

Momma Knows

Will Smith

Yo

At 17 years old I startin' runnin' the streets
Man I had some fun in the streets
11, 12, sometimes 1 in the streets
By 18 I started seein' 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'm a be here when all your friends won't
But I was busy hollerin' parents just dont understand
Now here I am with the family runnin' the lines she ran on me
We ain't always see eye to eye but Ma on your principles now I rely
You got me tastin' my toes I didn't know
When my Momma told me don't go down that road (don't go down that road)

But I gotta go where I gotta go
So thank you for not tellin' 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 that he was really impolite
Chuck and me used to roll out faithfully
Inevitably you see Chuck you gonna see me
Like we on TV the buzzomest of buddies
Share full clothes and money
And hunnies flocked like we was players from the NBA
Still hurts to recall the day I heard him say
To this girl named Maya
I was datin'
He told her I was a liar
Joker hatin'

He told her I be cheatin' on women breakin' hearts and grinnin'
He told her her life would be better without him in it
That's the friend I chose
I didn't know

When my Momma told me don't go down that road (don't go down that road)
But I gotta go where I gotta go
So thank you for not tellin' me I told you so Momma used to say take your time young man
I ain't gonna always be there holdin' 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 your eyes tell lies your heart should leave

You gonna do dirt we all gonna sin but when you realize and apologize and never do it again

Ma told me don't rush to get old

If you got youth the truth clutched in your hold

It's like possibilities too much to behold an emotional shield from life's blustery cold

Ma all the stuff was hard you said was hard

Childish disregard because my head was hard

Now no question to pose

I didn't know

When my Momma told me don't go down that road (don't go down that road)but

But I gotta go where I gotta go

So thank you for not tellin' me I told you so

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

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