Momma Knows

Will Smith

At 17 years old I started runnin' the streets Man, I had some fun in the streets 11, 12, sometimes 1 in the streets By 18, I started seeing the sun in the streets

My mom started trippin' on me Like Will, you gotta choose your friends carefully Like, I trust you but please call me And when you have kids of your own you'll see I'ma be here when all your friends won't

But I was busy hollerin' parents just don't understand Now here I am with a family runnin' the lines she ran on me We ain't always see eye to eye but Mom, on your principles Now I rely, you got me tastin' my toes

I didn't know Momma told me don't go down that road But I gotta go where I gotta go So take your fool telling me I told you so

I used to roll hard with this dude named Chuck Rollin' in my car with this dude named Chuck My Mommy really liked this dude named Chuck She thought he was really and polite, Chuck

And me used to roll out faithfully, inevitably You see Chuck, you gon' see me Like we on TV, the bosom is the buddy Share food, clothes, and money, and hunnies

Flock like we was players from the NBA Still hurts to recall the day I heard him say To this girl named Mya I was diggin', he told her I was a liar

Told her I be cheatin' on women Breakin' hearts and grinnin' He told her her life would be better with him in it That's the friend I chose

I didn't know Momma told me don't go down that road But I gotta go where I gotta go So take your fool telling me I told you so

Momma used to say, "Take your time young man I ain't always gonna be there , holding your hand But, you'll always know exactly where I am And when I'm not there in my place the Lord will stand

Will study the world, only the wise succeed And when you're eyes tell lies your heart should lead You're gonna do dirt we all gon' sin But when you realize it, apologize and never do it again

Mom told me don't rush to get old

If you got youth, truth clutched in your hold It's like possibilities too much to behold An emotional shield from life's blustery cold

Mom, all this stuff was hard you said was hard Childish disregard 'cuz my head was hard Now, no question opposed, ugh

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