

## Interlude (Mama)

ChillinIT

Dear mama, dear mama  
Shit  
Nah, real talk, check, check

Ma, I know you're hurting, that it's burning you inside  
The way your son is workin', you are certain I could die  
Drownin' in the drugs while I be searchin' for the high  
Mama's asking why I'm comin' home with circles 'round my eyes  
I said, "Mama, I'm just tired", mama, that's a lie  
Lately I been questionin' if someone's in the sky  
'Cause every time I pray, mama, no one gon' reply  
You told me keep the faith, Ma, I wonder if you lied  
And now I'm gettin' high, party limousines  
Now it's fiddy g's in my Balenciaga jeans  
Now we eatin' pasta at a classier cuisines  
Mama, half of this for you, but, mama, half of this for me  
I'm still havin' dreams about the father I should be  
I left my fuckin' fam for these Rihannas on the beach  
And now I think the devil made a casket just for me  
I don't really know if I should laugh or I should scream, fuck

Let it breathe for a bit  
This that interlude shit, we all need peace, man  
Mum, fuck, you're the MVP  
I can't say it enough  
I'm losing my voice from smoking, I need to chill, shit