

# Mama Knows

## The Game

Mama told me to stay away from them niggas  
Mama told me she had a K for them niggas  
Mama told me she go to pay for them niggas  
But my grandmother told me that she would pray for them niggas  
They just young black and ignorant lusting over models and them Benjamins

Got the game twisted (like what?) licorice  
When I was rocking lottos moving packs up on McDonalds  
She was looking for me, pulled up in that old El Dorado  
I was running around with Chase, chasing new black wheels  
Why would I do that still? That's what got 2Pac killed  
But I use that still 'cause I won't do that deal  
Screw the muzzle in potatoes of that new Mac Mill  
What did I learn? Nothing, my papa smoking sure and bluffin'  
Beating on my moms like her head was a percussion  
Tat-tat my four five knocking on your window  
She said there would be days like this  
Pharrell, drop the instrumental

Yes sir

[Chorus: x2]  
I know I must go and I don't know my way  
Still somehow I know I'll end up where we all came from  
(From my mama's womb)

Crack a Swisher, crack the fifther  
Hennessy pouring like Niagara Falls  
Used to watch Magic, he showed me how to ball  
Mom's working late night, to get a plate right  
Had some older brothers, all we did was smoke and play-fight  
Wish I could go back to them days 'cause streets don't play right  
Some niggas hard, other niggas was the Kid 'N' Play type  
But that didn't stop me from pretending I was Apollo from Rocky  
Working on my dip-game, now nobody wanna box me

Pick and choose, stick and move  
So many dudes ended up with sleeping bags on late-night news  
But not my mama's son, going around the hood for serving customers  
She yapping in my ear, but it's louder than the muffler

What I didn't listen to, I wish I would've trusted her  
Wish I had a shovel, be digging both of my brothers up  
Like, "Here hug em ma, one last time"  
Put a chain on both of them niggas, they get one last shine

[Chorus]

Put your block down, recognize a king 'cause it's my town  
Word to my mother you can throw up your rock now  
Got off the beef shit 'cause I ain't tryna see my mama in all-black  
Right there, crying over hard facts  
Now she gotta turn in all her cars and get her house back  
Never, she carried me for nine months so she can have whatever  
Clever, she taught me how to shoot Berettas, told me that I'd be a king  
So R.I.P. to Coretta, if you don't understand that  
Then refer to my letter, while I sprinkle  
Niggas with platinum, from my last album  
Got the check, so I signed on the X like Malcolm  
Riding through the hood, you hating niggas like, "How come?"  
That niggas Game got it, heard he selling talcum  
Either way, playboy, check it, this is the outcome  
You might not like it, but my mama psychic  
Why you niggas twisted like the top of a sidekick?

[Chorus]

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