

## Cam'ron "Yo Momma On Ya"

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Now here we go again...  
Me and my gangsta-ass friends...  
Spin up the dough to show you I ain't playin'...  
And I ain't playin: I tell yo baby momma on ya!  
Me and my folks, pushin' bends,  
We be so close, to spending grants...  
Kickin' the dough to show you I ain't playin: Ah ah ah ah  
ah ain't playin', I tell yo baby momma on ya!

For sayin' you a hustler(hustler)  
And you know you just a customer(customer)  
Yo girl stay cuffin' us, scuffin' us, get yo kicks while you  
scuffin' us!  
And you askin' for that credit card,  
Go and get a credit card,  
They have me in the bed tomorrow(Mah dogs,)  
I swear they from the reservoir!  
Is yo boy soundin' boy again,  
And they outside lowered the rent,  
You know I saw that poison man, make noise again, I  
swear to god I'll exploit 'im in!  
I could tell you a thing or two,  
My homeboy bring 'em through,  
I won't leave you hangin' blue,  
Like a mother f\*ckin' kangaroo!

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And I ain't playin: I tell yo baby momma on ya!  
Me and my folks, pushin' bends,  
We be so close, to spendin' grants!  
Kickin' the dough to show you I ain't playin, ah ah ah ah  
ah ah ain't playin, I tell yo baby momma on ya!

Whoa! For actin' like you're certified,  
Oh you never even heard of fire,  
I'm the one who pulled that candy up,  
Don't make me call my family up!  
Forty in Atlantic for ya, (who else)  
Forty-first and seven for ya, (who else)  
Say you never want eleven for ya,

All dem damn tennis on ya!  
Charleston, Jefferson, (all mah homies)  
Virginia on the Maryland,  
My god damn pregidous,  
You gonna look better in it!

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And I ain't playin', I tell yo baby momma on ya!  
Me and my folks, pushin' bends,  
We be so close, to spendin' grants!  
Kickin' the dough to show you I ain't playin', ah ah ah ah  
ah ain't playin', I tell yo baby momma on ya! (Whoa!)

I likes to keep it clear,  
I'm from the NBC!  
Me and mah gangsta-ass friends,  
Some of my dogs is in the pen! (Mah dogs)  
And so I grab my pad and pen,  
It's with my homies and my money again!  
And so I tell 'em the truth and all,  
That Howard's baby momma's a doll!  
She was out with lil' Ben,  
And they was smokin', drinkin' gin!  
And in the room was her kids,  
Do I have to say what she did?  
It broke my heart, but you see,  
I have to keep it clear!  
And now you know the deal,  
And I know just how you feel! (Whoa!)

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