

Three 6 Mafia "Baby Mama"

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It's my baby mama, I want child support
(Yeanknow)
She get boyfriend checks but I stay in court
It's my baby mama, she be riding Cady
(Yeanknow)
And she always looking for sugar daddies

It's my baby daddy, he be always broke
(Yeanknow)
And he ain't no good for nothing but a joke
It's my baby daddy, he just love to have it
(Yeanknow)
He be cheating on me, that's why I can't stand him

Man, this freak has got me stressing in the court, I
must confessing
Playas try to get that checking, hoopa hickeys on yo'
necking
In that jail, I can't be staying and my Gs, you can't be
caking
Child support can burn like torch when you get behind
yo' payment

Hurr, they go you, send em' letters
Then they wanna come and get cha
Probably shoulda used a Jimmy, probably shoulda neva
met her
Why you wanna try and impress me?
Always lying, tryna' caress me

All these so-called ballas want me, boy
I'm styled, you know I'm sexy
I'm LaChat, you see, I'm swole, got you waiting at a tole
Betta come break me off a fee, keep yo' girl on yo'
bankroll
See me switching, blowing out kisses
Dudes don't know what they be missing
I'm the type of girl you need keep some cooking in the
kitchen

Bake yo' biscuits up from scratch, get chu' sprung off
my cat

But chu betta take care yo' kids, Juvenile Court is where
it's at
Where it's at, yeanknow? Cheese is missing Yean show
And that freak you shacking wit, she too nice, I'm mean
though

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It's DJ P and brothas be out we just trying to be dawgs
But it's okay, ain't none hoe gon' stop the way that we
walk
We kicking dis off in them dose' and when it's on they
gon' run
And please believe when we come, we gon' come like a
nut cum

Down and dirty in these streets, rough and rugged on
these freaks
Riding Cady, automatic, man we got to keep that heat
Keep that heat for them streets
'Cuz man, these streets be watching me
Memphis, Tenn., kick the chains and playas gotta kick
the crease

The Vision 2 Juvenile Court is where they had yo' boy
Monthly payments, I gotta pay but I keep coming short
Now that I'm paying child support
And these courts got me running, mayn
Spending nights with these otha freaks' house
And all my dawgs, mayn

Warrants for yo' boy arrest got me sweating from the
stress
Getting drunk and high all night 'bout to drive me to
that white
Mayn, if these boys want me, they gon' really have to
find me
Messing off with these scallywag hoes, they so grimy

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Why you playing?
Boy, yo' baby need some shoes, boy, yo' baby need
some clothes
Need to try and pay yo' fees, why you out hurr playing
these hoes?
Ain't no more for me and you but this what they gotta
do
With the seed we have conceived, don't you know he's
part of you?

I don't wanna hurr yo' mess, talk to me 'bout giving
checks
Put a judge up in my business what I want is what I get
Shoulda known it from the jump, all that talk was just a
front
Now you paying for that lying, see yo' ass in court next
month

Pay you cheese, I'll give you quarters
I'll just wait for court to order
Mexico is where you'll find me somewhere 'round the
fucking border
Hanging with the finest women, walking wit a gansta
limping
Drinking on a case of DP, goody green, you know we wit
it

I done hustled worth a job
And broke some back, there wasn't no stopping
You done did the clubbing, hopping
And them pills you kept on popping
Now I see why you be freaking, now I know why you be
geeking
If you wanna give me reason, catch me in that playa
season

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