

## **Eazy-E**

# **"My Baby'z Mama"**

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I'm sittin' here writin' a song about  
Baby'z mothers who try to sue the daddies for child  
support  
Even though daddy is takin' care of the baby  
But the mother's just, you know, scandalous, not just  
like this hey

Fuck my baby'z mama the bitch got drama  
Fuck my baby'z mama 'coz she's the type o' bitch  
That wanna see me broke, broker than a joke, bitch  
stole my role  
And every time I see the bitch she needs cash

She make me wanna slap her ass triflin' bitch always  
got me in a fit  
The low life Compton shoppin' swap me trick  
I wanna kill the ho then slam her in the trunk of my six  
fo'  
'Coz yo, that ho made my dick grow and now her  
lawyer's at every show

Waitin' for me to kick in my dough  
But before I go I'm on death row  
'Coz the bitch had too much drama.  
Fuck my baby'z mama

Fuck my baby'z mama  
Fuck my baby'z mama  
Fuck my baby'z mama  
Fuck my baby'z mama

Fuck my baby'z mama  
Fuck my baby'z mama  
Fuck my baby'z mama  
(Trick bitch)  
Fuck my baby'z mama

Fuck my baby'z mama the bitch got drama  
And I'm not the one, I should just knock her punk ass  
out  
While I'm in court payin' child support  
But then I gotta deal with the father and the steel

And he's the type o' nigga that a nigga's gotta kill  
Make me kick up a grip, I don't like her  
'Coz the bitch is buyin skirts instead of diapers  
Beggin' so much to hold hands it's startin to look like  
cuffs

I wish I never fucked but now it's too late  
How much you made? 'Coz accordin' to your income  
You might have to spend some time behind bars  
Now ya find it hard

Never thought a bitch would pull a stunt like this  
I can't do another day with Pamela  
So I'm a pay ya, Anna but I just like to say

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Fuck my baby'z mama  
Fuck my baby'z mama  
Fuck my baby'z mama  
(Trick bitch)  
Fuck my baby'z mama

I think of all the money that I spent on a lawyer  
I used to be an employer  
But now I'm just an employee filin' bankruptcy  
But now the punk bitch can't touch me

Huh, I only call her to check up on my daughter  
So now she's got a restraining order  
Put me to the curb and had the nerve to ask a bower or  
dime  
Bitch, you must be outcha rabid ass mind

Huh, love for start will take much, you see, the bitch  
broke me  
So now I need a crutch  
But you gotta understand a judge don't give a fuck  
About a young nigga that's down on his luck

So I gotta put the P down and be down for the calls  
And give the bitch back her drawers  
So if ya drivin' by and ya see her  
Do me favor, give the bitch the finger, fuck her

Fuck my baby'z mama  
Fuck my baby'z mama

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Fuck my baby'z mama  
Fuck my baby'z mama  
Fuck my baby'z mama  
(Trick bitch)  
Fuck my baby'z mama

You bitch

Ha ha, that's fucked up, go to hell  
We dedicate this number to you, ha ha  
This one's for you, this evening's news report  
See ya 'round, buddy boy

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