My Momma Know

Kevin Gates

Niggas talk about rap
And it's a business
Niggas talk about hustling
But it's a business
In order to excel in the business
You gotta be business minded

How you survive in the clench when
Don't nobody love you
Grippin on a slip and get to trippin'
It'll snuff you
Death down the block
And it gotta be waiting
Fistfights, shoot outs, high-speed chases
Bitch you ain't gangster
Why he be fakin'
Talkin to them hoes
Why he be hatin'
Out the gate, I'm an ape
And you know I am
Get to bustin', bullet crush him
Like a soda can
Seein empty soda cans
Up and down the sidewalk
Kids running bare feet
Up and down the sidewalk
I'm in that south
Show you what that street like
Gates live that street life
Discreet under street lights
I wanna stop hustlin'
I wanna change over
But right now a nigga aim
On that Range Rover
Lord forgive me for the brains
I done blowed away
Put that on my unborn child
And my throw away

My momma know I hustle
My momma I'm gutter
My momma don't want me to end
Up like my fucking brother
My momma know I hustle
My momma I'm gutter
My momma know I'm a killer
Caught up in the struggle
My momma know I hustle
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Draw heat to the corner

From the stitching of my jacket pocket
To my shoulders 'round the collar
Of my jacket lining
Whoever thought that the same bitch
Would try to do me
From Harlem Nights, on a Harlem night
Watching movies
We at her crib and she urging me to go inside
After chatting about a balcony and solo live
I guess so but I'm going in with open eyes
A nigga hiding in the closet will be no surprise
We start touching, now I'm licking on her open thigh
Never got a chance to UHH, somebody opened fire
I tried reaching for that tool but the toaster move
You on the floor with no clothes
What you supposed to do
Being set up, seeing what that hoe will do
The triggerman being somebody that's close to you
Naked and you shaking, heart pacing
You could feel it
Praying if the lord let me make it
I'mma kill him

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Strength, you supposed to be strong
You posted around him, you 'posed to be on
Questioning yourself, wonder what they want you dead for
Sleeping in your tennis, don't believe in bedclothes
Running in my room, I just took one in my sleeves
(Well nigga what you did to him)
Oh he took one where he sneeze
We'll hook up when you free
Got a hook up on the keys
Frah - go lay the d she be cooking them with ease
Look what I been through
Life ain't nice to me
Big brother kidnapped
Little brother don't write to me
I'm stuck in this driver's seat
Satan is to the right of me
Niggas don't like me
And they wanna take my life from me
I'm in the slum
While niggas fuck my wife to be
She a slut, I ain't trippin'
It's alright with me
Know what it is

And understand what it stand for
Dead game
What the fuck a nigga stand for

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