

Madonna (And Other Mothers In The Hood) [feat. Nik

Lupe Fiasco

Immaculate mother of the holy soul
On behalf of the overdose
We come to you uncomfortable in our ways
Please don't slam the door all in my face

Tried to go to church, church ain't work
Still want to kill niggas
Tried to go work, but work ain't work
Work ain't work for the feel nigga
Really make me feel like a field nigga
Make me feel worse, really tryna' chill
But inside I feel like a steel mill, nigga
And it's hard when these niggas steal mama
What, when you and God gotta mill still mama
Living off a meal deal mama
Can't stunt with them lil wheels mama
Need a real purse real heels mama
How dem liquors and them pills feel mama, lil mama

No man shall prosper
Lord knows if I said it, it's gospel, lil mama
Madonna
No man shall prosper
Lord knows if I said it, it's gospel, your momma
Madonna

No man shall touch this
Lord said nobody can fuck with, your momma
Madonna

I be just trying make it
I be just trying make it
I be just trying make it
I be just trying make it
They be just trying break us
They be just trying break us
They be just trying break us
They be just trying break us

White T on they shoulders

What drags em off through the streets
In the whip wit' they soldiers
Stations of the police
Trying to stick all this time to me
Trying to stick all these crimes to me
Could you just send a dime to me
Mama please send a sign to me
What's looking like life?
Is probation and a fine to me
Lawyer said I'd be alright
But I think that he lying to me
They really wanna throw those lines to me
Put me in a line, put the knives to me
Put me in the sky, put it to my side
Then push it inside of me

Holy mother of the blessed soul
They don't love you there
They love you here
I love you like I'm Mexico
Say: (Santa Maria, Madre de Dios
Ruega por nosotros pecadores
Ahora y en la hora de nuestra muerte)
Amen

No man shall touch this
Lord said nobody can fuck with, your momma
Madonna

No man shall touch this
Lord said nobody can fuck with, your momma
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They sent them all to the slaughter
Baby mama, no father
He was hanging round them murderers
And them prostitutes and them robbers, yeah
Them dope fiends and that water, yeah
Wit' angel dust in they nostrils, yeah
They hit em up wit' that chopper
She was holdin' him, in her hands
Just like Stigmata, yeah
Said you gon' live here forever
Salvation and treasure
You gon' live here forever, yeah

Died like Ricky on his mama couch
Right there in his mama house
Only child, the holy mama's your mama now

No man shall touch this
Lord said nobody can fuck with, your momma
Madonna

No man shall touch this
Lord said nobody can fuck with, your momma
Madonna

Mama said my son never been no killer
Mama said my son never been no gangster
No drug dealer, no gang member
Mama said my son never been no trouble
Mama said my son never been no trouble

Mama said my son never been no killer
Mama said my son never been no gangster
No drug dealer, no gang member
Mama said my son never been no trouble
Mama said my son never been no trouble

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