

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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