

Alberto y Gilberto**"Not the Kids"**

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[Loon]

Uh, uh, uh, uh, what

Let's talk about it

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Ma, I told you, I'm not here to fuss or fight
But I see it, all you wanna do is cuss all night
In front of the kids, you tryin' to crush my life
Cuz you know I ain't the type that punch my wife
But I see now, who you want me to be
While knee-deep in the penile, tryin' to freestyle
But I see now, people could see, that ain't me
When I bought you the E3, the crib in D.C.
On GP, bought the Mazda Z3
Bought your little brother the 52 inch TV
With a Playstation to stay patient
Cuz right now it's all about the kid's situation

[Rashad]

1 - Please baby girl

Let's not fight

If you're really gonna be in my life

Let's work it out 'till we get it right

Please baby don't

Please don't cry

If you're really gonna be in my life

Let's work it out 'till we get it right

[Huddy]

All Out, yo, yo, yo

One mistake in my life, this chicken head claimin' she
white
Jammin' my phone, like damn, she won't leave me
alone
Knew she was trife, the way she kept watchin' my ice
Watchin' my step, hit it on top of the steps
Knowin' she wild, no condoms, she havin' my child
Now that I'm stuck, she keep key-scratchin' my truck
Actin' all young, doing it in front of our son
Peeped it before, but didn't want to think she's a whore

Thinkin' it's good, fuckin' up her rep in the 'Hood
Fuckin' up mine, fuckin' niggas two at a time
But look at her now, Harlem World crook of the town
But look at my rhyme, I'm glad it didn't turn it to crime
And I'm thinkin' Little Huddy must have made me calm
So I bowed down prayin' for my baby's mom
I'mma change my ways now that my baby's born
And I'mma love you anyway 'till the day you gone, what

Repeat 1

[Rashad]
Now let me hear you say uh
Say uh huh
Let me hear you say uh
Say uh huh
Now let me hear you say uh
Say uh huh
Now let me hear you say
Uh uh uh uh uh na na na na

[Stase]
Yo, yo, yo
Yo, it's a holiday, sippin' on Chardonnay
I'm wonderin' why these cats never celebrate Father's
Day
Y'all tellin' a fib, y'all ain't really take care y'all kids
And y'all motherfuckin' liar if y'all say that ya did
Now engaged in phrases, that tired old lines
She was messin' around and the baby ain't mine
But all y'all, knowin' y'all was hittin' it raw dog
You don't wanna claim that? How you explain that?
A ball that y'all shouldn't a got started
Where was you when shorty turned two?
Tell me what whould you do if the baby caught a flu
You ain't even got a clue, if you do, tell me how to
pursue
But you quick to get hyper, come mess up my cypher
No dough for no diapers, so why should I like ya?
And you ain't never cared before
So why should we care that you now see 74?

Repeat 1

[Rashad]
Whooooa, whoooo, yeah
Whooooa, whoooo
We can work it out
Whooooa, whoooo
Whooooa, whoaaaa
Can we start over again?

Whoaaa
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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