

Momma Told Me

EARTHGANG

Walking round the house searching for all the just to my bullshit
I'm finally finding how hard it is to fight the sin
Starting to find a sense, when momma used to say child when you finish you better light a candle 'fore you park this bitch
I light the cartridge, need to spark the sack to go and get a jump from Mister and Misses who always arugin'
Tossing up at the thought of them
Mention of the offer to send from the other one like a curse or something when they both plagued, when they both sick like what you got?
How you get it? They'll lock yo ass up for this
If I can't do it, you gon have to beg with what gon starve the kids
Shoulda known our is was here
Right round every corner
We was killing time and picket signs til slumber snuck up on us but, but, but
Ain't I blessed though
And I'm stressed lord
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya
Free all my vessels
In all context, though
In all confines, In all Congos, In all correctionals

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Okay mama said go go
Pops said hit the ground running, get the dough, though I put your shit at the door, though
Blood, sweat, tears for the articles
People in four doors
We are in the age of the promo
I been around killas and good niggas who live independent
The only difference is the depth of your vision
Some niggas never been nowhere so they sight real limits and government house and a bunch of niggas
It's the same premise, different day, same pimpin
Pull a propaganda out the ceiling, pull a rabbit out ya hat
Pull a bitch, I got a batch
Bullet miss and hit a negro hit right in his designer cap
I hope them boys find him 'fore we find him cause my niggas ain't fine with that
Don Juan, I'm prime with the ensemble and bomb at the wonton but the drama is uncommon but nah
And it don't take a gun to show that I ain't fucking with y'all
I say it everyday but that ain't make it this way
Ok, ok, ok

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All my niggas talk like yo cotton picking ancestors
That don't make us stupid, we just deeply rooted
Saturday action includes stabbing and shooting, hit the church with bloody s
hirt and mumble through the Communion
Amen
Hey man
Say man
Way back
When we
Was kids
We used
To think
We was
Invincible
Oh shit we not
We drop like flies
From homicides every Thursday
Fuck it
I like bitches that know how to make grits right
Take dick like she might do Jiu-Jitsu, Hindu stretches in the morning
Pleasure my dick with nighttime privileges when I want it
I'm fiending but I don't need it to function
I go dumb like locking keys in the trunk
After the storm, harvest season will come
Watching porn while I'm chiefting a blunt
These rappers corn but niggas eat that shit up
My momma warned me of the evils to come
I should've listened

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