

Zant, van "Sweet Mama"

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Written by Tom Hambridge, Bob Johnson and Donnie Van Zant

I was raised on the west side shanty town.
I didn't get up till the sun went down.
When your back's against the wall, you better get tough,
An' learn real quick how to swing an' duck.'

I was born in the sweet Florida sunshine,
Good lookin' women, back woods an' moonshine.
Learned more about life on the streets than in the school.
Sweet Mama didn't raise no fool,
That's right.

Some folks cheat 'n some folks lie,
But I can judge a man by the look in his eye.
Don't hand me jack, try to call it cool.
I know the difference 'tween sh*t an' shiner.

I was born in the sweet Florida sunshine,
Good lookin' women, back woods an' moonshine.
Learned more about life on the streets than in the school.
Sweet Mama didn't raise no fool.

Instrumental Break.

Talkin' about Mama,
Oh sweet Mama.

Mama was no angel, but she taught me right from wrong.
She knew ev'ry single word, an' ev'ry note, and ev'ry song.
She taught me how to gamble and how to roll a dice.
"If it makes you feel good, do a darn thing twice."

I was born in the sweet Florida sunshine,
Good lookin' women, back woods an' moonshine.

Learned more about life on the streets than in the school.

My sweet Mama didn't raise no fool.

I was born in the sweet Florida sunshine,
Good lookin' women, back woods an' moonshine.
Learned more about life on the streets than in the school.

My sweet Mama didn't raise no fool.

Yeeow!

Talkin' about:

(My sweet Mama,)

(Mama didn't raise no fool.)

Na, na, na.

(Talkin' about my sweet Mama,

(Mama didn't raise no fool.)

That's my sweet Mama.

(Talkin' about my sweet Mama,

(Mama didn't raise no fool.)

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