

It's hard to let it go
Let it flow away and never mind it
It seems so much more
So intense
So you never find a way to forgive, to forget, to be unconditional

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This isn't the time to be tumbling on the floor
We just have to walk through that door together
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Post the green at your momma's house
Nigga need money, money the root of your momma's house
Momma need food, your momma she claim from her future spouse
Why do I do the things that I do on your momma's blouse?
Don't wake the baby, daddy
And daddy ain't round enough
Watching my baby grow up alone in her momma's house
You're too busy writing these rhymes
I never lie in the rhymes
I rhyming harder and harder whilst flipping niggas for dimes
And she finer than my exes
Pistol flapping gun totting and love making's heaven
Still be here tonight and hope to make it to heaven
Seven mentions seven
And my momma came a-raring
And my momma holds a sanctuary
I got new goals, got new wishes
Be a better father stop calling my women bitches
Red gold, green gold, gang do it right
And we never do it wrong, now we seeing better days

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