

# Mary J. Blige, Your Child

It's too bad, it's too bad  
It's too bad, it's too bad, baby  
But I gotta face reality  
It's too bad, it's too bad  
Too bad baby, yeah  
But I gotta face reality  
Today you had a visitor  
Or should I say an old friend  
But wait a minute  
That's not where it ends, no  
Is there something  
That you wanna tell me, hmm  
Cause I'm believing what your friends say  
About your hidden secrecies  
[1] - Your girlfriend  
She wasn't disrespectful  
In fact, she's a hundred percent sure  
And how could I argue with her  
Holding a baby with eyes like yours  
[2] - She said it's your child  
And it really messed me up  
How could you deny  
Your own flesh and blood  
Gotta face reality  
There can never be any more us  
Won't deny it's hurting me  
Yet so precious  
She said she never wanted to hurt me  
And could I understand, she's afraid and lost  
She said a real woman wouldn't do this over the phone  
And that you told her about me after the baby was born, oh  
[Repeat 1]  
[Repeat 2]  
[Repeat 2]  
Hmm, oh the baby looks just like you  
How could you deny your own flesh and blood  
Your own child  
What kind of man are you?  
Oh, oh and  
[Repeat 1]  
[Repeat 2]  
[Repeat 2]