MILF

Natas

[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 keyhold 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, I love ya mama, I love ya 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
Yeeeaah, 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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