

Roberta Flack**"Baby Daddy"**

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

[Chorus: Repeat 3x]

I shouldn't loved him
I shouldn't wanted him
I shouldn't trust him
No I shouldn't fucked him
Now here I am carryin his seed
That makes two for him and a fourth for me

[Verse 1]

Sometimes I'm wreckin my brain, tryna to figure out
How we can come to this, how we even came about
We never took the time to measure the proper amounts
Or beef we would cause of sneakin around
If my brother even knew shit he'd proably flip out
And up until tonight we never had doubts
Remeber the first time that you slept over my house?
We made love to Donnell Jones, damn we so foul
But now its been a year from that day today
We still meet in the cut I can't live this way
Can't be no more us, fuck you feelin lame
What about me feelin loved, is sex all that its worth?
When it comes to us, I know that you love me
Its deeper then a nut, I know that you care for me
Its deeper then a nut

[Chorus: 3x]

[Verse 2]

You keep blamin it on him clamin him as a friend
Talkin about you and that nigga is tight like brothers
Fuck him, and I can put that on my life
So what he my baby daddy he don't do his child right
Tryna to explain I got tears in my eyes
This lump in my throat tryna hold back my cries
You talkin about me and ya booze ain't wise
Me and you has a cup Queen it just ain't right
You said it could never be yo niggas B.D. a wife
Tell me how would it look to the rest of my crew
You fuckin wit me Queen thats just bad news
I'm breakin rules but we just can't stop
I said we in too deep I'm not killin ya seed

I say we in too deep nigga I'm keepin my seed

[Chorus: 3x]

[Verse 3]

It really broke my heart to see you pushin that whip
When you couldn't even cop a new coat for yo kid
It really broke my heart when you cocked backed on me
When I was six months pregnant still beatin on me
It really fucked me up how you put me in debt
Fuckin up QPs dollars and sense
To think I catch your doughs and your whiz in my crib
Jeopardize a lively hood on me and my kids
And which one of those seeds belong to you
God would've been better of makin a cat or a baboon
instead of you
Nigga I mean you ain't worth shit
A man that don't take care of his kids ain't worth lint
Now here I am I'm in love wit yo friend
And the only thing standin in the way is you bitch!
I cursed the day I ever even accepted your dick
Your daughters father don't know you
Tell her yo father is yo friend, bitch

[Chorus: 3x]

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