

# Ask Your Momma

Teena Marie

Society  
Who's to say who loves you  
And on the colors of love  
Are we to be schooled  
Society  
Our minds, bodies, and souls will meet tolerance  
Society  
Put an end to ignorance  
Ask your momma can she feel it  
Does she know about my love  
Does she know you got my heart in your hand  
Ask your momma will she cry when she sees  
This 14K band of gold, oh, baby  
Wonder will she say what will I tell my friends  
Society's child  
Some people think I was born with a silver sthiny in my mouth  
That isn't right, that isn't right, uh, uh  
I had dreams of grandeur  
And I was labeled like Campbell soup  
Baby, all I wanted to do  
Was sing to you and love you true  
I see the looks down their noses  
I hear shots in the dark  
We sleep on no bed of roses  
Tug of wars on our hearts, hey  
We think we're the perfect blend  
But they can't see beyond the skin, whoa  
Ask your momma does she remember  
The bible says about equals  
Or is it this different when it hits this close to your home  
Ask your momma will the children suffer  
Or will they hate us for our dreams, oh, baby  
I wonder will she say what will I tell my friends  
Society speaking  
Some of my best friends are different shades  
It's a shame, it's a crime  
They blow your mind, time after time, baby  
I had pretty visions  
And I was labeled and I was robbed  
Baby, all I wanted to do  
Was sing to you and love you true  
I see the looks down their noses  
I hear shots in the dark  
We sleep on no bed of roses  
Tug of wars on our hearts, hey  
We think we're the perfect blend

But they can't see beyond the skin, whoaAsk your momma can she feel it

Does she know about my love, oh, oh

Does she know you got my heart in your hand

Ask your momma will she cry when she sees

This 14K band of gold, oh, baby

I wonder will she say what will I tell my friendsHey

Baby

Hey

HeyAsk your momma can she feel it, can she feel it

Feel it in her heart

Can she feel it in her heart

Can she feel it in her heart

Ask your mommaIt's such a crime, it's such a crime

It's such a crime

It's such a crime, it's such a crime

It's blowing my mind, baby

It's such a crime

It's such a crime

It's blowing my mind

It's blowing my mind

It's blowing my mind

Time after timeI see the looks down their noses

I hear shots in the dark

We sleep on no bed of roses

Tug of wars on our hearts, hey

We think we're the perfect blend

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Songwriters

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