

She's My Momma

Fat Joe

You know one man's treasure is another man's trash (speak on it)
And you know the man who sleeps on the floor can't fall the fuck off
the
bed Nigga
Pop your collar to this

It's grills mania, ya heard me
Owww

She's my Mammy
She's my baby
I love you so much
You driving 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 till I touch the cat
Told she going have to work if she going get ahead
Then she drove me berserk when she game me some head
She told me that she learnt that from the porno flicks
I said Mami stop talking
Just suck on this dick
I ain't say her name yet so let's say she nothing
Now watch me turn this nothing into something
Get it
Mami, Get in that kitchen
This is free base
Just cook it till its hard then cut it in eighths
Take the trip cross town to see True
Just get the money don't listen
That Nigga think he cute
See all this money we got we going shopping
Louis Vitton & Pucci
We get it poppin
We hit the club on some clico shit
See the respect that you get from just being my bitch
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 using her for paper
She want a man
I'm bout to see my other bitch but
She understands