

Mama Always Told Me

Silkk The Shocker

Mama always told me (told me)
but papa never showed me (showed me)
So i live the life of a thug
and all I wanna do is smoke weed, ride, and sell drugs

Mama always told me it'd happen
but she never told me when
she said probably happen when I get much older
but I kinda wish it would of happened then
cuz I had my mind on gettin' some money
nigga I'm tryin' get rich
mom told me never trust these niggas
and ummm never put your faith in the bitch
see I hang with a bunch of grave yard villians
nigga robbin' spree's we stealin'
choppin' keys with drug dealers
click like pistol with killers
they tried to preech to me, couldn't preech to me
tried to teach me, couldn't teach me
see I've gotta learn the hard way on my own
cuz nobody else could give me a reason
they always told me I'll probably end up dead
or in the pen see me and P some outcasts
can't arrest the family tellin' the kids not to be like him
and see it was ruff some times but it had to be
enough trippin' on Cess go hand your back and pass the weed
I ran wild deep in the game off of change
nigga bitch won't fuck 'em nigga won't kill me
but its all in the game
see pop was too busy doin' his own thing to try to show me
but mom told me Silkk watch your paper
at the top it gets lonely, mama told me

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token guns on my side, no limit niggas gone ride
paper chasin' for millions Tru niggas won't die

make time for some dope nigga fuck bein' broke
I live my life on the ropes nigga fuck the P.O.

I leave you dead with the bustas
real niggas gone love us
we make crack with the killers and sell dope to the country

nigga nigga outlaws and dealers tattoo and killers
niggas bout it with millions now the world gone feel this

I'm staying TRU to the game you bitches callin' my name
mama told me to change its ghetto blood in my vein

see I got love for thugs never mix sex with drugs
my enemy in blood when I come bury me a thug
henessy and weed be a ball with desert

these shirts and kakis is how we work
hypnotized by change after fortune and fame
I roll 20's and thangs rolex and change but uh..

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right from the edge killer nigga gone off coke
brown sticky dope makin' niggas turn on their folks
ain't no rules, fools rush in but don't come out
so many niggas round my way die runnin' their mouth
fairy tales are for children we ain't story book livin'
south streets be bloody from all the shootin' and killin'
villians ride for similac and crack and smack
and its a fact all killers ain't inner city blacks
my homies have to serve on blocks that's hot with cops
with rocks and stacks and be packed to get their scraps
I don't knock it cuz if my pocket starts to lose weight
you can find me on I-10 tryin' move weight
my mama on her knees prayin' givin' god her time
while I'm on the streets hustlin' tryin' gettin' what's mine
am I wrong am I right got can only determine
I can only live my life and life is for learnin' check it

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