

Momma

Messy Marv

[Messy Marv]

She was only 13 pushin' a stroller
Project livin' homie runnin' from the rollers
But get money
We didn't have shit when momma tried
Daddy done left again, got momma gettin' high
Think I ain't knowin' got me on the corner sellin' rocks
I do it for the set mane, I'm tryna run the block
But she ain't knowin', I'm 16 but got a Benz
Momma I'm ridin' with a mac, and 3 of my friends
We got the sack, I know I'm young but I'm playin' daddy
I'm comin' up I got these other niggas mad at me
I'm runnin' up mask down momma cockin' my ruegar
See what that single parent shit do to ya
Real talk what I'ma lie fo momma, we starvin'
Was I suppose to leave it up to Big Marvin (hell nah)
I'm the one I'ma tell y'all (what)
Shit I'ma kill a motherfucker I ain't goin' back to jail y'all

[Chorus]

I'm in the game but I'm winnin' tho, feel me momma
These 24s keep spinnin' tho, feel me momma
That project livin' tho, feel me momma
Ya got to feel me momma, I know you feel me momma
I'm in the game hella heavy, feel me momma
I'm headed to the pen is what they tell me, feel me momma
Fuck school it's all about the feddy, feel me momma
Ya got to feel me momma, I know you feel me momma

[Messy Marv]

The homie on the block got smoked
These new niggas just bangin' think this shit a joke (suckas)
But we ain't playin'
[?] got life, and Joe Jingles was just tryna get his shit right
But now he gone..
I'm hustlin' going stone for stone
I'm in this concrete jungle where you all alone
Trill talk momma this block shit hella dirty
Niggas dyin' at 17 not seein' 30
But now they knowin', everything I do is for ya girl
I remember '87 daddy had a curl
And that's when Creature Man and [?] was sellin' pearl
Knock out niggas it's nuts mane ya blocks thorough
Pops come from turf wood we all thorough
Marin Luther King square mane that's on Charole
I'll bring it to ya nigga and run all through ya nigga
You know how I get down, man this ain't nothin' new to ya nigga

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[Messy Marv]

They had the whole block on the news
I say a nigga from the set, went against the rules
Somebody snitchin' nigga, tellin' on the infrastructure
Time will tell I ain't worried 'bout it, the game will touch ya
That's on me homie
Momma I do it for the MOB, they keep food in the spot when you didn't have a
job
I stay committed mother fucker we ain't playin' 'round
Momma I swear I'll tear one of these niggas leg down
That's wassup nigga, pussy ass fuck nigga
Half my homies dead and in the pen stuck nigga
That's on my momma nigga

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