

# MILF

## The Young Ones

[Verse 1 : Big Sean]

Ok, I love me some of yo mama, (oh) true that (true that)

Don't call me daddy, only she can do that

Ok, me and yo mama be fuckin, boy you ain't about that

You seen her lookin all mad, ain't time for ya nap?

You wake up, I'm back, eating up all your snacks

Don't ask for help with your math (stupid)

Ain't my fault, you can't add

Don't be out here fake cryin, lyin

Up in the keyhole straight spying

Only knock the door if you're dyin

I wish I could stay here forever (I love it)

You the only reason me and your mama ain't together

She's so much better than my old bitch

Man, I love that old bitch

I do[Hook: Big Sean]

No stress, no drama, her kids hatin, they know I fucked their mama

I love ya mama, I love ya mama[Verse 2 :

Big Sean]

The way she bounce both cheekies

Boy, she freaky, shoulda known she was kinky

When I walked inside the room and I seen her slinky (wtf)

Even made me use my pinky the way she teach me

It's just so dreamy, oh God, damn, man

I cheat on tests, cheat on hoes I cheat when I can

I'm even cheating on my whip, I got a side Benz

But she made me wanna cut off all my side friends (I love you, baby)

A nigga be tryna taste her, take her

They rape her, stand out the daycare sit there and wait there

Fuck, I can't even trust the neighbors, damn (what you lookin at?)

You niggas stick to your young hoes

I gotta freak that wash, dry, and fold clothes

You motherfuckers[Hook][Verse 3 : Nicki Minaj]

I got my welfare check, smokin on that crack

Hell yeah I'm unemployed

Baby daddy-down my back

Now what you got for me Sean?

I heard it's big and it's long

I take my teeth out, suck it good

That's where your dick belong  
Yeeeah, do it like that daddy  
Pump pump bump bump it in my ass-matic  
You a dummie, you is big balls  
(Mom, I'm hungry) Shut your mouth, you little bastards gone  
All this ass is for you Seany, can I call you Seany?  
Sl-Sl-Slap me in my face with it  
Get a crack valve with that bass in it  
Cause if I got weed then I'm lacin it  
Eat all this ass, quit tastin' it[Verse 4: Juicy J]  
I got yo mama all in my line  
Bullets all in my nine  
Rollie tell the time  
She ain't yours, she ain't mine  
Throw a hundred every time  
I think my coupe just lost its mind  
Put yo mama on that trippy shit, sippin lean, starting lines  
Overseas like bonjour  
Last year used to be on tour  
And I still got that old money  
I touch more green than a lawnmower  
With a ratchet bitch, you laid up  
I'm on my tour bus fucking mamas getting laid up  
I take that bitch to my mansion  
And a nigga can't pay her to leave  
Yo mama a great head doctor, with no PhD  
My pockets stuffed with dough  
I made it all in the streets  
I might just go to the club, and throw it all on a freak  
Yo mama  
Ratchet ass bitch

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