Momma We Made It

Mozzy

Ay doe
This that momma we made it
This that: I ain't goin' back to them cages, them people racist
They remind me of Satan, never gave 'em a statement
Outta sight and outta mind, bitch sent a happy belated
If you ain't four fingaz, then how the fuck we related?
Niggas eavesdropping, they double back and relay it
I can't respect ya gangsta if all your jewelry is plated
I'm really bout this paper, know nothing about a vacation
Gotta chase it, hawkin' this million, bitch, I can taste it
Stogie hella bulky, we pour up for elevation
Have patience, fuck all that waitin', where the bag at?
A half a ticket ain't satisfying, already bagged that
Them niggas'll never fit inside these shoes
They ain't marching how I march, they ain't moving how I move
Early on went to school, teacher asked was I abused?
Did I use? Motherfuckin' goon, nigga
G.O.D
Them niggas'll never fit inside these shoes
They ain't marching how I march, they ain't moving how I move
Early on went to school, teacher asked was I abused?
Did I use? Motherfuckin' goon, nigga
G.O.D
My hour glass, full of jet black sand
Ahead of my time, running with the jet pack plan
Across the globe, hoes hoping they can catch this man
Off PatrÃ³n, chain smoking on the best Afghan
Before I leave I need a few ticks
Get my needle and thread, commence the sewing up
You niggas loose lips
Gotta keep their ears clear, use a bigger q-tip
Snubnose like, you ain't seen a nigga do shit
New bitch, head spinning in my brand new whip
Oh shit, now that wood in her mouth, that's toothpick
Get the Mac off too quick, for you to do shit
Got bread, plus these bitches love to ride the broomstick
No short stoppin', the flow so poppin'
Like a new debit card with a platinum and gold option
That's why I'm doing my do, get what I get

Open my pot, then put some more sauce in my stew
RockThem niggas'll never fit inside these shoes
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G.O.DMilitary, Artillery
Nigga I just left the cemetery, another shooter obituary
Scared man is a dead man, I ain't scary
Red mobbin', top head shotta, who you buried?
You never carried wounded soldiers off the battle field
A killer like the morning after pill, it get active here
The red bottom sneaker box house a rapper deal
I need one for quick, yeah, for 80 that's a package deal
TSA pat us down, blood, them crackers ill (them crackers ill)
Due to current circumstances, nigga had to drill
Crumbled on that ten piece, that niggas had to squeal
When I was broke, a nigga gangsta is all I had for realThem niggas'll never fit inside these shoes
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