

# Deadbeat Moms

## Icp (insane Clown Posse)

[Violent J]Bitch back up cause your dimmin' my shine  
You got nine kids, only two of them mine  
I get you cigarettes, weed, pampers, and similac  
Bitch start giving back, fuck hittin' that  
Your shit loop like a bowl of soup  
And every time I'm with you, I'm smelling nothing but baby poop  
You got WIC food stamps, and ADC  
Why you still fucking with me, you dirty scoundrel  
And I'ma murder any friend of the court  
Throw a bomb in they office on the way to the airport  
Then blast off, catch a flight to another life  
Five baby mommas every one of them trife? hoes  
They won't stifle, always wanna fight and for what  
Get the rifle one to her butt, POP!  
I won't have it, bitches won't fly straight  
And I got two more bitches callin' sayin' they late  
Baby momma blues  
[Chorus]Deadbeat moms are chasing me ain't no one on my side  
I'm packin all my shit up and I'm taking off tonight  
Bitch leave me alone  
[Esham]Fuck my baby momma, with that baby drama  
Callin' me while I'm in the Bahamas with Lana and Donna  
Two freaks that I met with the hummer from last summer  
Anyway bitch, how'd u get my new number  
Fuck my baby momma, she need a new weed?  
That bitch did something that I couldn't believe  
She called up a priest, she called the police  
And then called a lawyer and took half of my piece  
Fuck my baby momma, I can't see it like Stevie Wonder  
All I know is when it rains it thunders  
My baby momma took me under  
Fuck my baby momma, and my thirty kids  
Don't tell me bout shit that none of them did  
To all you deadbeat moms, who be bringin' the drama  
Fuck you in front of the court, and fuck my baby momma  
[Chorus]  
Deadbeat moms are chasing me ain't no one on my side  
I'm packin all my shit up and I'm taking off tonight  
[Shaggy 2 Dope]I got the baby momma blues from in my shoes

You don't love them kids, you only keep them to use  
You breathe fire, all your baby daddies are rappers  
How that happen?  
You got me plottin' a kidnapping  
Baby momma, baby momma, baby momma, fuck off!  
All I know, you shoulda just jacked me off  
He looks like me, bitch, he looks just like you  
Damn, just a piece of neder?  
Bitch, I bought you a trailer, it wasn't enough  
You met some punk and he stole your stuff  
You wrecked your car they cut off your phone  
Baby mommas blowin me up  
AIN'T NOBODY HOME!  
How much money, just for three kids  
I got three other hoes layin' down they bids  
Don't think I wont choke out all 4 of they faces  
I got baby mommas in phenomenal places  
[Chorus] Deadbeat moms are chasing me ain't no one on my side  
I'm packin all my shit up and I'm taking off tonight  
Leave me alone  
[Esham] There you have it, man  
These hoes done lost they minds, man  
These hoes keep tryin' to hit a brother with charges  
So I just keep on hittin' them with gauges  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
These hoes can just jump up off me man  
I don't give a fuck what the DMA say, you hear what I'm sayin?  
Fuck what the DMA say  
I just had another one man  
Yeah, it's tryna get me  
I don't know man  
I don't know what they gone do  
But if they break up out this.

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