

OMM

PnB Rock

On my mama, on my mama
Bitch I keep that shit a hundred
Young rich niggas don't eat McDonalds
In that trap house with Benny Hanas
On my mama, on my mama
Yellow bitch, and she came from London
Trap house boomin, trap house jumpin
When I die, bury me in designer

That's on my mama, on my mama
Bitch, I put that shit on my mama
That's on my mama, on my mama, bitch, I put that shit on my mama
That's on my mama
Yeah, put that shit on my mama
That's on my mama, bitch
That's on my mama, on my mama
Young rich nigga, I'm chasing them commas
We gonna smoke you, keep it a hundred
Shoot you in the face, shoot you in your stomach
Went to rappin, first I was trappin
I can't go back, cause now I've got status
Niggas be cappin, pew pew
Kill that nigga in traffic
That's yo bitch, well she mine now
Put that bitch in designer, that's right now
On my mind though, she want me to come pipe her
That's how we be, yeah
Wiz on freeze, yeah
Bitch on fleek, yeah
Suck it with no teeth, yeah
Two dope boys in the party
Turn up the sticks go hard, bitch
I'm off the Xan, I'm off the maly
Got all my bands, all on her body

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That's on my mama, bitch, ride with my 30s
Look at your eye when I aim for you
When you talk, you get pots for a zip
Red dot on you at the green light
Yo nigga broke, don't eat right
Bands in my pants, we eat right
I'm on the block, I've got the drum on top
That was when I made it hot
All you see is my pockets drop
Smoking California reefer, he gonna swallow all that, he's a eater
I'm a lion, you a cheata
Bitch, pop shotgun, bet it's heater
That's on my mama, on my mama, keep that shit one hundred

On my mama, remember stealing her Jimmys to make a hundred
That's on my mama, gotta make them commas
That's on my mama, ass sit up, my hair Rapunzel

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