

It's a Boy

Ruth Ungar

It's me at last, the Rickster, Def Jam's where I be
Most agree it's kinda amazin folks are born from where we pee at
Though I definetly fiend it, baby no way, chill, clever mean it
 Gotta be careful, be told, commercial ever seen it
 Want a few, I wrote, some ask my cheatin do I know
 Not a dope, love the mother, or she loves to a ho
 So I dig her a lot, and although shorty honey break nigga
 How you figure, he a big rat money makin nigga
 Cute as a bunny, he tell bout the time he pickin cotton
 So it ain't forgottin, hope I don't spoil a nigga rotten
Also, don't discriminiate white, he be quite bright, taught he might
 If notty like and seventy fiver, help me raise my shorty right
So when I come home wit the quarter, I say, yo shorty run to royal
 Seen as a mother livin on soil, it's best to have someone to spoil
 So any toy, he wants he get, yo kids it worth it, Mr. A'Doy
Said he destroy, annoy, don't meen a moms in middle of fifth and joy
 And it's a boy
 Crying
Picture friends, milk and cookies, when you done wit the boys game
 Toy playin, Ricky Jr. being one of the joys name
 And further taught him birds and bees
 So on the nerdin birds, heard the second to third
 And 'dada' better be the first words too
Just kiddin, gonna be a one man girl, spend a lotta me wearin
Best to care, best about what money can buy, is what I be wearin
 Rip these ribbons around, protectin, this ain't a kid I've kept in
 Don't raise ya kindergarten probably be another major step in
 Long as holdin star, holdin, 'cause yo be loadin trips and sowin
 Ya knowin, throw a fancy hover in the drowin
 It's kinda pleasin a ray, so baby sit, no thank you heasin
 Sneazin, now what do I do when he cry for no reason
 So any toy, he wants he get, yo kids it worth it, Mr. A'Doy
Said he destroy, annoy, don't meen a moms in middle of fifth and joy
 And it's a boy
 Crying
 Baby mom, under wing, though if dressed, I could string
 Line of cuties, though cling, don't wanna mess up a good thing
 You know how it is, when guys are big, girls seem to hog
 And scream a dog or scheme for more drugs

Goin into labor date, 18 of August
It's that time tellin friends, congratulate's yellin
Gotta be six or premature, but thanks to God, he's doin well
And givin credit where it's due, while rap achievin let it
As for bills forget it, 'cause the way I rap, don't even sweat it
Why though when me and my husband, don't fuss, agree
Though son, I still kinda wish I could of been there when he was born
At 3 01, by gone be gone, there's nowhere wrong and all
Yours sons about, and since I didn't, this being the first
You know I had to write a rap about the incident
And the rose is for the squeeze, I would of sent it for no women
Wit the kin in it, we should thank Lord as we enter a new beginning
And like I said, any toy, I'm tryin ya that, Ms. A'Doy
That they destroy, annoy, don't mean a moms in middle of fifth and joy
And it's a boy

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