

## **Fat Joe**

# **"She's My Momma"**

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(feat. H-Mob)

You know one man's treasure is another man's trash  
(speak on it)  
And you know the man who sleeps on the floor can't fall  
the fuck off the  
bed Nigga

Pop your collar to this

It's grills mania, ya heard me  
Owww

[Chorus:]  
She's my Mammy  
She's my baby  
I love you so much  
You driving me crazy  
Wanna be down  
Jump in the car  
Rollin wit me  
I'll make you a star

[Verse 1:]  
Now she was only sixteen I had to nurture that  
Give her some growth  
Waited till I touch the cat  
Told she going have to work if she going get ahead  
Then she drove me berserk when she game me some  
head  
She told me that she learnt that from the porno flicks  
I said Mami stop talking  
Just suck on this dick  
I ain't say her name yet so let's say she nothing  
Now watch me turn this nothing into something  
Get it  
Mami, Get in that kitchen  
This is free base  
Just cook it till its hard then cut it in eighths  
Take the trip cross town to see True  
Just get the money don't listen  
That Nigga think he cute

See all this money we got we going shopping  
Louis Vitton & Pucci  
We get it poppin  
We hit the club on some clico shit  
See the respect that you get from just being my bitch  
Look see 'em they sick  
They wan be in your shoes  
That's the game that I hit her wit to leave her confused  
I'm just using her for paper  
She want a man  
I'm bout to see my other bitch but  
She understands

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2:]

Ay Yo  
I met her at the Rucker Park  
Watchin' the stars play  
I knew she was a terror  
She was watchin' the squad play  
I knew she had her own  
She was pushin' the bubble X  
Type of eye candy that you see in the Double X  
Fat Ass, Long Hair  
Short like Nia Long  
I knew she was a victim from the start  
My G is strong  
And then she said she ain't felt this good in ten  
summers  
Gave me credit card and debit card with pin numbers  
I'm lookin' at receipts  
She spent G's on the kid  
I'm pushin' her V  
Even got keys to the crib  
If I needed to bag up  
I bought G's to the crib  
I got knocked - What she did  
Put up the deed to the crib  
Now she got a new gig at Chase Manhattan  
Look my niggaz is wit Ma  
Let's make it happen  
So I burst through the door bout a quarter to four  
Told every nosey bitch  
Get the fuck on the floor  
Then she opened up the bag  
And started to fill 'em all  
Making sure that she left the marked money in the  
drawer  
Told security if you move  
This goin' be your last night

I'm working with this Mack ten  
You workin' with a flash light  
I'm walking backwards  
Nobody moved word to mother  
Tryin' not look - cause I don't want to blow her cover  
That's when this bitch winks and blew a kiss at me  
I don't believe this bitch took all them risks for me

That why

[Chorus x2]

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