

Only Your Mother

Devin the Dude/Scarface/Tela

Artist: Scarface f/ Devin the Dude, Tela

Typed by: escobar188@yahoo.com

Raggedy-ass bitches

That bitch ain't no good

[VERSE 1: Scarface]Look at your face all frowned up
The only thing you got goin for ya is your fake tits and round butt
You're a rich nigga's worst mistake
You're just a trophy, and what make matters worse you're fake
A mall broad tryin to keep up with the Joneses
Whatever they wear in the videos, you want it
You tryin to find the nigga with the biggest contract
To get you pregnant, so you can ride around and get fat
And collect big money, with the baby all sharing
Got a 18-year career from child bearing
And only God knows what this kid'll go through
Got mixed feelings about his dad cause of you
The dollar signs popped up, that's what did it
And dude, he was just as fucked up cause he hit it
And now you out there buyin champagne for the club
To me that's kinda fucked up

[CHORUS: Devin]Only your mother could love you
Much too freaky, you're easy
And I wouldn't would fuck you
I ain't never had to pay for mine
Only your mother could love you
Much too sneaky, you're freaky
And I wouldn't would fuck you
I wouldn't give a broke bitch a dime

[VERSE 2: Devin]You used to turn up your funky-ass nose before I even stepped up
I guess fuckin with me just wouldn't keep your rep up
I used to think about you when I'd go sleep, even dream
Of fuckin you without a rubber, fillin your pussy with cream
But when I wake and see you again, it be the same old shit
I finally realized you just a plain old bitch
Started gettin my shit tight rockin shows every night
Gettin my dick sucked, fuckin hoes left and right
Workin hard to blow up, now you wanna show up

With your stretch mark titties and pussy lips all towed up

I heard you got married, that was it you thought
Until he kicked your ass and took back all the shit that he bought
Now you're lookin for a shoulder to lean on
Bitch, I sho' hate it, cause my shit is dis-located
You was the only one I was thinkin of
But now you got a face only your mother could love

[CHORUS]Break it down

[Devin]I can't do nothin for ya
Only your mother could love ya

I can't do nothin for ya

Aight, check this out

[VERSE 3: Tela]Look, Young Tela a pimp by force, not a pimp by choice

See, these bitches ain't playin when it come to the courts
They'll fold you like some foil when it comes to support
And you niggas out here trickin like nature takes its course
I'ma spit it till you're fitted, it's your main employ
See, I was trained and I was taught that a pimp keeps a choice
But you lames gotta change when you gave the whore a port'
One weekend at the Allstar and the bitch bought a Porsche?

I ain't mad, girl, flip em, you can get em, look we did it
Cause his mind was all twisted off the aether from the clinic

Now hit it, oh lawdy, look at shawty

Mission hit your boy for a four and a forty

Miss done get your Ford for a house - "Help me homie"

See, I can give a fuck about your loss cause you're phoney

You're a lame and she seen it in your heart from the start

Why she ripped yo ass apart? It was lying in her cards

But eh, she'll only come up with another, I don't trust her

But she got one hell of a hustle

You black-hearted bitch, you are full of lies

So like go on and suck Young Tela and die

[CHORUS]

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