

# Sorry Momma

YG

[Verse 1: YG]

...To the things I'm doing for dollars  
You said: "Boy, you better watch your back  
Your pops in jail, remember that"  
Momma it get like that  
You said: "Don't call me for no bail money"  
Thought I could call for anything  
I thought you cared for me  
You said: "Keenon, keep that bitch out my house"  
I said [?]  
You said: "This your place?" Nah, this is Section 8  
Smacked me like bah, "you little disrespectful nigga"  
Like mmm... momma you lucky, lucky I can't hit ya  
"You gon' treat me like this? And you know I have seizures  
You know I take pain pills for headaches and fevers"  
Damn, now I'm feeling less than a man  
Cause you birth me and I was actin' like I couldn't understand  
I'm sorry momma...[Hook: Ty Dolla Sign][Verse 2: YG]  
I'm sorry momma, I know I ain't shit  
I know I lied a lot, I know I ain't slick  
Your last dollars...  
Yeah, that was me who stole 'em out your purse  
(What?) yeah, I know it hurts  
I remember days we used to go to church  
I used to fall asleep, that shit used to work your nerves  
I remember when you had surgery  
[?]  
You're like Superwoman in my eyes  
You do a lot to be blind out of one eye  
But you ain't let that hold you back  
You [?] on your marathon and run your laps  
I broke into houses and sold stolen things for you  
I know that ain't the type of things your son should do

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