

J-Wall

"Too Many Babie\$"

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[J-Zone]

Aiyo Stallion man, you don't want to go to see this
braud the other day
You know she told me she was a family woman
So I'm thinkin' she got like one or two kids, you know
what I'm saying?
(Family woman?)
Yea, and then I went to the crib, that braud had 5
motherfucking kids
I said, "That ain't no family, that's a special aid class"
(Yo bitch, get some birthcontrol bitch)
Gimme some of that Old Maid R&B shit

J-Zone aka. Captain Backslap the Tom Jones of rap, the
2003 Bobby Brown
My nigger Dick Stallion aka. Black Sinatra
Talk about you hoes what tell other kids?
(We playing Vegas February 6th to February 12th)
That's right
Funkmaster Flex, drop the bomb on this!

[J-Zone]

Now ho, you got five kids and you wanna get paid
(wanna get paid)
But I just want some head so close your legs (keep it
closed, keep it closed)
You can take your ass to that welfare line (go over
there, right there)
Or get your ass a job, because it's about that time
(bitch get a job)
There's toys all over the floor when I'm at your house
(on that Tickle Me Elmo shit)
You can't control your kids, so you run your mouth (I
can't control my kids!)
You got more kids than clothes, bitch you wrong (that's
just dead wrong)
And your ass up in the club screaming, that's my song
(That's my song!)
Stupid ass!

[Chorus]

Cause you got too many babies
Stay away from me (get away)
And you must be crazy if you think I'm gonna fee
I'm not the daddy, that's for real
Go buy your kids a happy meal (go get them a happy
meal)
Cause I ain't fuckin' with ya no mo' (ahah, hooo)

"Would you please stop singing that song?"
Bitch I'm the Tom Jones of this rap shit
Dick Stallion, where you at nigga? Come on Stallion

[Stallion]

Met this bitch at the mall (woow, at the mall)
Got her number and gave her a call
(she had a phone? That's a educated young rat)
A week later I'm at the crib
Come to find out, the bitch had kids (damn, she got
about ten of 'em, shit!)
Grabbed my shit and tried to break out
(oh, no I know you wouldn't run like that, you gotta hit
it)
But first I stuck my dick in her mouth (oh that's my dog
right there!)
Niggaz, if you trying to stay rich (bitch, I'm rich)
Don't fuck a bitch that has no kids (that's right, I'm
going to the bank)

[Chorus]

Cause you got too many babies
Stay away from me (stay away)
And you must be crazy if you think I'll pay the fee
I'm ain't the daddy, that's for real
Go buy your kids a happy meal (go get them a happy
meal)
Cause I ain't fuckin' with ya no mo' (ahah, nooo)

"Would you please stop singing that song?"
"It's a classic!"
"But it's irritating"
"Fuck off!"

Cause I never want no kids
And that's why I stay real

J-Zone singing stay away, while lady talks
I know you two bootleg threedollar pimps ain't talking
about me
I take care of my kids, all five of 'em

I don't know that you talking about
It's aight though, my real man just got out of the pen
last year
He's gonna blow shit up in this rap shit
He gonna take me and prisoner
Until then, I'll go see him got my back
*Bitch, shut the fuck up!"

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