

# Mama Told Me

## Wale

[Chorus] X2

Mama told me there'd be days like this  
But I ain't never ever think there'd be a day like this  
Not now not ever, and now until forever you will never need another[Verse 1]

Look

Sorry hip-hop, it took me so long to get on but so long that I'm on it  
It's on!

I'm rapping for the scholars and the hustlers, meanwhile  
Showing mama I ain't dropped out for nothing!

I swear these dollars going to add up  
And I ain't shallow, material things suppress bad luck  
That's why I shine like I does

It's pain in my eyes but these East Saints blind you to look  
Binded between

Carrying the flag for an area that drag, whoever tried to gravitate  
G told me it's a city full of crimes

I'm feeling like a platter at Philips when I rap  
As much as I wanted to be minusculed the fact is

They'd only be happy with a minstrel actor  
Sorry Mr. Charlie won't chap dance

And fuck the radio for telling me to snap jam  
I'm just expecting the spectator's respect here

My net is from jet setters to cab fares

Hip-hop's unbalances got out of hand

Ain't have to seesaw, I'm already scared

I been called to every parent that guide us

Not D.C. this whole fucking genre

And I ain't in it for them O's or them commas

But more or less the hope for dope niggas to prosper

Yes Sir[Chorus][Verse 2]

The future is now

I lead on record's dedication for making better music is now

Dope niggas locked out, four year rap drought

It's raining now, and somehow the fugitive's out

I would invest in a poncho

Because I ain't finna punch out like Glass Joe

I'ma go until my arm's sore, fuck it!

I go until my forty millionth encore

Hip-hop's dead, yeah that's what Nas said to me

I guess that's hip-hop heads on salary  
We've had the tables, on them record labels  
Who's next to release? We guillotine them  
Niggas bragging but  
Everybody stagnant  
Everybody broke except the nigga on the track  
And mama why you throw away my drums?  
A hundred for a deal, they made a hundred on the song  
Nigga I'm a hundred miles far, I'm feeling Chris Child's  
You looking like Kobe Bryant y'all  
It's lonely at the top so I waited, but ain't nobody take it  
Now I'm playing solitaire patient  
Crucifix pieces, necklace with Jesus  
See me as blasphemous for I don't need them  
God give me strength, Allah give me patience  
I am only a man and I don't know what to think[Chorus]

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