Ma Ma Ma

Joe Budden

112, jump off
Yeah, y'know
You wanna get right, boo, headlights blue
Don't no other mami give me head like you
I get you in the club, sit right in the Rover
Now you ain't gotta pretend like you like the promoter
We could lamp in the 5 with my hand on yo' thigh
You goin' to sleep thinkin' that this can't be life
Don't mistake my talkin' modest
Still put you in the wild bedroom with the walk in closet
Bay, riverboats, if you wanna see water
Full length minks, get rid of that three quarter
Ex-man never had you feelin' that fly
Flat screens in the room with the ceiling that high
When them other cats call you, you can turn your phone off
New school your neck, take that herringbone off
Stretch 'Vee playin' Manhattan
System old school, play 'em and had 'em, we makin' it happen, oh yeah
Turn this off for a minute
We can do bigger things if you widdit
We can be me and you, I know you feel it
You can say, "La lala la, la la la la"
All you want, you can get it
You can have all my time, let's spend it
The way you do your thing, I can't forget it
Got me screamin', "Ma mama ma, ma ma ma ma"
Look, I need a wife too, feed her ice, blue
Got birds on the side, I don't treat 'em like you
I don't let 'em play with the wheel and when the check come
They already know they gotta pay for they meals
Say I'm, comin' at you with lines, think they lies
Just because I don't match your compatible sign
I'ma let the world see, other boos can't relate
Let you walk in front, make the other dudes hate
When I put it on you, you throw it right back
Who else you know gon' poke it like that?
And Ma I'm gon' show you like that, you be hollerin'
La lala la, la la la la, oh yeah, look
Private party, it's just me, you

And the new envy of ours, we won't be sorry
Scoop it, we can do the all from Harley
Y'all ask me hardly nah, I'm up to par
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Look forget my miss, no let's remind miss
And I never let a clown disrespect my miss
I need dat in my life, a G might cry
But you the only one that ever get to see that side
Look, my lady fresh, we ain't gotta rush
We can take baby steps, that may be the best
Hate to repeat myself, I know I already told you
But Mom's sayin', "What's good? I'm tryin' to know you"
If you been for lookin' for the right one, well here he is
Ready to take things a little mo' serious
Ain't nervous no more, you heard it all before
Are you a Fifth Ave miss, but you workin' that velor?
Stop, I'm tired of trickin', I'm tired of pigeons
Need a house with acres to put my wife and kids in
Chefs are good when they gettin' right in the kitchen
Baby girl that's the life we'd be livin', over stand somethin'
Baby let me be with you more, hold you more
Let me get the chance, I can show you more
Let me get to know you more,
I'll be screamin' out, "La lala la, la la la la"
If I could, wife you out, ride this out
You're the only one I wouldn't ride without
I could show you what this life's about
I be screamin out, "Ma mama ma, ma ma ma ma"
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This is the type of shit right here, listen
You gotta go to the car wash on this one
Hehe, you can't ride around dirty and dusty and shit
If it just went yesterday, when you wake up
Take it to the car wash, don't just get the exterior joint neither
We need the the the works, the thirty dollar joint
And we need to get the little tree to put up in the rear view
So it's smellin' nice and sexy like when they get inside

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