

# Runnin My Momma Crazy

## Plies

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.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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