Yeah, yeah..
Uhh, right, right, right
Right, right, right, right

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Uhh uhh uhh, feel me now, listen Momma loved me, pop left me Mickey fed me, and he dressed me Eric fought me, made me tougher Love you for that my nigga no matter what brah Marcy raised me; and whether right or wrong Streets gave me all I write in the song Hootie babysitted, changed my diapers Gil introduced me to the game that changed my life up East Trenton grew me, had me skippin school Valencia's boyfriend Vovo had me makin moves Momma raised me, pop I miss you God help me forgive him I got some issues Mickey cleaned my ears, and he shampooed my hair Eric was fly - shit, I used to steal his gear I was the baby boy, I could do no wrong Yeah it's goin past fast - let's move along Kitchen table - that's where I honed my skills Jaz made me believe the shit was real Labels turned me down, couldn't foresee Clark sought me out, Dame believed Primo laced me, Ski did too "Reasonable Doubt" - classic, shoulda went triple Momma loved me, pop left me Grandma dressed me, plus she fed me banana puddin, what's in the hood then Puffin on L's, drinkin pink champelle Ty rolled with a nigga, V.A. spot Tone, Mike 'Zo and them niggaz, V.A.'s locked Vigs fucked with a nigga, whassup ha? (?) high hated the fact I put rap to the back Money pourin in, clientele growin now Birth of my first nephew, time to slow it down October 21st, Lavelle came to the world Followed by three more boys and then a baby girl Momma loved me, T.T. Uncle Jay loves you to death won't let no trouble come your way Oh, can't forget my man down in Maryland He's gone 'til November, how can I not remember? Tell your moms I'm there for her and Tiembra And your son too - there's nothin I won't do Unless you was me, how could you judge me? I was brought up in pain, y'all can't touch me Police pursued me, chased cuffed and subdued me Talked to me rudely; cause I'm young rich and I'm black and live in a movie, not livin by rules New rap patrollin the city, follow my crews Bleek you're still with me - nigga what did I say? The time is comin; you one hit away Beans I ain't tryin to change you - just give you some game to make the transition, from the street to the fame My momma loves me..