

I Love my Momma

E-40

My mama man, my momma's everything
She's a superhero

Nobody like you, there's nobody else
Take your place, I love you momma
Just for that I dedicate this song to you
I love you mama!

3 boys, 1 girl, no chumps
I was the oldest, she carried me for 9 months
Made her way out of no way with little money
But somehow, somehow we had clothes for Easter Sunday
You always gave us our freedom, you never sheltered us
That's why we hard till this day, there ain't no punk in us
Worked three jobs all through the weekdays
But still managed to make it out to my baseball games
We didn't have much, but we was grateful
Had a roof over our head and food on the table
And to make ends meet to pay some bills
We would swallow our pride and have an old-school rummage sale
If I talked back and got loud
You'd say "Boy I brought you into this world
And I'll take your ass out!"
It's a trip how history repeats itself, for real
And the things you said to me now, I say that to my children

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You're supposed love your mama, even if she gave you away
You could be gone tomorrow, but you're here today
Every night before I go to bed I pray and ask the Lord
To put the blood of Jesus around my family.
The less-fortunate, the underprivileged
Urban life, inner-city, single parent living
Every Thanksgiving, you'd make our favorite dish: chips
Macaroni and cheese, mustard greens, turkey and dressing
And as far as sweets, can't nobody touch you
When you'd bake your famous banana nut bread and 7-Up cake
I'm so happy mama, you learned how to text
It tears me up inside when I don't visit
Cache Creek Casino,
On Mother's Day I put you on the bus to go play Bingo.
Talk about my mama, man? Probably shouldn't do that!
My Mama good people, give you the shirt off her back

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My mama hip! My mama ain't no sap
My mama listen to Al Green and she listen to rap
When I was funk'in' with my own hood drama
She had jumped in and tell them go get they mama

True story. Real talk.

You know your mama gon' have your back even if's your fault
I'm just dweelin' off the past
If I didn't fight back, yeah my mama would beat my ass!
So I'd rather see you than her
Tears down my face, putting tips on you bro
Bar none, taught me to be hard
My god-sister Donna and her brother Bernard
It's different from now, but back then
We would fight our best friends, next day we'd be back friends
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