

Runnin' My Momma Crazy

Plies

Hey mama (hey mama)... Know I ain't never tell you this befo' (I ain't never tell you this befo')... but it really hurt me knowin' I'm runnin' you crazy (know I'm runnin' ya crazy)... I wanna talk to ya real quick (wanna talk to ya mama) My momma told me while I run these streets she can't sleep Her phone ring late at night she think somethin' happened to me Her nerves so bad right now she can't even watch T.V She turn her head everytime she see the police She scared to look 'cause it might be me in the back seat Whenever she hear about a shootin' her heart skip a beat She heard the feds was in town her knees got weak She know I'm at the house the only time she at peace Her blood pressure through the roof all because of me Her favorite words is "dope ain't the only way to eat" She told me the other day she hope I don't die in these streets I just pray to God she don't wipe her hands wit' me I'm a goon to the streets but to my momma I'm still her baby Raised a street nigga by yaself you a hell of a lady Shit Im doin' now got nothin' to do wit' how you raised me Shit killin' me to know I'm runnin' my momma crazy Goon to the streets but to my momma I'm still her baby Raised a street nigga by yaself you a hell of a lady Shit Im doin' now got nothin' to do wit' how you raised me Shit killin' me to know I'm runnin' my momma crazy Remember the nights me sittin' up in a cold cell I'm wakin' ya up out'cha sleep it's me callin' you from jail You ain't say it but I know inside you mad as hell You called off from work just to bond me out of jail I get in trouble I call you seem like it never fail Can hear you now "boy you need to sit ya ass down somewhere" I come and eat I take a shower then I'm out of there I know I'm stressin' ya at times seem like I don't care You wrote bad checks for me to have somethin' to wear You risked ya freedom for me nowadays that's real rare Everytime I think about the shit I wanna shed a tear That's why I buy ya somethin' for Father's Day every year You did the best you could wit' me and I love you for that Wanted me to stay in school but that ain't where my heart was at I got exposed to the streets and fell in love wit' stacks And all the times I hurt you wish I could take it back When daddy left us you stepped up and took his slack I know I'm selfish and feelin's is somethin' I know I lack The shit I'm doin' now I know you raised me better than that You showed me how to be a man and showed me how to act Sometimes I wonder how you still proud I'm ya son After all the stuff I took ya through and all the shit I done Well like ya told me when God want me how I can't run Before he take me want you to know how much I love ya mom Think I'm speakin' for every street nigga 'round the world... I don't think we sit down long enough sometimes... Just to realize what we takin' our momma through... It hurt me to know dog... That I'm runnin' my momma crazy... And it's really killin' me to know... that I'm helpin' killin' my momma.. [music to fade]