

Young Noble, Baby Mama

YOUNG NOBLE

Aye yo...

I got a special kind of baby

We don't go thru too much drama

We always try to solve our problems

Even though she like to argue

And I sometimes I dont want to

Damn --- everyday it be always somethin'

I know she only mad

Cause her stinkin' ass love me

And lil Noble Justice ass look just like me

Even when she fight me

She really wanna kiss me

Even when she despise me

Her ass really miss me

I ain't lying I be missing her too

You had a good Baby Mama you'll be missing her too

It ain't a thang you could say about her

It ain't a day without her

Forever we bonded --- uhh

CHORUS

Even though we argue to death

Girl you know I still love ya to death

My baby Mama

Even though we might fuss and fight

Best believe we gon' thug tonight

My Baby Mama

Even though I know I drive her crazy

She happy that she had my baby

My Baby Mama

We both mad cause I broke the house

We both mad cause we bonded for life

YOUNG NOBLE

She said I'm gettin' on her last nerve

At it too can outlast hers

And you can guess who get the last word -- uhh

I let her get that

My son know who daddy is

I can remember when we ain't even had a kid

And that's a terrible thought

Some cats run from responsibility

Caught by the courts

But you judged by the court of the law

She ain't got a father to hug

And you ain't got a daughter to call

If yo baby mama yo wife

Or you got visitation rights

You need to make it right

It ain't ya life

Dawg it's the child involved

Get along

No matter what that's gon' be ya baby moms

If another nigga fuck her

You will not trust her

But you still gotta love her

Ya first baby mother

I ain't break the roof

Imma state the truth

Everyday ain't fruits

But we makin' it thru

Come on...

CHORUS

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My baby Mama
Even though we might fuss and fight
Best believe we gon' thug tonight
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She happy that she had my baby
My Baby Mama
We both mad cause I broke the house
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ED BONE

I might stay out late
From stackin' all the money I make
While them other bitches keepin' it fake
You was keepin' it real
With the young souljah out on the field
Plus I understand the way that you feel
You fuckin' with me
While them other bitches nuttin' to me
I knew that you was coming with me
It was no suprise
When I met you and I looked in yo eyes
You stopped fuckin' with them other guyz
It used to be some creep shit
Til we got into some deep shit
Said I got her pregnant
Said that she was keepin' it
I had her sprung
Lil mama was young
Neva thought that this time would come
Now you the one
Stickin' it out
With or without
Thru the bullshit workin' it out
You be workin' yo mouth
But you get the benefit of the doubt
Any other bitch I'm kickin' her out
For my baby mama

CHORUS

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