

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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