

# Sweet Mama

Van Zant

I was raised on the west side shanty town  
I didn't get up until the sun went down  
When your back's against the wall, you better get tough  
An' learn real quick how to swing an' duck I was born in the suite all for the sunshine  
Good lookin' women, back woods an' moonshine  
Learned more about a life on the streets than in the school well  
A-Sweet Mama didn't raise no fool, that's right [Incomprehensible] Some folks cheat 'n some folks lie  
But I can judge a man by the look in his eye  
A-don't hand me jack, try to call it cool  
I know the difference 'tween shit an' shiner I was born in the suite all for the sunshine  
Good lookin' women, back woods an' moonshine  
Learned more about a life on the streets than in the school  
And my Sweet Mama didn't raise no fool A-talkin' about Mama  
Oh sweet Mama Mama was no Angel, but she taught me right from wrong  
She knew every single word, an' every note and every song  
She taught me how to gamble and how to roll a dice  
If it makes you feel good, do it don't think twice I was born in the suite all for the sunshine  
Good lookin' women, back woods an' moonshine  
Learned more about a life on the streets than in the school  
Well my sweet Mama didn't raise no fool I was born in the suite all for the sunshine  
Good lookin' women, back woods an' moonshine  
Learned more about a life on the streets than in the school  
But my sweet Mama didn't raise no fool Talkin' about my sweet Mama  
Mama didn't raise no fool  
(Na, na, na )  
Talkin' about my sweet Mama  
Mama didn't raise no fool  
(That's my sweet Mama )  
Talkin' about my sweet Mama  
Mama didn't raise no fool  
Oh, sweet Mama

Songwriters

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