Sorry Momma (feat. Ty Dolla $ign)

[YG](#)

Momma said I ain't acting like her son
Cause I'm getting money Momma, you ain't giving me none
You can't buy me them J's that come out tomorrow
So get used to the things that I'm doing for dollars
You said: "Boy, you better watch your back
Your pops in jail, remember that"
Momma it get like that
You said: "Don't call me for no bail money"
Thought I could call for anything, I thought you cared for me
You said: "Keenon, keep that bitch out my house"
I said, "I'm 18"; you said: "this your place?"
Nah, this is Section 8
Smacked me like bah, "you little disrespectful nigga"
Like mmm... momma you lucky, lucky I can't hit ya
"You gon' treat me like this? And you know I have seizures
You know I take pain pills for headaches and fevers"
Damn, now I'm feeling less than a man
Cause you birth me and I was actin' like I couldn't understand
I'm sorry momma...
Momma, let me take some weight off your shoulders
I'm singing to momma
You ain't gotta worry now, them days is over
I'm sorry momma, I know I ain't shit
I know I lied a lot, I know I ain't slick
Your last dollars...
Yeah, that was me who stole 'em out your purse
(What?) yeah, I know it hurts
I remember days we used to go to church
I used to fall asleep, that shit used to work your nerves
I remember when you had surgery
In a wheelchair hooked to IV's that hurted me
You're like Superwoman in my eyes
You do a lot to be blind out of one eye
But you ain't let that hold you back
You went on your marathon and ran your laps
I broke into houses and sold stolen things for you
I know that ain't the type of things your son should do
You gave birth to me, I love you and thank you
Just know you're well-appreciated
Momma, let me take some weight off your shoulders
I'm singing to momma
You ain't gotta worry now, them days is over

I said I know I did wrong
I know I did wrong
I know I did wrong
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