

# 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 graduation 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 Uh, 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 mama 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 I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real  
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Songwriters

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