

## **Busta Rhymes F/ Janet Jackson**

### **"Ya Baby Daddy"**

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I ain't the one, the one to get played like a pooh butt  
See I'm from the streets, so I know what's up

"Hold on, hold on, wait a minute, fuck that shit  
why don't you kick some of this 99 shit for them baby  
mamas"

[verse 1]

Ya baby daddy, worst nigga that you ever met  
First nigga that you ever sexed  
Nigga had you crying  
Couldn't get it in but I was trying  
Said it wouldn't hurt but I was lying  
Dying to hit some new poontang  
Make you do things  
Bare back, no hat, blood had the sheets stained  
Cherry popped, now I hear you wanna marry Khop  
Bitch I just barely hit the twat  
Seems to be your doing to much  
It always been funny, how time fly by  
Now your doin two months  
Same pussy gettin old like my aunt  
Now I only hit when a nigga get drunk  
On late night rondevous, creepin  
Tossin up other hoes, cheatin  
Hopin you was at the house sleepin  
After work, sixty days later on the first  
Got a page, baby mama gave birth

[chorus]

Ya baby daddy, worst nigga that you ever met  
First nigga that you ever sexed  
Ya baby daddy, forever causin shit and never sweat  
Never thought he would of been a threat  
Ya baby daddy, down for tossin anything he meet  
Catch him crawlin in and out of sheets  
Ya baby daddy, ain't no tellin where he might be  
Mama warned you bout a nigga like me

[verse 2]

We's out, my little man about three now

And I don't even see how  
I fucked with you in the first place  
You been the worst case, since I met ya  
I never satisfied ass ever  
Left you in the kitchen  
I'm out throw on this mission  
Lookin for attention  
Ran into this bitch, in a six  
Shot the shit quick, got the digits  
Same night we kicked it  
Started of jokin, crankin, touchin  
Then we got to smokin, drankin, fuckin  
In the bath tub, smoke dubs, back rubs, soap suds  
Rush the guts, bust a nut, no love, what the fuck  
Back to the house around fo'  
Stepped in the do'  
Seen yo ass walkin cross the flo'  
Pacin, accusin me of false allegations  
Trick, I ain't did naythin  
You wastin your time tryna get a playa stuck  
Make him spill his guts  
Now you wanna smell a niggas nuts  
If I pull my balls out you gotta blow me  
Damn good thing the other bitch washed 'em for me

[chorus]

She don't know, I fucked another hoe on the low  
She don't know  
She don't know, I fucked another hoe on the low  
Khop say it ain't so  
She don't know, I fucked another hoe on the low  
She don't know  
She don't know, I fucked another hoe on the low  
Khop say it ain't so

[verse 3]

I got used to hittin new shit  
Hey you ain't never knew shit  
Hallin how a player do shit  
But the plot got hectic  
Some shit I least expected  
That other broad popped up pregnant  
Ain't this a bitch  
That trick came with a twist  
And i'm like what part of the game is this  
I'm through  
What the fuck a nigga suppose to do  
With you, baby mama number two

"Hello"

Hello is Khop there?  
"This me, who this?"  
Man what, a better question would be, who the fuck is  
this  
who the fuck do you think you are nigga  
what you can't call me back after I been pagin you 911  
I remember there was a time I wouldn't even get the  
chance to page yo ass  
before you'd call me back, but now I got the pregnancy  
test  
you wanna act all new on a muthafucker, you crazy as  
hell

[chorus]

Yo, Mr. Short Khop with a dedication  
To all the baby mama's world wide  
Real nigga, in a real situation  
Your baby daddy bitch, your baby daddy bitch

Put the whoop on it [X5]

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