

# Mama Told Me

Wale

Mama told me there'd be days like this  
But I ain't never ever think there'd be a day like this (Naw!)  
Not now not ever, and now until forever you will never need another (Nigga!)

Look...

Sorry hiphop, it took me so long to get on but so long that I'm on it, it's on!  
I'm rappin' for the scholars and the hustla's, meanwhile  
Showin' mama I ain't dropped out for nothin'!  
I swear these dolla's gon' add up  
And I ain't shallow, material things suppress bad luck  
That's why I shine like I does, it's pain in my eyes but these east saints b  
lind you to look  
Binded between, carryin' the flag for an area that drag, whoever tried to gr  
avitate  
G told me it's a city full of crimes, I'm feelin' like a platter at Philip's  
when I rap  
As much as I wanted to be minisculed the fact is, they'd only be happy with  
a minstrel actor  
Sorry Mr. Charlie won't chap dance, and fuck the radio for tellin' me to sna  
p jam  
I'm just expectin' the spectator's respect here  
My net is from jet setters to cab fares  
Hip-hop's unbalances got out of hand  
Ain't have to see-saw, I'm already scared  
I been called the ??  
And I DC'd this whole fuckin' genre  
And I ain't in it for them O's or them comma's  
But more or less the hope for dope niggas to prosper  
Yessir...

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But I ain't never ever think there'd be a day like this (Naw!)  
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The future is now, I lead on record's dedicaton for makin' better music is n  
ow  
Dope niggas locked out 4 year rap drought  
It's rainin' now somehow the fugitive's out  
I would invest in a poncho, 'cause I ain't finna punch out like Glass Joe (N  
aw!)  
Ima go until my arm's sore, fuck it! I go until my 40 millionth encore  
Hip-hop's dead yeah that's what Nas said to me  
I guess that's hip-hop heads on salary  
We've had the tables, on them record labels  
Who's next to release? We guillotine them  
Niggas braggin' but everybody stagnant everybody broke except the nigga on t  
he track (Shit!)  
And mama why you throw away my drums?  
A hundred for a deal they made a hundred on the song  
Nigga I'm a hundred miles far, I'm feelin' Chris Childs  
You lookin' like Kobe Bryant ya'll  
It's lonely at the top so I waited, but ain't nobody take it  
Now I'm playin' solitaire patient  
Crucifix pieces, necklace with Jesus

See me as blasphemous for I don't need them  
God give me strength, Allah give me patience  
I am only a man and I don't know what to think

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