

Mikkey Halsted

"Momma In My Ear"

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Young Chop on the beat

[Hook]

Yeah, momma on my mind
I got momma in my ear, my woman on my back
Gotta get this cheese to get up out this trap
Taking penitentiary chances, playing Russian Roulette
Ducking out police, trying to cheat the angel of death

[Verse 1: Mikkey Halsted]

I learned the cheat code from real niggas
Got out the house early, I was a field nigga
Let's be honest, these artists don't paint the real
picture
I try to listen but honestly, I don't feel niggas
I was Polo, Nautica, Hilfiger
Been fresh to death, therefore we spill liquor
You dummies don't even get it, do you
Rapping my life, you suckas don't even live it, do you
From where pussies get fucking wetter
Still my daddy made me fight them niggas head up'
I dig the knowledge, I hope these cowawrds is read up
Funerals get expensive, I hope that you got your bread
up
Go ahead and jump out that window
I stopped playing with niggas after Nintendo
I know you niggas is pillow
You want to understand Mikkey, it's this simple

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Mikkey Halsted]

Bury so many family I'm feeling numb
So many homies, it hurts even worse when they young
Sometimes I ain't proud of where I'm from
I wonder if momma's proud of what I've become
She say she is but I know that she wanted more from
me
Know that God got something special in store for me
See, the journey just made me more hungry
I'm not bitch, need no man to open the door for me

I wish daddy could see me, my granny could feed me
A famous? if Scarface had never plugged?
And my cousin Cee-lo Reed was here to hear my CD
I gotta step up in his daughter's life, I know she needs
me
Chasing Lamborghinis, I'm merciless
Overdo it, every line is superfluous
Chicago the place that birthed this shit
But we claim the whole universe as our turf

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Pusha T]

Yech, I can't escape the slander
The irony of "I escaped the slammer"
Guess I'm Houdini in that motherfucking manor
Local authorities can't oppress my grandeur
They see me three ways, MTV with the VJs
Any mag cover or TSA in my PJs
Whoo, I fly them every so often
When I die, Maserati rig the coffin
Thirteen millionaires on the run to Boston
Call spades by the racist ass Massachusetts officers
Digest, put it together niggas
Ha, I was simply being clever, niggas
Lucky for you, this ain't my sole endeavor, nigga
Or you'd be calling me Hov or even better, nigga
Whoo, notorious Push
It's only so long that the gods overlooked one

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