

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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