

Tony Sunshine

"Momma Used To Say"

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Intro:

Yeah Top

It's the T.O.P nikka.. it's the top not the bottom

Yeah Mike Beck Drop that beat

Chorus:

Now how you end up in this fucked up situation

(Momma used to say)

Fuking with them boys momma warned you bout (Take your time young men)

And they ain't playing cause them nikkas want their money (Don't you rush the ghetto)

And now your hiding in your house and you kick them out

Verse I: Tony Sunshine

Betta check who you fooling with, no doubt I'm on some cooler shit

But my tooler spit, makes your hoes do a manula spin

Shit I chip em off, ship em off tommorrow

If they don't come back with my money by the morning

You know me meng the kid be on it, from dusk till dawn meng the kid holding

So have my money Homie have my dough

You Wrong, if you think cross me I'm gunna let it go

(Wow)

Not Me I'm a rid em, Im Gunna hit em with a 40 cal, the bullet gunna split em

He softer then a pillow talking bout his gunna peel us

When I seen him nikka hugged me and he told me i'm the realest (you Know)

Chorus:

Now how you end up in this fucked up situation

(Momma used to say)

Fuking with them boys momma warned you bout (Take your time young men)

And they ain't playing cause them nikkas want their money (Don't you rush the ghetto)

And now your hiding in your house and you kick them out

Verse II:Mike Beck

Ok I got money in my pocket, a honey at the crib
Car on the lawn, I'm disrespectful out this bitch
You can tell from the way that I walk, Gotta hustle like
I'm Russell Green plate to the fork
Put The 8th to your door, face taste on the floor
I'm Impatient when I'm racing, pedal stays on the floor
Metal straight to the jaw
Didn't your momma warned you, not them the laws
they run up on you
In the honor of my doode I'm gunna blow hammers,
hurd them creep while your still in cold jammas
Hoes will jam ya', pose as canvas
Stay calm never rush it will expose your handles

Chorus:

Now how you end up in this fucked up situation
(Momma used to say)
Fuking with them boys momma warned you bout (Take
your time young men)
And they ain't playing cause them nikkas want their
money (Don't you rush the ghetto)
And now your hiding in your house and you kick them
out

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