

# Momma

## Yo Gotti

Momma said I ain't acting like her son  
Cause I'm getting money Momma, you ain't giving me none  
You can't buy me them J's that come out tomorrow  
So get used to the things that I'm doing for dollars  
You said: "Boy, you better watch your back  
Your pops in jail, remember that"  
Momma it get like that  
You said: "Don't call me for no bail money"  
Thought I could call for anything, I thought you cared for me  
You said: "Keenon, keep that bitch out my house"  
I said, "I'm 18"; you said: "this your place?"  
Nah, this is Section 8  
Smacked me like bah, "you little disrespectful nigga"  
Like mmm... momma you lucky, lucky I can't hit ya  
"You gon' treat me like this? And you know I have seizures  
You know I take pain pills for headaches and fevers"  
Damn, now I'm feeling less than a man  
Cause you birth me and I was actin' like I couldn't understand  
I'm sorry momma...I'm sorry momma  
Let me take some weight off your shoulders  
I'm singing to momma  
You ain't gotta worry now, them days is over  
I'm sorry momma, I know I ain't shit  
I know I lied a lot, I know I ain't slick  
Your last dollars...  
Yeah, that was me who stole 'em out your purse  
(What?) yeah, I know it hurts  
I remember days we used to go to church  
I used to fall asleep, that shit used to work your nerves  
I remember when you had surgery  
In a wheelchair hooked to IV's that hurt me  
You're like Superwoman in my eyes  
You do a lot to be blind out of one eyeBut you ain't let that hold you back  
You went on your marathon and ran your laps  
I broke into houses and sold stolen things for you  
I know that ain't the type of things your son should do  
You gave birth to me, I love you and thank you  
Just know you're well-appreciatedI said I know I did wrong  
I know I did wrong  
I know I did wrong

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

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