

Rich The Kid, Sorry Momma

I'm sorry momma but this money, that's what made a nigga
Grew up too fast, I feel my problems startin' chase a nigga
Sometimes I wish I could home so you could save a nigga
We different breeds so I can see that they hate a nigga
My brother, I wish you can see everything I accomplish
I wish you could see everyday I'm standin'
I wish I could show how we came from nothin'

I'm sorry momma, know this money here done made a nigga
Now I got all these goddamn hundreds, still can't change a nigga
Back then, they said I wasn't shit, now they want take a picture
I was tryna save the money for some Bentley switches
I was tryna make a fifty but I made more millions
They ain't think I was gon' make it but them niggas silly
Damn, I wish I could have brought all of my brothers with me
When we was tryna pay the bills, you wasn't starvin' with me
But I done ran the money up, I bought a Benz for momma
These hundreds might drive me insane, all these damn commas
Gotta watch my back, I keep these fuckin' heater on me
Got my neck and wrist a freezer, better not creep up on me

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Like how long Bentleys whippin' out, we spendin' cash night to mornin'
I think about you every time, I know this all had wanted
These bitches steady be out here lyin', just can't keep it one hundred
I'm tryna stay from 'cross state lines so I won't run, I pun it
I hope for good times with my momma 'cause we still be at odds
I went to jail and came back and bitch, I'm still livin' large
Duck from that iron, we strung some back but take it all up with God
Know once I'm gone, I can't come back, I'm thinkin' 'bout my lil' boy
But it ain't much that I'm gon' leave, I just, I can't see
Use the smoke to take the pain, it's back to back but I can't breathe, I just
And this image that I hold up, it make it hard to see my knees, I just
Everyday I'm thankin' God but it's still hard to heard my knees but

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Uh, we came from nothing that's the reason they can't understand
They say my partner killed his partner for a couple grams
Fresh out that bottom, country boy, I'll holla at the top
They tell my bro he'll chase his dreams, they won't ever stop
While Pops in prison, Moms is busy, I jumped off the porch
Grew up too fast, young wilding man, not knowing I would blow
Running with Chance, writing raps, that was my thing too
'Til I see two of them came through in Mustang Coupes
I've been tryna get some sleep so I've been sipping syrup
Remember bro brought me to his block and let me serve
He told me leave around this bitch and go and shop the world
I came home from my [?], he was dead on the curb

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