

Wale "Mama Told Me"

Visit "[Mama Told Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus] X2

Mama told me there'd be days like this
But I ain't never ever think there'd be a day like this
Not now not ever, and now until forever you will never
need another

[Verse 1]

Look
Sorry hip-hop, it took me so long to get on but so long
that I'm on it
It's on!
I'm rapping for the scholars and the hustlers,
meanwhile
Showing mama I ain't dropped out for nothing!
I swear these dollars going to add up
And I ain't shallow, material things suppress bad luck
That's why I shine like I does
It's pain in my eyes but these East Saints blind you to
look
Binded between
Carrying the flag for an area that drag, whoever tried
to gravitate
G told me it's a city full of crimes
I'm feeling like a platter at Philips when I rap
As much as I wanted to be minusculed the fact is
They'd only be happy with a minstrel actor
Sorry Mr. Charlie won't chap dance
And fuck the radio for telling me to snap jam
I'm just expecting the spectator's respect here
My net is from jet setters to cab fares
Hip-hop's unbalances got out of hand
Ain't have to seesaw, I'm already scared
I been called to every parent that guide us
Not D.C. this whole fucking genre
And I ain't in it for them O's or them commas
But more or less the hope for dope niggas to prosper
Yes Sir

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

The future is now

I lead on record's dedication for making better music is
now
Dope niggas locked out, four year rap drought
It's raining now, and somehow the fugitive's out
I would invest in a poncho
Because I ain't finna punch out like Glass Joe
I'ma go until my arm's sore, fuck it!
I go until my forty millionth encore
Hip-hop's dead, yeah that's what Nas said to me
I guess that's hip-hop heads on salary
We've had the tables, on them record labels
Who's next to release? We guillotine them
Niggas bragging but
Everybody stagnant
Everybody broke except the nigga on the track
And mama why you throw away my drums?
A hundred for a deal, they made a hundred on the
song
Nigga I'm a hundred miles far, I'm feeling Chris Child's
You looking like Kobe Bryant y'all
It's lonely at the top so I waited, but ain't nobody take it
Now I'm playing solitaire patient
Crucifix pieces, necklace with Jesus
See me as blasphemous for I don't need them
God give me strength, Allah give me patience
I am only a man and I don't know what to think

[Chorus]

Visit [Wale](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.