

# 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'ing 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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