

Three 6 Mafia, Baby Mama

“(Chorus: Juicy J + LaChat)”

“(Juicy J)” It’s my baby mama

“(G-Note)” I’m on child support

She get welfare checks, but I stay in court

It’s my baby mama

“(G-Note)” she be ridin’ Cady

And she always lookin’ for sugar daddies

“(LaChat)” It’s my baby daddy

“(G-Note)” he be always broke

And he aint no good nothin’, but a joke

It’s my baby daddy

“(G-Note)” he just love to have it

He be cheatin’ on me that’s why I can’t stand em’

“(Verse 1: Juicy J)”

Man this freak has got me stressin’ in the court I must confess it

Playas try to get that checkin’ who put hickeys on yo’ neckin’?

In that jail I can’t be stayin’ and my g’s you can’t be cakin’

Child support can burn like torch when you get behind on payments

Here they go you send em’ letters then they wanna come and get cha

Probably shoulda used a Jimmy probably shoulda neva’ met her

Why you wanna try and impress me?

Always lyin’ tryna’ caress me

“(LaChat)”

All these so-called ballas want me boy I’m stylish you know I’m sexy

I’m LaChat you see I’m swole got you waitin’ at a toll

Betta’ come break me off a fee keep yo’ girl on yo’ bankrole

See me switchin’ blowin’ out kisses dudes don’t know what they be missin’

I’m the type of girl you need keep some cookin’ in the kitchen

Bake yo’ biscuits up from scratch get chu’ sprung off my cat

But chu betta take care yo’ kids Juvenile Court is where it’s at

Where it’s at?

“(G-Note)” Cheese is missin’ yean show

And that freak you shackin’ wit’ she too nice I’m mean though

“(Chorus: Juicy J + LaChat)”

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“(Verse 2: DJ Paul)”

It’s DJ P and brothas be out we just tryin’ to be dawgs

But it’s ok aint nann hoe gon’ stop the way that we walk

We kickin’ dis off in them dose’ and when it’s on they gon’ run

And please believe when we come we gon’ come like a nut cum

Down and dirty in these streets, rough and rugged on these freaks

Ridin’ Cady Automatic man we got to keep that heat

Keep that heat for them streets cuz’ man these streets be watchin’ me

Memphis, Tenn. kick the chains and playas gotta kick the crease

The Vision 2 Juvenile Court is where they had yo’ boy

Monthly payments I gotta pay, but I keep comin’ short

Now that I’m payin’ child support and these courts got me runnin’ mayn

Spendin’ nights with these otha freaks house and all my dawgs mayn

Warrants for yo’ boy arrest got me sweatin’ from the stress

Gettin' drunk and high all night bout' to drive me to that white
Mayn if these boys want me they gon' really have to find me
Messin' off with these scally wag hoes they so grimey

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"(Verse 3: LaChat)"
Why you playin'?
Boy yo' baby need some shoes, boy yo' baby need some clothes
Need to try and pay yo' fees, why you out hurr playin' these hoes?
Aint no more for me and you, but this what they gotta do
With the seed we have concieved don't you know he's part of you?
I don't wanna hurr yo' mess talk to me bout' givin' checks
Put a judge up in my business what I want is what I get
Shoulda knownd it from the jump all that talk was just a front
Now you payin' for that lyin' see yo' ass in court next month

"(Juicy J)"
Pay you cheese I'll give you quarters I'll just wait for court to order
Mexico is where you'll find me somewhere round' the fuckin' border
Hangin' with the finest women, walkin' wit' a gansta limp'in'
Drinkin' on a case of DP, goody green you know we wit' it
I done hustled worth a job and broke some back there wasn't no stoppin'
You dun did the clubbin' hoppin' and them pills you kept on poppin'
Now I see why you be freakin' now I know why you be geekin'
If you wanna give me reason catch me in that playa season

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