

# It's A Boy

## Slick Rick

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 discriminate 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

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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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