

DMX, Baby Mother

[Intro]

Know what im sayin? Keepin it real.
I've been through mad stress, man.
Know what im sayin? That baby motha, she won't be helpin, man.
Just put mad stress on me.

[Chorus]

My baby motha be buggin soon as I walked in the door
Got me like "Yo, I ain't fuckin with that bitch no more"
She know i love her but I can't fuck with her
She thinkin cause we got a kid together, I'm stuck with her
My baby motha be buggin soon as I walked in the door
Got me like "Yo, I ain't fuckin with that bitch no more"
She know i love her but I can't fuck with her
She thinkin cause we got a kid together, I'm stuck with her

[Verse 1]

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 96, 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]

[Verse 2]

Bitches be callin the cops, thinkin they callin the shots
Takin the dude with the bag, baby it's all in the pops
So do yo thing, cause I'm doin mine boo
A nigga just been chillin, I been doin 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

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

My baby motha be buggin soon as I walked in the door
Got me like "Yo, 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 you"
But you a chicken so when I'm finish, I got a duck you
You layin like up you don't wanna leave

I told you I got a girl but you don't wanna believe
My baby's mother be buggin and if you wanna see what honey do
Be here when she get back, she bless you with the twenty-two
But aint even fuck with her like that
Cuz i know, this is the only thing that make her fight that
???

[Chorus]