

Patra

"It's a Boy"

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[Slick Rick]

It's me at last, the Rickster, Def Jam's where I be
Most agree it's kinda amazin folks are born from where
we pee at
Though I definetly fiend it, baby no way, chill, clever
mean it
Gotta be careful, be told, commercial ever seen it
Want a few, I wrote, some ask my cheatin do I know
Not a dope, love the mother, or she loves to a ho
So I dig her a lot, and although shorty honey break
nigga
How you figure, he a big rat money makin nigga
Cute as a bunny, he tell bout the time he pickin cotton
So it ain't forgottin, hope I don't spoil a nigga rotten
Also, don't discriminate white, he be quite bright,
taught he might
If notty like and seventy fiver, help me raise my shorty
right
So when I come home wit the quarter, I say, yo shorty
run to royal
Seen as a mother livin on soil, it's best to have
someone to spoil
So any toy, he wants he get, yo kids it worth it, Mr.
A'Doy
Said he destroy, annoy, don't meen a moms in middle
of fifth and joy
And it's a boy

[crying]

[Slick Rick]

Picture friends, milk and cookies, when you done wit
the boys game
Toy playin, Ricky Jr. being one of the joys name
And further taught him birds and bees
so on the nerdin birds, heard the second to third
and 'dada' better be the first words too
Just kiddin, gonna be a one man girl, spend a lotta me
wearin
Best to care, best about what money can buy, is what I
be wearin

Rip these ribbons around, protectin, this ain't a kid I've
kept in
Don't raise ya kindergarten probably be another major
step in
Long as holdin star, holdin, cuz yo be loadin trips and
sowin
Ya knowin, throw a fancy hover in the drowin
It's kinda pleasin a ray, so baby sit, no thank you heasin
Sneazin, now what do I do when he cry for no reason
So any toy, he wants he get, yo kids it worth it, Mr.
A'Doy
Said he destroy, annoy, don't meen a moms in middle
of fifth and joy
And it's a boy

[crying]

[Slick Rick]

Baby mom, under wing, though if dressed, I could
string
Line of cuties, though cling, don't wanna mess up a
good thing
You know how it is, when guys are big, girls seem to
hog
And scream a dog or scheme for more drugs
Goin into labor date, 18 of August
It's that time tellin friends, congratulate's yellin
Gotta be six or premature, but thanks to God, he's doin
well
And givin credit where it's due, while rap achievin let it
As for bills forget it, cuz the way I rap, don't even sweat
it
Why though when me and my husband, don't fuss,
agree
Though son, I still kinda wish I could of been there
when he was born
At 3:01, by gone be gone, there's nowhere wrong and
all
Yours sons about, and since I didn't, this being the first
You know I had to write a rap about the incident
And the rose is for the squeeze, I would of sent it for no
women
Wit the kin in it, we should thank Lord as we enter a
new beginning
And like I said, any toy, I'm tryin ya that, Ms. A'Doy
That they destroy, annoy, don't mean a moms in
middle of fifth and joy
And it's a boy

