

Momma We Made It (feat. Jay Rock)

Mozzy

Ay doe

This that momma we made it

This that: I ain't goin' back to them cages, them people racist

They remind me of Satan, never gave 'em a statement

Outta sight and outta mind, bitch sent a happy belated

If you ain't four fingaz, then how the fuck we related?

Niggas eavesdropping, they double back and relay it

I can't respect ya gangsta if all your jewelry is plated

I'm really bout this paper, know nothing about a vacation

Gotta chase it, hawkin' this million, bitch, I can taste it

Stogie hella bulky, we pour up for elevation

Have patience, fuck all that waitin', where the bag at?

A half a ticket ain't satisfying, already bagged that

Them niggas'll never fit inside these shoes

They ain't marching how I march, they ain't moving how I move

Early on went to school, teacher asked was I abused?

Did I use? Motherfuckin' goon, nigga

G.O.D

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G.O.D

My hour glass, full of jet black sand

Ahead of my time, running with the jet pack plan

Across the globe, hoes hoping they can catch this man

Off Patrón, chain smoking on the best Afghan

Before I leave I need a few ticks

Get my needle and thread, commence the sewing up

You niggas loose lips

Gotta keep their ears clear, use a bigger q-tip

Snubnose like, you ain't seen a nigga do shit

New bitch, head spinning in my brand new whip

Oh shit, now that wood in her mouth, that's toothpick

Get the Mac off too quick, for you to do shit

Got bread, plus these bitches love to ride the broomstick

No short stoppin', the flow so poppin'

Like a new debit card with a platinum and gold option

That's why I'm doing my do, get what I get

Open my pot, then put some more sauce in my stew

RockThem niggas'll never fit inside these shoes

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G.O.D Military, Artillery

Nigga I just left the cemetery, another shooter obituary
Scared man is a dead man, I ain't scary
Red mobbin', top head shotta, who you buried?
You never carried wounded soldiers off the battle field
A killer like the morning after pill, it get active here
The red bottom sneaker box house a rapper deal
I need one for quick, yeah, for 80 that's a package deal
TSA pat us down, blood, them crackers ill (them crackers ill)
Due to current circumstances, nigga had to drill
Crumbled on that ten piece, that niggas had to squeal

When I was broke, a nigga gangsta is all I had for real
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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