

Ms. Jackson (Black Chiney Reggae Mix 2)

OutKast

Yeah this one right here goes out to all the baby's mamas, mamas
Mamas, mamas, baby mamas, mamas
Yeah, go like this I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real
Never meant to make your daughter cry
I apologize a trillion times
I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real
Never meant to make your daughter cry
I apologize a trillion times My baby's drama mama, don't like me
She be doing things like having them boys come from her neighborhood
To the studio trying to fight me
She need to get a, piece of the american pie and take her bite out
That's my house, I'll disconnect the cable and turn the lights out
And let her know her grandchild is a baby, and not a paycheck
Private school, daycare, shit medical bills I pay that
I love your mom and everything, but see I ain't the one who laid down
She wanna rib you up to start a custody war, my lawyers stay down
Shit you never got a chance to hear my side of the story we was divided
She had fish fries and cookouts for my child's birthday I ain't invited
Despite it, I show her the utmost respect when I fall through
All you, do is defend that lady when I call you, yeah I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real
Never meant to make your daughter cry
I apologize a trillion times
I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real
Never meant to make your daughter cry
I apologize a trillion times Me and yo' daughter, got's this thing going on
(We got a special kind of thing going on)
You say it's puppy love
We say it's full grown
Hope that we feel this, feel this way forever
You can plan a pretty picnic
But you can't predict the weather, Ms. Jackson Ten times out of nine, now if I'm lyin; fine
The quickest muzzle throw it on my mouth and I'll decline
King meets queen, then the puppy love thing, together dream
Bout that crib with the Goodyear swing
On the oak tree, I hope we feel like this forever
Forever, forever, ever, forever, ever?
Forever never seems that long until you're grown
And notice that the day by day ruler can't be too wrong
Ms. Jackson my intentions were good I wish I could

Become a magician to abacadabra all the sadder
Thoughts of me, thoughts of she, thoughts of he
Asking what happened to the feeling that her and me
Had, I pray so much about it need some knee, pads
It happened for a reason one can't be, mad
So know this, know that everything's cool
And yes I will be present on the first day of school, and graduationI'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real
Never meant to make your daughter cry
I apologize a trillion times
I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real
Never meant to make your daughter cry
I apologize a trillion timesUh, uh, yeah
"Look at the way he treats me"
Shit, look at the way you treat me
You see your little nosy-ass home girls
Done got your ass sent up the creek G
Without a paddle, you left to straddle
And ride this thing on out
Now you and your girl ain't speaking no more
Cause my dick all in her mouth
Know what I'm talking about? Jealousy, infidelity, envy
Cheating to beating, envy and to the G they be the same thing
So who you placing the blame on, you keep on singing the same song
Let bygones be bygones, you can go on and get the hell on
You and your mamaI'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real
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Songwriters

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