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 neden ?
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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