

# She's My Mama (Produced By Streetrunner)

## Fat Joe

You know one man's treasure is another man's cash  
Speak on it, speak on it, listen  
And you know the man that sleeps on the floor  
Can't fall the \*\*\* off the bed  
Pop your collar to this, it's grills mania, ya heard me? She's my mami, she's my baby  
I love you so much, you drivin' me crazy  
Wanna be down? Jump in the car  
Rollin' wit me, I'll make you a star Now she was only sixteen, I had to nurture that  
Give her some growth, waited 'til I touched the cat  
Told she goin' have to work if she gon' get ahead  
Then she drove me berserk when she gave me some \*\*\* She told me that she learnt that from the porno flicks  
I said, 'Mami, stop talkin', just suck on this \*\*\*'  
I ain't say her name yet, so let's say she nothin'  
Now watch me turn this nothin' into somethin', get it? Mami, get in that kitchen, this is free base  
Just cook it 'til it's hard, then cut it in eighths  
Take the trip cross town to see Tru  
Just get the money, don't listen, that \*\*\* think he cute See all this money we got, we goin' shoppin'  
Louis Vitton and Pucci, we get it poppin'  
We hit the club on some clico s\*\*\*  
See the respect that you get from just bein' my \*\*\* Look, see 'em, they sick, they wan' be in your shoes  
That's the game that I hit her wit to leave her confused  
I'm just usin' her for paper, she want a man  
I'm 'bout to see my other \*\*\* but she understands 'Cause she's my mami, she's my baby  
I love you so much, you drivin' me crazy  
Wanna be down? Jump in the car  
Rollin' wit me, I'll make you a star She's my mami, she's my baby  
I love you so much, you drivin' me crazy  
Wanna be down? Jump in the car  
Rollin' wit me, I'll make you a star Ay yo, I met her at the Rucker Park watchin' the stars play  
I knew she was a Terror, she was watchin' the Squad play  
I knew she had her own, she was pushin' the bubble X  
Type of eye candy that you see in a double X Fat \*\*\*, long hair, short like Nia Long  
I knew she was a victim from the start, my G is strong  
And then she said she ain't felt this good in ten summers  
Gave me credit cards and debit cards with pin numbers I'm lookin' at receipts, she spent G's on the kid  
I'm pushin' her V, even got keys to the crib  
I needed to bag up, I bought G's to the crib  
I got knocked, what she did? Put up the deed to the crib But now she got a new gig at Chase Manhattan  
Look my \*\*\* is wit ma, let's make it happen

So I burst through the door 'bout a quarter to four  
And told every nosy \*\*\*, 'Get the \*\*\* on the floor' Then she opened up the bag and started to fill 'em all  
Makin' sure that she left the marked money in the drawer  
Told security, 'If you move this goin' be your last night  
I'm workin' with this Mack 10, you workin' with a flashlight? I'm walkin' backwards, nobody moved, word to  
mother  
Tryin' not look 'cause I don't want to blow her cover  
That's when this \*\*\* winks and blew a kiss at me  
I don't believe this \*\*\* took all them risks for me That's why she's my mami, she's my baby  
I love you so much, you drivin' me crazy  
Wanna be down? Jump in the car  
Rollin' wit me, I'll make you a star She's my mami, she's my baby  
I love you so much, you drivin' me crazy  
Wanna be down? Jump in the car  
Rollin' wit me, I'll make you a star We on some bulls\*\*\* right now  
Young Murder Capital, corrupt money BX, Coka  
Street runner on this one, catch suckers, crack

Songwriters

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