

Under 2

MellowHype

I need my cornbread
Not the substance of food
My cornbread
What matters the most to you?
My cornbread
My cornbread (2x)

I have a little boy
He's my happiness
My little joy
Keep his father fighting on
My little Roy
Finally, I have something to live for
Shits thats I can give for
Pain is love, and yo I'm feeling it
And I'm real sore
He's an exact replica of me
Distilled, pure
Okay, so waking up to a new born baby at a teen age
Getting over the fact that he was here to stay was a lean stage
Blood is thicker than liquor
Came together as a family, made decisions
This life here we're going to give him
A chance to be all he can imagine
Weather mowing a fucking lawn instead of dating a model and fashion
I'm teaching him to be on time in a timely fashion
Now a days I realize
I need to mind into my actions
Cause, What's a father? Who's a father? Where's a father?
Fuck a father if a father is behind bars and
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Well I ate, well
Well I ate, well
Ohh
Well I ate, well
Well I ate, well
Bo-boom boom clap
Bo-boom boom clap
Bo-boom boom clap

I like going to the park
Playing ball in the It gets me ready for that mental foreplay
It matters how you can give
It completes your day
Just get through those lunch hours, fried chicken
McDonalds parfait, drive thru, one way
Like displays on the menu
Up the price of the venue
You and your nephew, you niece is also in the car
Pretty barrettes in their hair-do
Don't drive too fast, be careful

Make sure the seat belts are on before you switch from park to drive
Because once the car starts, the reflex is the eye
Between you and I, and the being in the sky
I have a human oversight, no equated calculations
Practice sanitation
The bullshit and aggravations
And money ain't the motivation

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