

Runnin My Momma Crazy (Instrumental)

Plies

Ay momma (ay momma)

I know ain't never tell you this before (I ain't never tell you this before)

But it really hurt me to know (hurt me) I'm running you crazy (I'm running you crazy)

I want to talk to you real quick (I want to talk to you momma) My momma told me while I run these streets she
can't sleep

Her phone ring late at night she think something than happened to me

Her nerves so bad right now she can't watch TV

She turn her head every time she see a police

Scared to look cause it might be me in the backseat

Whenever she hear about a shooting her heart skip a beat

She heard the feds in town her knee got weak

She know I'm at the house the only time she at peace

Her blood pressure through the roof all because of me

Her favorite words is dope ain't the only way to eat

She told me the other day she hope I don't die in these streets

I just pray to god she don't wipe her hands with me [Chorus: Repeat x2]

I'm a goon to these streets

But to my momma I'm still a baby

Raise a street nigga by yourself

You a hell of a lady

Shit I'm doing now

Got nothing to do

With how you raised me

Shit killing

Me to know I'm running my momma crazy Remember the night me sitting up in a cold cell

Waking you up out yo sleep it's me calling you from jail (collect call)

You ain't say it but I know inside you mad as hell

You called off of work just to bond me out of jail

I get in trouble I call you seem like it never fail

Can hear you now boy you need to sit your ass down somewhere

I come and eat I take a shower and I'm out of there

I know I'm stressin you at times seems like I don't care

You wrote bad checks for me to have something to wear

You risked your freedom for me now days that's real rare

Every time I think about this shit I wanna shed a tear

That's why I buy you something for fathers day every year [Chorus] You did the best you could with me and I
love you for that

Wanted me to stay in school but that ain't where my heart was at

I got exposed to the streets and fell in love with stacks

And all the times I hurt you wish I could take it back
When daddy left us you stepped up and took up his slack
I know I'm selfish and feelings is something I know I lack
The shit I'm doing now I know you raised me better than that
You thought me how to be a man and showed me how to act
Sometimes I wonder how you still proud I'm your son
After all the stuff I took you through and all the shit I done
But like you told me when god want me how I can't run
Before he take me want you to know I love you mamma[Chorus]I think I'm speakin
For every street nigga
Around the world
I don't think we sit down long enough
Sometimes just to realize
What we takin our momma through
It hurt me to know dog
That I'm runnin my momma crazy
It really killin me to know that I'm help killing my momma

Songwriters

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