

# 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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