

# Mama Tears

Troy Ave

Turn me up a lil' bit

The dope game hard, the rap game easy  
Industry niggas so motherf\*ckin sleazy  
In the streets niggas 'gon try you if it's easy  
Leave you like a bitch on a period bleedin  
Real respect real almost in any case  
When the fake get involved it turn to a murder case  
Behind every death, it's a sucker in the mix  
Sucker niggas get a real nigga in some deep shit  
For instance Glenn, did different with Ben  
Glenn told him get a chick I gotta check for ten  
And hit shorty with two, if she clear in a week  
Then it's eight bands left we split four grand a piece  
Long story long Glenn jerked him instead  
f\*cked the bitch and count up and withdrew all of the bread  
Ben caught him slippin put the slammer to his head  
Took his jewels took it to the pawn shit was just led  
Faker than the three dollar bill he wish he killed  
Glenn sped back to his block right up the hill  
Told the OG Butta, from the hood what happened  
But he left out the part, 'bout him snakin and rappin  
Said I was just chillin on Rutland, 'bout to kick it with a bitch  
Then this hatin nigga Ben, ran up on me with some shit  
I told the nigga if he 'gon pull it, then he better kill me!  
Butta said what happened? Nigga took all your jewelry  
Nah I ain't with it today, I kept it light  
That nigga can't shoot anyway, so I'm aight  
But he f\*cked up now, 'cause I know where he be  
Matter fact big homey, won't you ride with me?!

Now Butta in the car, he don't play that shit  
And he fittin to put a hole in a nigga  
With his fo' fifth eight shot head trigger  
There he go right there pull up a lil' nearer  
I'm a get out, meet me on the corner stay on the right  
Glenn said cool big homey, I got you aight  
Ben ain't even seen it comin he caught that body with ease  
And Glenn saw some people comin he thought it was the d's  
But it wasn't, and he drove off  
But he hit the corner lookin like is this boy lost?  
Now it's sirens, gun in hand lookin violent  
He fit the description police just got the firin, now he gone  
And the moral of the story is, f\*ckin with suckers could get your mother tears  
And the moral of the story is, when you f\*ck with them suckers could get your mother tears

This is my song, you can't defend wrong,  
You can't defend wrong, Maybe you'll listen if I put it in a, song, song, song,  
Maybe you'll listen if I put it in a, song, song, song, song, you can't defend wrong  
The rap game hard, the dope game easy  
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