

Ms. Jackson (San Holo Remix)

OutKast

Yeah this one right here goes out to all the baby's mamas, mamas
Mamas, mamas, baby mamas, mamas
Yeah, go like this I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real
Never meant to make your daughter cry
I apologize a trillion times
I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real
Never meant to make your daughter cry
I apologize a trillion times My baby's drama mama, don't like me
She be doing things like having them boys come from her neighborhood
To the studio trying to fight me
She need to get a, piece of the american pie and take her bite out
That's my house, I'll disconnect the cable and turn the lights out
And let her know her grandchild is a baby, and not a paycheck
Private school, daycare, shit medical bills I pay that
I love your mom and everything, but see I ain't the one who laid down
She wanna rib you up to start a custody war, my lawyers stay down
Shit you never got a chance to hear my side of the story we was divided
She had fish fries and cookouts for my child's birthday I ain't invited
Despite it, I show her the utmost respect when I fall through
All you, do is defend that lady when I call you, yeah I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real
Never meant to make your daughter cry
I apologize a trillion times
I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real
Never meant to make your daughter cry
I apologize a trillion times Me and yo' daughter, got's this thing going on
(We got a special kind of thing going on)
You say it's puppy love
We say it's full grown
Hope that we feel this, feel this way forever
You can plan a pretty picnic
But you can't predict the weather, Ms. Jackson Ten times out of nine, now if I'm lyin; fine
The quickest muzzle throw it on my mouth and I'll decline
King meets queen, then the puppy love thing, together dream
Bout that crib with the Goodyear swing
On the oak tree, I hope we feel like this forever
Forever, forever, ever, forever, ever?
Forever never seems that long until you're grown
And notice that the day by day ruler can't be too wrong
Ms. Jackson my intentions were good I wish I could

Become a magician to abacadabra all the sadder
 Thoughts of me, thoughts of she, thoughts of he
 Asking what happened to the feeling that her and me
 Had, I pray so much about it need some knee, pads
 It happened for a reason one can't be, mad
 So know this, know that everything's cool
 And yes I will be present on the first day of school, and graduation I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real
 Never meant to make your daughter cry
 I apologize a trillion times
 I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real
 Never meant to make your daughter cry
 I apologize a trillion times Uh, uh, yeah
 "Look at the way he treats me"
 Shit, look at the way you treat me
 You see your little nosy-ass home girls
 Done got your ass sent up the creek G
 Without a paddle, you left to straddle
 And ride this thing on out
 Now you and your girl ain't speaking no more
 Cause my dick all in her mouth
 Know what I'm talking about? Jealousy, infidelity, envy
 Cheating to beating, envy and to the G they be the same thing
 So who you placing the blame on, you keep on singing the same song
 Let bygones be bygones, you can go on and get the hell on
 You and your mama I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real
 Never meant to make your daughter cry
 I apologize a trillion times
 I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real
 Never meant to make your daughter cry
 I apologize a trillion times I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real
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Songwriters

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