

# The Mom Song

Kreayshawn

[Kreayshawn:]

Hey (Oh)

Man, being a mom sucks ass (But I love it, hell yeah) (Sucks ass)

I can't do shit anymore, I'm fuckin' bored

I got no life, oh, no life

Skrrt

I got hella kids (Hella kids) and they all up in my business

I can't do shit, man (Man) these kids, they really reckless

Kids always watchin' Paw Patrol on my TV (Turn it off)

I just wanna watch Gossip Girl, can you leave me alone ([?])

I wanna stare at my phone and watch Tik Toks (Baby)

But I gotta wash shitty drawers and your dirty socks ([?])

I miss sleepin' and fuckin' anywhere I want (I do)

Now I'm breast feedin' in the bathroom at a restaurant (Ugh)

Callin' me to come out past six PM? (Nope)

It's dinner time, cookin' macaroni again (Yup)

You still belong to the streets, now there's piss in my sheets (There is)

All my friends askin' me to do ketamine (Ugh)

I got kids, man, I can't do that (Nope)

I can't do that, (Nope) I can't do that

I got a baby, I can't do that (Nope)

I can't do that, (Nope) I can't do that

Buyin' up free granola bars for the field trip

I can't do that, (Nope) I can't do that

Can't even think of a fucking (I'm fucked up)

Way to finish this song (What?) 'cause my brain's fried

(Mom brain) I can't do it

[Christina P:]

"I'm so tired, I used to be cool" (I've changed so many diapers)

"Why does nobody tell me I'm tired of sleep"

"I used to go to the clubs" (So much poop in my life)

"And see bands play"

"Gotta take the dump, loan, in five years"

"Who needs to see this much shit everywhere?"

"Asleep by nine thirty, dog" (Watchin' me, two kids)

"Wake up at six. Who wakes up at six?"

"I pull batteries out of their mouth "

Hittin' Target twice a week (No)

Got Starbucks just to tweak (Air conditioning)

Target Cabernet Lexapro just to sleep (Good night)

So excited buying' powder for my husband's feet ([?])

Gotta record a podcast for next week (Four strokes)

Lipstick on the walls, turds in the tub (Yuck)

Piss in my Hydro Flask (Ugh)

Just wanna hit the club (He's [?] friendly)

Used to dry hump Puerto Ricans (Yay)

Now I'm home on the weekend (Go change)

Want dick? Gotta schedule it

(Mmm. Right before ninety day fiancé)

[Kreayshawn:]

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I can't do that, (Nope) I can't do that

I got a baby, I can't do that (Nope)  
I can't do that, (Nope) I can't do that  
Buyin' up free granola bars for the field trip  
I can't do that, (Nope) I can't do that  
Can't even think of a fucking (I'm fucked up)  
Way to finish this song (What?) 'cause my brain's fried  
(Mom brain) I can't do it

[Christina P:]

"Kreayshawn, mom tits together, on this joint, as they say. I'm gonna go home. I gotta go to bed. It's almost eight o' clock. I'm exhausted. Who stays up this late?"

"Gotta go home and milk my husband. He's all backed up. He's all pissed, grumbling about a trash. I gotta milk those nuts, drain the poison from my husband. Otherwise, my life is a misery."