

Dave Hollister

"Baby Mama Drama/it's Alright"

Visit "[Baby Mama Drama/it's Alright](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Verse 1

What the fuck is goin' on
You got 5-0 knockin on my door 6 in the mornin'
I think i better let it go
I told you once before that we ain't fucking no more
I reminice on how i used to trip
Spent all my money for that roly on your wrist
Now it's not the same cause you caught up in the game
It's funny how the money changes things

Girl you've got me up in court now
Tryina get all of my doe
Better flip what you've been gettin'
Cause you ain't gonna get no more

Chorus (x2)

I got the baby mama drama
Enough to wanna make you scream and holla
She's tryna stick me for my dollars
Ain't nothing bu the baby mama drama
[baby mama drama]

Verse 2

That's it i'm sick of your shit
I'm bout to bring it to ya
Got to handle it
I'm bout to flip
But i don't wanna lose my cool
Believe me
You don't wanna see me break rules
Straight wild out
Bitch you don't know what i'm about
So go get your peoples
I'll straight run up in his mouth
See back on blackstreet shit was sweet
But now i'm solo you want mo' doe
Tryna try me and your trick too

Girl you've got me up in court now
Tryna get all of my doe
Took out the window in my benzo
And i just can't take it no more

Chorus (x4)

Slow rap

Why you won't let me live

(oh god)

Tryaa keep me from my own kids

(ain't nobody tryna keep you from youe damn kids)

Sick of your ass faking jacks

(whatever nigga)

That's why i had to take the benz back

(nigga that peace of shit)

You got my ass up in court

(you damn right)

Guess you forgot about all that other shit i bought

(what shit)

Did you forget about that shit you kept

(yeah right)

That's ok i'll take it of your next months check

(what!)

Yeah i got drama

(what drama)

Dr...

Argument

Damn right drama

(drama!?! motherfucker let me tell you something about drama)

What who the fuck you talkin' to

(hope your ass do blow up and go platinum)

Damn right imma blow up

(cause when you go platinum i go platinum)

Yeah right, bitch you crazy

(whe you get paid i get paid)

That's my shit what the fuck is you talkin' about

(i put in time, now it's time for me to get mine)

Yours? what's yours nigga?

(shit i ain't playin')

What's your's

(you think i'm playin')

(nigga i gets mean when you mess with my green)

Nigga this ain't no motherfucking movie what the fuck is wrong wit you

(what you say?)

You heard what the fuck i said!

(come over here you think you shit's sweet)

Bitch!

(thinkin you look good)

Nigga i look good

(you might look good now, but i told leroy about you

He looking for you ass)

Leroy!? leroy can {kissing sound} my ass aight
(nigga what you need to do is watch your step)
Nigga fuck you and my step aight
(see what i'm saying, i ain't playin')
Trick ass bitch!

Eh hahahahahaha

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.