

# 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?