To the breeders in the audience  
Yo your skeet is on repeat  
Your kids is confused  
They just got here  
And now they got chores to do  
Yo st. peter allowed your kid into heaven  
And now like half of em is on the bed linens  
And now you sucking on a titty  
Ain nothing pretty about love making  
Ain it awkward when your dick makes her gargle  
Semen from the penis  
I seen this on beeg  
Which is like free penthouse TV  
I seen so much porn  
I feel like the sex referee  
Calling fouls on foul behavior  
Like yall is so strange to me  
I been on the computer for too long  
Its like I got X ray vision  
When I step into this song  
But it’s the love that keeps me breathing  
The next woman around the next corner  
Might pass her digits to me  
Then we can discuss nothing  
Because my life leads to nothing  
And nothing means ain no nutting  
I ain even frontin  
I got too many problems  
To go problem hunting  
So I be waiting for the cake to bake  
So that I can serve it on their first birthday  
And frosting ain hard to find  
Its just that I gotta hustle harder  
Than I did last time  
And you gotta cheer louder for my next rhyme  
And I might have to charge you for my poetry this time  
Because my family needs me to bring in the bacon  
And if you enjoyed the show  
You in debt to me  
Because for now that’s the way it has to be