I, I came to put it down Straight from New York to da a-town Haters wanna see me down I ain't even put, put, put it down And when I'm flippin' the script and they gon' be like-oh And if I skip em' or chip em' they gon' be like-no Cause when I'm spittin' they sittin' cause they already-know This real music I make it hot It's little mama voice of the young people Mouthpiece for the young breeze so slow ya speed..whoa! I'm about that fetty, about that that dough, about that flow After me that's as far as it goes Cause little mama got whips and chains The only time you see it bark is at a tear for I'm a walk ya game Been g'd up since hawk was lain So you doubt me you doubt ya brain Must, must be insane to ever thinkin' that a chick like b could ever, ever s ee a chick like me That's crazv! And if you ever thought that it might be Then you betta step ya j-o-b, up baby! Been crazy since I was a baby! Now ya girl switch write bars and spit crazy Let the whole world know I gets crazy! Wit' the music I make it hot Hot, hot my lyrics be popping Oh how I could just spit it so sloppy The way that I be rocking they probably think I?m cocky But they don't know about me I grab it 'til I lock it-down They pointin' fingas and chose me cause I'm a hold it-down I'm spittin' records and bet this you can't control it-now They spinning? records and notice that I'ma hold it-down Wit the music I make it pop Pop, pop dough school, pro tool, Get in the booth and I'ma show you how a pro do Me to you whom Not even I could stand up when I Why try look, my eyes don't lie I don't see nobody close as I I been lookin' through my periphial vision and I Start to wonder hypnosed is I Nobody as nice as I remember that I, I, I It's little mama! Voice of the young people! This real music I make it hot

It's little mama!