

# My Momma (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

## Future

Talking 'bout you popping tags, nigga you ain't bought shit  
Talking bout a hunned bottles, nigga you ain't popped shit  
All you talk nana clips, nigga you ain't shot shit  
Spending money on these hoes, nigga you ain't fuck shitShit  
ShitBought the ho a hunned pair of red bottoms  
Thats a quarter milly on a hand job my nigga  
Blillll stick'em fuck you and every nigga came witcha  
Gone put a nigga on a picture  
Gone put a nigga on a t-shirt  
Back in the day when a nigga sell dope  
I'mma slap your daddy allofdem put'em in a hole  
Glock 40 whooo  
My ambitions as a rider  
Sipping on lean getting higher  
Nigga I'm a codein buyer  
No you not a foreign whip driver  
Shoutout to the shooters and the shooters only  
You never walk around with alot of money  
Bundles falling all out your pocket  
When you hit'em in the head can you keep a solid  
Bulletproof whip we'll blow it up  
Like some raw uncut don't blow it up  
Represent your gang nigga throw it up  
I don't give a fuck where you at nigga throw it up  
Catch a nigga slipping at the red light  
With ya AK, let me see you shoot it  
You're a goon, you're a goon, you're a goon, you're a goon  
Nigga let me see you prove it  
Presidential rollie and its glidin'  
Love a nigga wrist when its shinin'  
Hate a nigga wrist when its blingin'  
So I went and added more diamonds  
Hot boy nigga, BG  
Thats the way these young niggas eat  
Drinking on syrup can't sleep  
Keep a couple standing with ya partner  
Blockbuster niggas running around with real choppers  
Nigga what's the color of them bottles, they ain't gold  
Now you moving round with ya ho  
You ain't even sticking to the code  
Pimps up, pimps up, hoes down, hoes down  
A pool full of money and I'm 'bout to drown

I'mma fool on the corner with that Bobby Brown  
Button up suits at the Grammy's  
Had to turn it up for the family  
Yes I'm a freebandz bandit

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>