

## **World Harlem**

### **"Not The Kids"**

Visit "[Not The Kids](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Uh, uh, uh, uh, what

Let's talk about it

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Ma, I told you, I'm not here to fuss or fight

But I see it, all you wanna do is cuss all night

In front of the kids, you tryin' to crush my life

'Cuz you know I ain't the type that punch my wife

But I see now, who you want me to be

While knee-deep in the penile, tryin' to freestyle

But I see now, people could see, that ain't me

When I bought you the E3, the crib in D.C.

On G.P., bought the Mazda Z3

Bought your little brother the 52 inch TV

With a playstation to stay patient

'Cuz right now it's all about the kid's situation

Please baby girl

Let's not fight

If you're really gonna be in my life

Let's work it out 'till we get it right

Please baby don't

Please don't cry

If you're really gonna be in my life

Let's work it out 'till we get it right

(All out, yo, yo, yo)

One mistake in my life, this chicken head, claimin' she white

Jammin' my phone, like damn, she won't leave me alone

Knew she was trife, the way she kept watchin' my eyes

Watchin' my step, hit it on top of the steps

Knowin' she wild, no condoms, she havin' my child

Now that I'm stuck, she keep key-scratchin' my truck

Actin' all young, doin' it in front of our son

Peeped it before, but didn't want to think she's a whore

Thinkin' it's good, fuckin' up her rep in the 'hood

Fuckin' up mine, fuckin' niggas two at a time

But look at her now, Harlem world crook of the town

But look at my rhyme, I'm glad it didn't turn it to crime

And I'm thinkin' little huddy must have made me calm

So I bowed down prayin' for my baby's mom

I'm-a change my ways now that my baby's born

And I'm-a love you anyway 'till the day you gone, what

Please baby girl

Let's not fight

If you're really gonna be in my life

Let's work it out 'till we get it right

Please baby don't

Please don't cry

If you're really gonna be in my life

Let's work it out 'till we get it right

Now let me hear you say uh

Say uh huh

Let me hear you say uh

Say uh huh

Now let me hear you say uh

Say uh huh

Now let me hear you say

Uh uh uh uh uh na na na na

(Yo, yo, yo)

Yo, it's a holiday, sippin' on Chardonnay

I'm wonderin' why these cats never celebrate father's  
day

Y'all tellin' a fib, y'all ain't really take care y'all kids

And y'all motherfuckin' liar, if y'all say that ya did

Now engaged in phrases, that tired old lines

She was messin' around and the baby ain't mine

But all y'all, knowin' y'all was hittin' it raw dog

You don't wanna claim that? How you explain that?

A ball that y'all shouldn't a got started

Where was you when shorty turned two?

Tell me what whould you do if the baby caught a flu

You ain't even got a clue, if you do, tell me how to  
pursue

But you quick to get hyper, come mess up my cypher

No dough for no diapers, so why should I like ya?

And you ain't never cared before

So why should we care that you now see 74?

Please baby girl

Let's not fight

If you're really gonna be in my life

Let's work it out 'till we get it right

Please baby girl

Let's not fight

If you're really gonna be in my life

Let's work it out 'till we get it right

Whoaaa, whoaaa, yeah

Whoaaa, whoaaa

(We can work it out)

Whoaaa, whoaaa

Whoaaa, whoaaa

(Can we start over again?)

Whoaaa

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Visit [World Harlem](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.