Baby Mama Drama

Daz Dillinger

What the fuck is this? child support papers? what?Chorus:
You didn't have to file on me, you turned my child on me.
Why you had to file on me? you turned my child on me.Daz:
As I lay myself to sleep at night,
I pray the lord my soul to keep, so I can try to do right.
There's no one else that I can turn to,
I'm asking a favor, oh just once,
Oh jesus christ, lord I'm asking you.
Gave to this world a young baby, know one life is crazy,
Promise to live the righteous life of the path of my babies.
Watch the clouds spread, and it shades my heart,
My relationship fell apart.
Don't know where it ended, sure can tell you just how it started,
She filed child support, and it's really cold hearted.
I've been taking care of you and your kid, all of my life,
Mad at me 'cause I wouldn't make you my wife.
I've done a lot of crazy things in my days,
Killing to get that weapon named, robbing just to get paid.
Now how much more can I bear, and I explode inside,
Still asking myself why...Chorus"lil" c-style:
I'm like "what, child support? ",
Man, who ever thought I would get filed on.
Uh, you know what I'm saying?
Do gangsters get filed on child support? hell yeah they do.
I got filed on, I ain't the only one out the crew.
Uh, child support, have I got something for 'em, uh?I, i, i, I walk by faith, and not by sight,
Living day by day, praying night after night.
'cause I'm seeing so much, so much lust lust lust,
And every pretty girl I see, I wanna touch touch touch.
You think I'm doing too much or what?
I'm dating the preacher's daughter, and getting the toe up.
And every time she drinks she gets drunk and throws up,
If I'm on the spot, you know she's surfing on my (? ?).
Look in her best, from the back bend over,
Now she's eight months, got me buying me baby clothes, and I stroll up.
Writing her lawyer, talking 'bout how much I owe her,
Wrote him back, "i can't do a damn thing for ya".
All I can do, is just take care of my daughter,
Thirty days later I got a court order.

She filed on me, cold game, she filed on me, uh.ChorusDaz:
Now I'm sitting in court as she's trying to get everything,
From my house and my cars to my gold rings.
Trying to drain a brother just like dreino, you know the same old
Situation's occurred, got me sitting on the curbs,
Smoking a bomb joint, trying to pull my point.
Every night I get the marihuana, thinking it would take away the pain,
Waking up the next morning, and thing are still the same.Big c-style:
I did so much, to get so little.
Paid more than the court even asked of me.
But loving no more, not even a parlay? and you want me to pay?
It's not like it's for my baby, it's more like for you and your nigga.
Why you have to lie on me, and turn my child on me.Chorus (3 times)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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