

# Mama Neva Understand

Doe Boy

Mama never understand why I'm out here in these streets  
Out here hanging with these gangsters  
She know killers stay with me  
She'll never understand niggas out here play for keeps  
So I gotta keep it on me because I know it ain't sweet  
And my mama always saying  
"Boy these niggas ain't your friends"  
But I never understand  
I can't get it through my head  
Cause I love my niggas  
And my niggas love me  
So I'm out here in these streets  
And that's what its gone be

9 years old when I brought that knife to school  
Every since that day my mama knew I was a fool  
Way back when I used to wear my cousins shoes  
Back when 50 cent had made me wanna be a goon  
Back when me and mama kept our change in a drawer  
Let it add up and take them shits to coin store  
All I ever wanted was to be a hood star  
Smoking, thinking "how the fuck I get this foreign car?"  
Used to couldn't sleep  
I was so turnt on Christmas eve  
Woke up Christmas morning  
Wasn't shit under the tree  
Ain't do no complaining and I took that shit like a G  
Now she understand why I always was a thief  
I was broke and I was poor  
I was stealing out the store  
Back when me and ma were staying in the [?]  
Twelve years old when I first jumped off the porch  
I started hanging with them gangsters  
That's when I stopped playing sports

Remember back day  
When I used to catch the rapid  
At the Windermere  
Trying to catch a nigga lacking  
Mama used to have to buy my shoes from Mr. Alex  
Used to punch on niggas because they parents had them swagging  
Swear to squad to tell the truth  
And only nothing but the truth  
13 drinking 40's in the basement with Young Lou  
That was way back when we told Molly don't shoot  
Turned into a fucking goon  
Because I want that name too  
I was doing drugs with my niggas in the hood  
Posted in the hood trying to be like Young Hood  
Used to stay with TJ  
Damn that boy a good cook  
Used to watch him work that stove when I should've had a book  
14 years old I remember those days  
Sleeping in the trap with Bullyman and OG Dane  
Fuck with Lil Dough  
And he gon' pop a nigga brains  
You know what I claim

Bitch I'm Taliban gang

Remember when I used to stay in Lil Will attic  
On the block with Poopy posted like a fucking savage  
If you looking for us bitch we out here with them cannons  
Thugging in these Cleveland Knowles where we standing  
Spend that firm up I love them niggas like my blood  
Way back when Gutter used to call me son  
Way before they ever used to let me touch a gun  
They want me to rap  
I grab that strap  
I'm tryna thug  
Better not trust [?]  
All that nigga do is scheme  
Used to fuck on bitches then I stole that hoe's keys  
Wait until she leave  
Go back and get everything  
I got what you need  
Probably sell it for some weed  
Pour a whole pint  
Thinking about my old life  
Mama moved me out the hood  
I went and robbed the whole heights  
Everyday I'm on that bus  
I'm right back on that Knowles life  
You want war  
It's on sight  
And you won't get told twice

I was hitting licks with Goonie doing drills  
Remember Goonie caught that body with my steel  
Mama kicked me out because she kept on finding steels  
Really in the field  
Nigga put that shit on Mills  
I got caught lackin' before  
That's why I'll always keep my whodie  
Taking out the trash, still had that pole on me  
I can't be a stain  
No, I can't go homie  
Still'll rob a nigga and I got that Roll on me  
T rock got that 40  
And that's A-Rod with that chopper  
On my son I shot my Glock  
Ask my mama how I rock  
Call up Murder Man Kev  
He be shooting on the opps  
And free Chino with that Mac  
I told him keep his head high  
Free my nigga Baby Shaq  
We call him Mr. Red Dot  
Free B and Free DJ  
I wish he missed that head shot  
Rubberband money gang  
Nigga free my bandsquad  
Cross me and you gon' die  
You better not play with Band God  
Bitch you know we heartless  
You know what my niggas yelling (what up)  
I remain a felon  
Nah, I never start telling (what up)  
Used to tell my mama when I'm free I'm gon' do better  
I came home and brought that Mac  
Ma, you already knew better

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