Kanye West "Mama's Boyfriend"

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[Chorus]

I never liked you n-ggas
Who knew one day I'd be just like you n-ggas
Uh uh uh alright you n-ggas
Uh uh uh alright you n-ggas
When I become my mama's boyfriends?
When I become my mama's boyfriends?

He walked in our lives I was only five

Superman pajama's I was super duper fly
Sitting here like why, he at least supersize
You know I scrutinise like who this newer guy
I'm my mama boyfriend I'm her little husband
I was the man of the house when there wasn't
Trying to get to know homie just kill the charm
You ain't interested in me you just tryna f-ck my mum
We are the voices of our parents bad choices
The aftermath of divorces

The kids of bitter split ups

And baby sitters

Grand parents that don't know what to do with us And the last thing I want to see is mama's new n-gga You old Old Spice wearing

Short chain wearing

Dress shoes and jogging pants wearing

Church sock wearing

When you first stop caring about your appearance When you get here anyway I already got parents Don't try to put me inline I already got crayons My mama said I could do it I already got clearance Keep your hands of my mama how I need to got clearance

Yeah I know she look good but you need to stop staring I drew a picture of her that would make her proud But the door was locked and the TV up so loud

I scream out "I ain't going to sleep no time soon, And when I do I'm sleeping in my mama room" I don't like you n-gga If I was old enough I would fight you n-gga I wanna run over you in my bike you n-gga

Don't go to sleep at night you n-gga

And it seems like I wasted time If thats what it's all about Mama if thats moving up than I

When I become my mama's boyfriends Twenty years later where has the time gone Now you see I'm dating having problems of my own Now that I'm grown the tables turned around I never thought I'd ever raise another n-ggas child He don't like his mama's boyfriend Just like me don't wanna do the wrong thing That's very un Spike Lee but he be like he go round his mama then Cause when she here he be quiet When she leave he be talking again He be wylin again Be calm I don't drink the drama A sip of Dom Tyler-Perry-on You gon marry my mom look I don't read palms and I don't read psalms And I did take little man to church And took little man to school Look littl eman kids don't make the rules Even though I aint raised you You your mama angel Don't get it twisted baby boy I'll Ving Rhames you

[Chorus]

When I become my mama's boyfriends?

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