

## **Cristy Moore F/ Sinead O'Connor**

### **"Not the Kids"**

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[Loon]

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 GP, 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

[Rashad]

1 - 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

[Huddy]

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 ice  
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, doing 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'mma change my ways now that my baby's born  
And I'mma love you anyway 'till the day you gone, what

Repeat 1

[Rashad]  
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

[Stase]  
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?

Repeat 1

[Rashad]  
Whooooa, whoooo, yeah  
Whooooa, whoooo  
We can work it out  
Whooooa, whoooo  
Whooooa, whoaaaa  
Can we start over again?

Whoaaa  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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