

Motha by DMX

"Baby Motha"

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[Reporter]

Rapper and actor DMX along with wife pregnant wife
Tashera
Showed up at the federal court in Queens Wednesday
To accept a plea agreement
Inside the courthouse, DMX signed autographs with a
sketch artist over the face
As well as the fans caught off guard
By this star's appearances

[Chorus: DMX]

My baby motha be buggin soon as I walked in the door
Got me like "I ain't fuckin with that bitch no more"
Don't even like so I can't fuck with her
Thinkin cause we got a kid together, I'm stuck with her,
nah
(Repeat)

[DMX]

My baby's motha be buggin, she wanna blast stick
bitches
One of them talk shit, and then get they ass kicked
bitches
Once upon a story, yall niggas know the story
And that everything is lovely when it's all about the
glory
But soon as shit hit the fan, honies be wanna take the
kid and scram
I'm having bad thoughts, don't like how dark it's
getting man
From the time I wake up and get dressed
I get stressed, and hardly ever get rest
It's oh-five, so I'm on some different shit cousin
She ain't gon have me liftin through that riffin shit
cousin
I got moves to make and mad shit to do
Her friends are looking good so I might hit the crew
It's like one and two that might get a nigga that big and
happy
And I know them bitches will fuck me cause when I see
'em, they be winkin at me

You listenin thinkin that's a crazy brother
But I'm gon have to be a father who ain't fuckin with his
baby motha

[Chorus: 2X]

Bitches be callin the cops, thinkin they callin the shots
Takin the dude with the bag, baby it's all in the pops
And do yo thing, cause I'm doin mine boo
A nigga just been chillin, I been just fine, and you?
I kicked it with my honey and she put me on to
something
You gon think until you really see me gon, I'm frontin
Maybe if you kept your friends of respectable distance
Out of our business, I wouldn't have to come and visit
I thought you knew, let the shit you like switchin clothes
When them bitches through, ain't to co sure when they
home
But that ain't never stopped yo ass from passin on the
Guess
Askin for that Cougie sweater, patten up the breast
Patten up the butt, but you think niggas is stupid
Last week yo shit was like the dog, look at it now, too
big
I ain't gon blow yo shit no more, I shouldn't be even did
that
Cause you my baby motha, and I'ma always hit that

[Hook: Janyce] (DMX)

Give a hell what you say (You don't)
I ain't never gon go away (You won't)
I'ma stalk you till I find you (Been there)
Turn around and be right behind you (Still there)
Be in the bushes outside yo house
Just waitin for you to come out
Cause I'm a stupid bitch (I know)
A real fuckin stupid bitch (I know)
Ain't nothing but a stupid bitch

[Chorus: 2X]

[DMX]

My baby motha be buggin soon as I walked in the door
Got me like "I ain't fuckin with this bitch no more"
Give me a Puerto Rican honey that cook rice and beans
And hair down to her ass, who looks nice in them jeans
So I can be like "Damn, you looking good and I wanna
fuck"
But you a chicken so when I'm finish, I got a duck
Plus, you don't wanna be around and see what honey
do

And plenty comin through, she comin through with that
twenty-two
Trust me, you don't need that in your life
Oh yall bitches already know, I got a wife
You're a stupid bitch, a real fuckin stupid bitch
You ain't nothing but a stupid bitch. Bitch!

[Bridge]

[Chorus until fade]

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