Momma Knows

Will Smith

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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