

# Cordae, Momma's Hood

Yeah, uh, yeah

Yeah, uh

I was riding through my momma's hood, rollin' in Jeep  
I ain't playin' with you niggas, boy, I'm playin' for keeps  
Fuck you pussy ass niggas tryna prey on the weak  
I ain't talkin' too much, I only say what I mean  
I bring the whole city out every time that I'm home  
How you all about business but don't be mindin' your own? (Yeah)  
Lord forgive me for my sins, I'm just tryna atone, huh  
I let that be well known, yeah

Daydreamin' while I'm schemin' on a text  
Steady plottin' as I'm thinkin' on the next (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Confident although I find myself compressed  
Overthinking, worrying, I must confess (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Even though sometimes I wish I was exaggerating  
And all my problems were just figments of imagination  
The smartest nigga who had dropped out, fuck your graduation  
I think that shit a fuckin' scam, somebody had to say it  
Caught up in a matrix, shit I had to find a way out  
Lost too many niggas, swear this shit is gettin' played out  
Student loan forgiveness, all my debt was finally paid out  
Appreciate this shit because the gutter I come straight out  
The bottoms of bottoms, to the top of the tops  
And that power washing van that I just bought for my pops  
I talk to him every now and then, more often than not  
We upgraded next time that I drop, but for now

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I heard the cage bird sing and it's a beautiful sound  
And it'd be so much fuckin' better, dog, if you was around  
Why they had to kill my nigga over a few little pounds?  
When I got robbed in high school you even flew to the town  
Couldn't really live with him, now I'm livin' without him  
And you was just here with us listenin' to the new album  
Told me that it was a classic, better than my last shit  
We used to have hoop dreams and skip all our classes  
And now my nigga dead and gone, shed these tears up in this song  
Shoulda got 'em out, I right my wrong, real niggas shit what I condone  
Every nigga got his flaws, accounts that's filled with withdrawals  
I paint pictures that's vivid because my feeling so raw  
This shit I'm dealing with, uh, is no mistake  
That I was put in this position just to open gates  
The niggas with the least to offer the most to say  
The funeral was too much, I couldn't show my face, instead

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(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
This song is dedicated to my dog Juwan Walls  
They called him Pit  
Who got killed last summer in a shootout  
And um, we used to be on the basketball team together, man, me and him  
We always used to hoop together  
And um, bro was the first one gettin' money amongst us all, like  
He was like fifteen, sixteen years old  
And he-he always kept a bankroll on him, and uh  
I just miss my dog, man