

## **Slick & Rose**

### **"It's A Boy"**

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It's me at last, the Rickster, Def Jam's where I be  
And most agree it's kinda amazing folks are born from  
where we pee at  
Though I definitely fiend it, baby no way, chills, clever  
mean it being  
Got to be careful (... be told), commercial ever seen it?  
Want a few hot ropes, some ask am I cheatin', do I?  
Nope  
Not a dope, love the mother, also loves me too I hope  
So I dig her a lot and although shorty honey break a  
nigga  
How you figure, bein' a big rap money makin' nigga  
Cute as a button, he tell 'bout the time we picked for  
cotton  
So it ain't forgotten, hope I don't spoil the nigga rotten  
Also, don't discriminate white, he'll be quite bright, if  
taught him right  
If not he like ask heavenly father, help me raise my  
shorty right  
So when I come home with the coil, I say "yo shorty run  
to royal"  
Seein' as I'm loyal and livin' on soil, it's best when you  
have someone to spoil  
So any toy, he wants he gets, yo kids ain't worth it  
midst the toys  
That they destroy, annoy, though me and his moms in  
middle of fits of joy and it's a boy

Pictured friends, milk and cookies, when you're done  
with the boys game  
Toy plane, Ricky Jr. be a bundle of joys name  
And furthermore teach birds and bees  
So won't be a nerd and burst herds of, second and  
thirds of  
And "Dada" better be the first words of  
Just kiddin', son'll be [need] a one man girl, spend a lot  
on what I be wearin'  
Best of care, best that money can buy is what he'll be  
wearin'  
With these weathers around, protect him, they'll say in  
a cage I kept him

Though wage you kindergarten probably be another  
major step and  
Lo and behold a star holdin', 'cause yo be loadin' trips  
and sowin'  
Ya knowin', throwin' a fancy home for him to grow in  
"He's kinda pleasin' to raise"... so baby say. No thank  
you... ease in  
Sneezin', now what do I do when he cry for no reason?  
Though any toy, he want he get, yo kids it ain't worth it,  
midst the toys  
That they destroy, annoy, though me and his moms in  
middle of fits of joy and it's a boy, yo

Baby mom, under wing, though if dress up, could  
string  
Line of cuties, though cling, don't wanna mess up a  
good thing  
You know how it is when guys that pay girls seem to  
hog us  
Fiend and dog us, scheme for more guts  
Goin into labor date, 18 of August  
It's that time tellin' friends, congratulate's yellin'  
Gonna be six weeks premature, but thanks to God, he's  
doin' well  
And givin' credit where it is due, while rap's achievin'  
let it  
As for bills forget it, 'cause the way I rap, don't even  
sweat it  
My own when me and my hon son, don't fuss, agree  
Though son, I still kinda wish I coulda been there when  
he was born at 3:01  
Bygone be gone, there's nowhere wrong and all  
Your son's about and since I didn't and this being the  
first  
You know I had to write a rap about the incident  
And the rose is for the squeeze, I would've sent a few  
no women with the kin in it  
Wish us luck world as we enter a new beginning  
And like I said, any toy, I'm tryin' to tell ya that midst  
the toys  
That they destroy, annoy, though me and his moms in  
middle of fits of joy and it's a boy

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