

If... (My Mommy)

Saigon

If this world were mine
I would place at your feet
All that I own
You've been so good to me

I wrote about stickin' the mami's
Wrote about lickin' the tommy
It's time for me to write some shit for my mommy
My mother, and not only to tell her I love her
But to show her how the pen can cause her kid to grow up
I don't even be lying no more, mah, I'm honest
I'm not playing with guns no more neither, I promise
I'm not hanging with the donnas
He my dog and I love him but fuckin' with son is just too much drama
I wonder how it woulda be if you had the chance to raise me
Would I still not know how to romance a lady?
Is it cause you made me a cancer baby
That I stay on some crab shit so nobody get the chance to portray me
Whatever it is yo I ain't tryin' to let it go
I'm focused mah, I know what I'm headed for
Oh, before I let you go
You might not knew it before so I'm telling you now to let you know

I remember the everyday arguments
Part of it was fuckin' with my common sense
The other part of it gave me the confidence
To do what I was doing
Only if I knew what I was doing
When, what, and who was I pursuing
Being twelve years old guzzlin' gold
Coming home drunk; you crying while I stumble and fold
Remember you had your son like a bum in the cold
Cuz you was movin' my kicks and found jums in the sole?
But man I was a young man just runnin' the road
Trying to make a little crumbs cuz wasn't none in my bowl
I hated to see you struggle for gold
When you really deserved ice double the cold
That glow like your colorful soul
Mom, my love for you has wanted to grow
Last ten times stronger than any couple that's old
Oh, before I let you go
You might not knew it before so I'm telling you now to let you know

Yo I said they could never give enough cheddar to me
To talk about the lady that made me negatively
Even though eye to eye something we never could see
My mother's the one woman no other one ever could be
See she gon' be proud when I blow like Nagasaki
Don't ever regret lettin' them cell blocks adopt me
Jail was a blessin' mommy; my nation stood by me
They got me in places regular faces can't find me
As Omega my crimey, told me I'm so ahead of my time
Even when they fast forward niggaz rewind me
I learned about Malcom, Marcus, and Kwame
About the white man why he feed us spiced ham
Spam, and salami
Lyrically they can't deny me

All I need is your love, your trust and just for you to stand by me
Oh, yo before I let you go
You might not knew it before so I'm telling you now to let you know