

Mama

Rob49

Yeah

Bitch, go cop a brick of ice 'cause we young and turnt off Betty White
Girl, that nigga ain't turnt up like he 'posed to, 49 gon' treat you right
I might buy you ice, Mama
Hope that pussy tight, Mama
This love at first sight, Mama
Glorilla, on the gang! Gang!
You the type I like, Mama

Come get you a gang member, bae
We young and turnt and having motion
That lil' ho a small fry, ain't on shit, I'm baked potato loaded
Ooh, give me dick, Dada
Them back shots get me thick, Dada
I'm a motherfucking gold digger, but if I I like you, I'm the treat, Dada

I change nigga like a diaper, baby, I can't go for shit, huh
But I can't lie, it's certain nigga I don't make stand on shit
Give me brain, Dada
Don't call me by my name, Dada
Might go buy you that draco and let you put it in my name, Dada

Yeah, eat it right, aight, backhand if he bite, ight
He said Leo's never think they wrong, you might be right, aight
If that boy don't do his job right, go fuck with his friends
How you want smoke behind a nigga I'm gon' fuck again?
He know I'm the coldest, he know I'm the coldest
They know what the fuck going on

If your ho ain't dark skin and petite, nigga, she is not my kind
We out here passing hoes to the gang, while he's treatin' his ho like wifey
Now he say he want smoke about the ho, I told him, "Kill somebody"
She keep asking me how her nigga know, bitch, I ain't tell nobody
Fuck me right, alright
Stack that pussy, knife, alright
Baby, you my kryptonite
I wanna give you dick tonight
Told you I'm out of line, baby, I'm out of line
I'll have you stalking, I'm giving you good dick
Titties in my hand, alright
Got bitches shaking ass, alright
I know his twin dying, alright
I know he miss his mans, nigga
I've been counting blues all day, make a nigga hands cramp
I just gave my ho a ten piece, I am not one of them

You know you the coldest, you know you the coldest
You know you the coldest, bae, you know you the coldest
You know you the coldest, you know you the coldest
You put that shit on, bae, I like when that shit on you
You know you the coldest, you know you the coldest
You know you the coldest, bae, you know you the coldest
I know you like Chanel, bae, let me put Chanel on you
I know you like rose gold, bae, let me put rose gold on you

You know I'm not them, when I pull up, I'm coming trim, alright
Five hundred slips look like a thot pad on my hip, alright

Yo' old nigga a shrimp, bae, let me take you on a trip, alright
All my bitches pretty, rich and thick, don't think yo' bitch my type
Yeah, I heard you got a man, but it's alright, Mama
Let's go to the mall, I'm 'bout to buy you what you like, Mama
You can fuck your rose before these nigga, you my type, Mama
You do that shit right, Mama
You deserves some ice, Mama
When you take them clothes off, I get nervous, let me buy you purses
Fuck me with your eyes, you keep playing, you doing that on purpose

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