

Mama Knows

The Game

Mama told me stay away from them niggas
Mama told me she had a K for them niggas
Mama told me she go to pay for them niggas
While my grandmother told me that she would pray for them niggas
They just young black and ignorant
Lusting over models and the Benjamins
Got the game twisted like (what?) licorice
When I was rocking lottos moving packs in front of McDonalds
She was looking for me, pulled up in that Old El Dorado
I was running around with Chase, chasing new black wheels
Why would I do that still? That's what got 2Pac killed...
But I use that still cause I won't do that deal
Screw the muzzle in potatoes of that new Mac Mill
What did I learn? Nothing
My papa smoking sherm blunts and
Beating on my moms like her head was a percussion
Tat! Tat! My.45 knocking on your window
She said there would be days like this, Pharrell, drop the instrumental

Yezzir...

I know I must go and I don't know my way
Still don't know where we all came from

Crack a Swisher, crack a 5th up
Hennessy pouring like Niagara Falls
Used to watch Magic, he showed me how to ball
Moms working late night, to get a plate right
Had some older brothers, all we did was smoke and play-fight
Wish I could go back to them days cause streets don't play right
Some niggas hard, other niggas was the Kid N Play type
Didn't stop me from pretending I was Apollo from Rocky
Working on my dip-game, now nobody wanna box me
Pick and choose, stick and move
So many dudes ended up in sleeping bags on late-night news
But not my mama's song, going around the hood serving customers
She yapping in my ear, but it's louder than the muffler
What I didn't listen to, I wish I would've trusted her
Wish I had a shovel, be digging both of my brothers up
Like "here hug em ma, one last time"
Put a chain on both of them niggas, they get one last shine

I know I must go and I don't know my way
Still don't know where we all came from

Put your block down, recognize a king cause it's my town
Word to my mother you can throw up your rock now
Got off the beef shit cause I ain't tryna see my mama in all-black
Right there, crying over hard facts
Now she gotta turn in all her cars and get her house back
Never! She carried me for 9 months so she can have whatever
Plus she taught me how to shoot Berettas, told me that I'd be a king
So RIP to Coretta, if you don't understand that
Then refer to my letter, while I sprinkle
Niggas with platinum, from my last album
Got the check, so I signed on the X like Malcolm
Riding through the hood, you hating niggas like "how come? "

That niggas Game got it, heard he selling talcum
Either way, hey playboy, check it, this is the outcome
You might not like it, but my mama psychic
Why you niggas twisted like the top of a Sidekick?