

Ohmamama, Ooohmamama...

Bitch, why you wanna love me?
10 months ago you were betting my defeat
Thinking I was too crazy for the shit that I'm in
Now you're sendin' me snaps of you and your tities
Talking to me like "Wassup, wassup, wassup Rilès!
I need an instrumental, can I record my text?"
They wanna be friends, personnal interest
But my hustle ain't free, and my talent is less
Wanna be me, they don't fuck with themselves
Wanna beat me, yeah I've tried but I failed
Trust me
"Whaat? He French, he rappin' in English?
Who the fuck he is, what is this?"
And I say:

Ohmamama, Ooohmamama...

Haters, turning into friends
And friends turn into enemies
Problems come along with the fame
And It's just the beginning
If you see me less
It's 'cause that I'm doing more
I'm different I don't need your labels
Move on, I don't waste time anymore
No more..

Bitch niggas sayin' "it's luck"
I'm making it worth 'cause I'm putting in work
'Fore I be the best, I was probably the worst
Gotta thank all of your wack rappers raising my thirst
Saying shit like "Listen, listen, listen I know"
But you know the least, why you're talking the most?
Afraid of my dreams cuz you gave up on yours
So go talk to my advisor if it is for pesos
Hmar..
"Whaat? He rap, he produces and mix?
Who the fuck he is, what is this?"
And I say:

Ohmamama, Ooohmamama...