

## L.I.F.E.

Lil Mama

L is for the liars that have surrounded me  
I insurities my head down in these streets  
F my future there isn't 1  
E Eternal hope  
This is my life

I wake up every day to the same old foster mother  
I ain't got no pictures of my mother  
She was a crack fiend nothing like pot mother  
She didn't make a difference if though she  
Could've I'm a shame shame of my life  
Pappa cracky sold me twice  
On a late night stopped by  
And look in my eyes  
Bags from the tears that I've cried  
And the people who lied  
Telling me that this is my place  
Phony & try smile In my face  
But I should have known something  
Was rare smiled when she opened the mail  
Kept a nice mink on her back  
Meanwhile I got a goose & my goose got patches  
I'm so mad this is me  
I'm so hurt this is me  
So I shouldn't be  
But imma be alright cause

I'm pregnant by a dude & he not 16  
But I like his style & his whipp is mean  
My mama told me to find a man to take care  
Of me & he does buy me things but he beats on me  
I come to her for a little advice  
So I show up with a black eye  
Telling me to know my place so I stay  
Waiting for my body phase  
Telling myself it just a little pregnancy phase  
When all in reality I'm being discourage & disrespected  
And under the pressure & I don't really blame the man  
I blame my mother for not teaching me the different types of man  
Life could never understand my side of story being that it's so consistent 1  
8 years  
And 9 months developing raised in a prison I guess I'll never make a difference

Born orphan with nothin to offer is the least  
Of my problems  
Parents like deja vu  
My stomach is starving  
3 months pregnant idiotically I departed  
So ashamed of a life that was started  
I ask god if he can take the pain away  
He made me in denial of every word I pray  
Every day it's the same old no talent I'm feeling like  
My life is unbalanced no telling what tomorrow going look  
Like yea right wrapped up in a fast life for a suicidal  
Act why is my life set up for a failure I can care  
Less with the people say to ya'll we break out

In rage venting all the hurt inside who am I  
To tell you what you fail to realize the voice that you hold  
Within you the voice that you are  
The Voice Of The Young People!

[CHORUS]