

# Momma Said

Joe Budden

Here we are, all alone  
Who gives a fuck about what they say  
I'm sure I've heard much worse  
People need to worry about them first  
People need to learn to mind their business instead of mine  
Here we are, all alone  
Who gives a fuck about their dismay  
But still I'm face to face  
With the one person I can't replace  
One person I can't just tell I'm doing fine

What up Ma  
Been a while  
Lot of catching up to do  
Know you got a ear full  
I'm listening

Momma said she loves me, said she cares  
Said if I need her, she'll always be there  
But even her saying that struck me as weird  
Why did she feel those words I needed to hear?  
Said she understands me, that was rare  
Cause no one understands me, not even my peers  
And these just thoughts I never bother to share  
So as I write, my eyes start to tear  
I ain't tell her I'm tired, but still trooping  
Alone, but I find myself regrouping  
Ain't say my brain now feel like a prison  
Figured I'd shut the fuck up and listen  
She continued, that was honorable  
Said said I get more and more irresponsible  
For normal folks, she said that's a challenge  
Luckily I mask mine behind talent  
She said "you are no longer yourself"  
I don't know what to expect of you"  
Said I'm putting up with things I normally wouldn't  
She don't know why it's acceptable  
She said "people living in your house"  
"Don't pay shit, not respectable"  
I told her, they're folk I think highly of  
She said "well they must think less of you"  
Must feel entitled, all you doing"  
I said I'll fix it, she said no you won't  
Then I got defensive, but still replied  
I told her I need them, she said "no you don't"  
Then she said, "when's the last time you spoke to your father?"  
I said he's self-centered, why bother?  
Cause he only really call about his needs  
And I ain't got enough time to deal with his greed  
Cause my days are darker  
Cut from a long shank but the blade is sharper  
I'm making my not-so-vague departure  
Tell pop I'm his son, not his spades partner  
Last time that we spoke  
He wanted to use the crib, throw a party here  
Which wasn't partly fair  
My home need to feel like home

Even if I throw a party here  
Then he catch an attitude  
And I catch one right back at you  
We adore each other, but ignore each other  
Think this is how the fuck I wanna act with you?  
Things just ain't the same  
But he sure will call about a Yankee game  
Like call C.C. and get back to me  
What's ill is he say it so casually  
I love him so much he can have all the perks  
Hurts so much, I take all the Percs  
Hurts so much but fuck it, it works  
Hurts so much that I can't sleep  
Mom say I need to sleep more  
Then again, she ain't on this stress level  
So many people rely on me  
I'm trying to get us all to the next level  
Wait, told her I took baby girl to the doctor  
It was only for a check up though  
And she gave me the face like  
"Now would be time if there's anything I feel I need to let her know"  
But, that's just mom again, just being a mom again  
Looked down at the tat on my arm again  
God please give me the strength, keep calm again  
She asked me if Kaylin was pregnant  
I looked at her like she was crazy  
Cause that's my baby, what's wrong with a baby?  
She said "nothing at all when you're not dating a baby  
Beautiful girl, I like everything about her thus far"  
I just don't wanna see you fall"  
Just a tad bit young, so she got some growing up to do  
And I replied don't we all  
Momma said "why can't you ever be alone  
I said what do you mean?  
Went to correct her, she did it herself  
She said "at least that's how it seems  
Pop ain't called, he's still mad  
Still pissed, he's still angry  
I'm still going, no plan of slowing  
No way I'll ever let his immaturity taint me  
Momma said that Tahiry called  
That ain't shock me, they speak a lot  
She's helpful.....