

# Momma Knows

## Tra-Knox

At 17 years old I started runnin' the streets  
Man, I had some fun in the streets  
11, 12, sometimes 1 in the streets  
By 18, I started seeing the sun in the streets  
My mom started trippin' on me  
Like Will, you gotta choose your friends carefully  
Like, I trust you but please call me  
And when you have kids of your own you'll see  
I'ma be here when all your friends won't  
But I was busy hollerin' parents just don't understand  
Now here I am with a family runnin' the lines she ran on me  
We ain't always see eye to eye but Mom, on your principles  
Now I rely, you got me tastin' my toes  
I didn't know  
Momma told me don't go down that road  
But I gotta go where I gotta go  
So take your fool telling me I told you so  
I used to roll hard with this dude named Chuck  
Rollin' in my car with this dude named Chuck  
My Mommy really liked this dude named Chuck  
She thought he was really and polite, Chuck  
And me used to roll out faithfully, inevitably  
You see Chuck, you gon' see me  
Like we on TV, the bosom is the buddy  
Share food, clothes, and money, and hunnies  
Flock like we was players from the NBA  
Still hurts to recall the day I heard him say  
To this girl named Mya  
I was diggin', he told her I was a liar  
  
Told her I be cheatin' on women  
Breakin' hearts and grinnin'  
He told her her life would be better with him in it  
That's the friend I chose  
I didn't know  
Momma told me don't go down that road  
But I gotta go where I gotta go  
So take your fool telling me I told you so  
Momma used to say, "Take your time young man"

I ain't always gonna be there , holding your hand  
But, you'll always know exactly where I am  
And when I'm not there in my place the Lord will stand  
Will study the world, only the wise succeed  
And when you're eyes tell lies your heart should lead  
You're gonna do dirt we all gon' sin  
But when you realize it, apologize and never do it again  
Mom told me don't rush to get old  
If you got youth, truth clutched in your hold  
It's like possibilities too much to behold  
An emotional shield from life's blustery cold  
Mom, all this stuff was hard you said was hard  
Childish disregard 'cuz my head was hard  
Now, no question opposed, ugh  
I didn't know  
Momma told me don't go down that road  
But I gotta go where I gotta go  
So take your fool telling me I told you so

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