

letter 2 my momma

21 Savage

October ninety-two when you pushed me out (Straight up)
It was only right that I made a song about you (Straight up)
Ain't no tellin' where I'd be if I went without you (On God)
Wish I woulda stayed in school, but I dropped out (On God)
You taught me how to be strong, gotta give praise
When the times got hard, you always made ways (On God)
Even though I barely got the new Js (On God)
You made sure the kid kept a temp fade (Straight up)
And you kept my PlayStation with some new games (Straight up)
And you buy me freezy cups with your loose change (Facts)
My daddy never was around, that nigga too lame (Fuck 'im)
I think that's why I quit school and started to shoot thangs (Come on)
My mama taught me how to tie my shoes (On God)
My mama taught me how to cook my noodles (Straight up)
Mama told me don't spend all my money with a jeweler
I bought some real estate plus I'm investin' in my shooters
Had to write a letter to my ma dukes (Ma dukes)
I know you proud of me, but I'm proud, too (I'm proud, too)
You the only woman I'd give some vows to (On God)
I'm still your baby even though I got a child, too (Straight up) I paid it off, ain't no mortgage or no rent due
(Facts)
Yes, she got a Range Rover and a Benz, too (On God)
It's a hard job of women raise men, too (True)
Ma, you never left my side and I thank you (True)
I seen you strugglin', I think it left a scar (Left a scar)
I did some things when I was young
That broke your heart (Broke your heart)
I'm the one that stole the cookies out the jar (Out the jar)
I'm the one that went and stole the neighbors car (Neighbor's car)
Times got hard, started sellin' hard (Sellin' hard)
Before I see you stressin', I'm gonna break the law (Break the law)
I was sellin' weed, I never mowed the lawn (Mowed the lawn)
Commit a burglary and take it to the pawn (Straight to the pawn)
When I win and nobody see, you was there (On God)
If I had a school hearing, you was there (That's a fact)
Back when you had the Ford minivan, let me drive the city trans
Baggy-ass Girbauds and some Timberlands (Straight, straight)
Me and my baby mama was beefin'
You didn't give a damn (Straight up)

You din't never pick a side, told me, "Be a man" (Straight up)
I'ma raise my kids, nothin' like my dad, I'm a better dad
You're the best mama I could ever have (On God)
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