting more
What love you got, you ignore
Who is you real baby baby?
Who is you real baby baby?

Kamal had a wife and two beautiful seeds
But why he loved his wheels so much was ludicrous to
me
His wife bitched at him everyday, but he couldn't see it
though
She said he loved his vehicle, more than his 3-year old

Sometimes I believed it, when his family would get in it
He'd make them all take off their shoes just to sit in it
(damn)

And nobody including his wifey had a set of keys
Don't ask him to drive, this brother used to get extreme
I mean every last dime he put into his baby
Gave it more attention than he gave to his lady
He never changed, everyday the same thing went on
Hookin up a car he couldn't half make the payments on
Woodgrain, TV's, and 20-inch chrome
But his life made a turn that one day he went home
It was around 6-o'clock on a hot summer Friday
He saw his kids playing as he pulled up in the driveway

[Chorus]

Around 6-o'clock on a hot summer Friday
He saw his kids playing as he pulled up in the driveway
Kamal had somewhere to go, so he left his keys in it
Just to grab his gym-bag, it wouldn't take three minutes
So he left the car running in front of his house
Talking to his spouse, he was laughing and running his
mouth
They carried on while the children played in the
driveway
Then they heard a loud scream from outside
See what happened was the oldest son jumped behind
the wheel
Of his Cadillac DeVille, while the 3-year old was still, in
the driveway
Somehow put the car in reverse
And backed up over the body of his little brother first
And the pressure from the car killed Kamal's son as
soon as it touched
Is this the same fuckin car that he loved so much?
I know it sounds sad and crazy in the end
But he'll never call that car his baby again

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