

Mac Lethal

"Baby Powder"

Visit "[Baby Powder](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

1,2,3,4

1,2,3,4

That girl's an assassin.
I mean, that girl's an assassin.

Man I think she was sent to kill with a pack of dirty
diapers and a infant meal?
Plus, laid up for nine months of labor,
now she caked up her 18 year of paper.
Makin all what my style affords (right)
I make it known on my child support (right)
Put it in a slot gotta drop a quarter
Shoppin in my pockets til I'm outta order

Do you wanna take another picture, because I think you
should
I think you should leave for good and try to hold
another
piece of my epiphany inside you.
How does it feel? You got a litany to guide you.
I jot a love letter, I got a much better grip on the
lung pressure, I can't breathe.
My competitor is a fit to kiss
My little daughter, wanna make her mama shift her
hips.

If you want a set a twins, it could take a hour
Here. Sniff a bag of this baby powder
Fuck a collar, you could pop a kernel.
You were in it for the dollars, you were not maternal.

Shit. Nocturnal, up all night to shake.
We kiss but your hug's all tight and fake
I don't hurt at all because I heard it all
from the girl with this early pearly clothes

I love my mama with the dirty drawers
Gettin drama with the early calls
She must really wanna get to the mall
Cuz her purse in a bunch

She gotta give me til the first of the month
What's up

Scribble it and curse if I want a little carte-blanche
Insert and I pump until my heart launch
Shut up.
Don't you say a word. You got me so disturbed. (Word)

Chorus:
I love my baby's mama, cuz she's so sweet and pretty.
She wants to take my dollars, so she can leave this city.
I love my baby's mama, cuz she's so sweet and pretty.
She wants to take my dollars, so she can leave this city.

We lust, we loathe, we fuss and fight
Til death from the touch of a single night
So generous, and sensuous, til we got what the good
Lord sent to us
We lust, we love, we fuss, we fight
Til death from the touch of a single night
So generous, so sensuous, right.

Watch when the belly button pops out, please.
Just let me babysit alright, talk loud, with your razors
spit your spikes
Just don't be a crazy bitch tonight
When the hand that rocks the cradle grips the pipes,
Your eyes are a shade of kryptonite.
I'll give you an able, kiss and bite
And put you in a subliminal pipe dream.

I keep it simple with the minimal night steam
She wants the peanut butter, pickles, and ice cream
Two scoops of double dutch fudge
Hey boo, wanna a waffle cone? It's much love.
It ain't a thang for my Damey-Dame
Here's a baby cuz you're never gonna take my name.
I guess, her mother all burnt and turned out
from every muthafucka that came from her mouth
Or any muthafucka that'll sit on her couch.
Smoke around my little girl, get all cursed out.
I pop a ? respect the ? and cock.
Look sideways and your neck'll pop and lock.
I seen your girl in a sexy halter top.
Cuz she's my baby's mama.
If you go near my family you'll be feeling daily trauma.

Chorus

Thanks to V Balayan

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

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