

Momma Working

Dave East

Everything in the bag nigga, everything man
Bag all this shit up
My moms coming home at like 11 B, we gotta get the fuck up out of here
We can't be here when moms come in the crib, my nigga. Word

Yo, this shit depressing, 3 to 6 for Smith and Wesson
On Ryker's Island
Them hoes was telling get their best friends, they need protection
I seen the D's, they played the roof out
It's time to move out, the block hot, don't bring the Coop out
I'm in the new shit, Balenciaga and a blue fit
We throwing parties, these bitches swimming got the pool lit
I bagged up eight balls over green, no need for pool sticks
I'm sick of Chinese, close up shop, let's head to Ruth's Chris
Connect Jamaican, I'm the reason for that last breath you taking
And fuck this paper, we throw it like we just graduated
Started in a Pathfinder, then I had to navigate it
We ain't had much, my uncle said "Use your imagination"
Took it and ran with it, pieces out the pot let the fan hit it
Sit 'em on the plate and get the gram chipping
I ain't feeling these niggas, it's like my hand's missing
My man's switching but fuck it, I guess we ran different
Hand to hand pitching, Deegan or we Van Wyck'in
West side of FDR, never bag, I rarely borrow
Thoughts of running up in houses like the mask of Zoro
I had to go pick up some paper, I'll be back tomorrow

Bagging up, knocking the purple tape
Outside all night, my moms was working late
I gotta go get it because it hurt to wake
I don't talk about much, some shit it hurt to say
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I paid 50 for the smoke pack, 40 for that brown bitch
I'm bout to make the town flip, I'm always where they smoke at
Three dykes drinking in a school zone, a couple hammers
Young dirty ghetto children, we ain't had no fuckin' manners
I love my grandma, that's my mother twin
Couldn't shit for days, eating that cheese from the government
Talk clear round here papi, no time for stuttering
Fiends like I just can not believe it's not buttering
Stuttering, went back to basics
Xannies had me trapped in the matrix
When my mother told me you have to make it just for brother's sake
If you sell crack, what you think he goin' sell
If you go to jail, where you think he goin', focus up
Still bagging burner tips, pull-up bar, work the dips
I had to work the bench before I got my starting spot
Straight out of Harlem like Suge Knight for that parking spot
Knocking Biggie, wish I could talk to Pac, get off the block

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