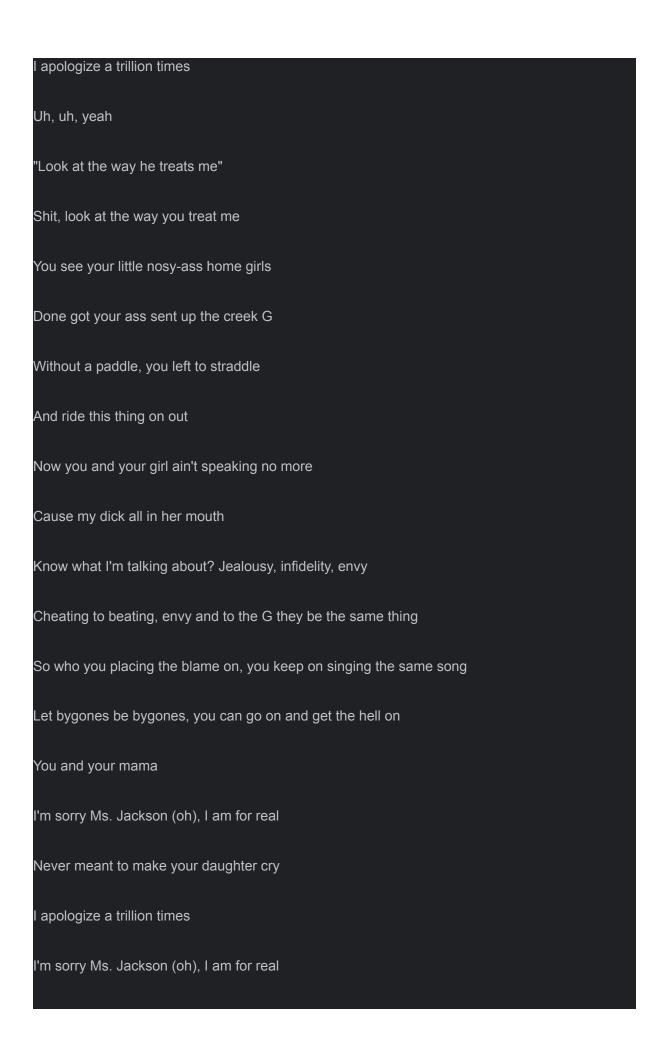
Yeah this one right here goes out to all the baby's mamas, mamas Mamas, mamas, baby mamas, mamas Yeah, go like this I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real Never meant to make your daughter cry l apologize a trillion times I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real Never meant to make your daughter cry l 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 l apologize a trillion times I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real Never meant to make your daughter cry l 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 apologize a trillion times I'm sorry Ms. Jackson (oh), I am for real Never meant to make your daughter cry



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