

DMX, Baby Motha

[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 scam

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]