Daddy wasn't home so mama raised me I'ma thug but still mama bathed me I live my life as a thug, roll wit' some killas Slang crack to some dope fiends, ride wit' some drug dealers Find me in 3rd ward pullin' all nightas Keep a tech 9 cocked for any nigga that don't like me Throw up your soldier rags if you rowdy I represent a million muthafuckas thats 'bout it Mama couldn't control my destiny as a street thug Find me in the Range Rover buyin, sellin street drugs Even though, this ghetto got me crazy Everytime I go to jail mama get me out cause I'm her baby

I'ma gangsta, located in the alleys and Cali Shoot dice wit' killas and smoke wit' the dealers You can't tell me shit 'bout these streets homey I don' seen it and done it and lived the real from the phony Out for this money, homies maintain they composure Since kids on the streets sellin' dope by the police Now I'ma a soldier muthafucka for the chips When I dips the trips, GP straight for DP But the scripts how mama raised me Pops wasn't home, left us all alone Wasn't no thang, cause my mama had game She showed me everythang except how to be a man I understand, for all the streets and the jail time I caught The pain I brought, that wasn't what you taught It's probably pops fault how I ended up Gangbangin', crack slangin', not given' a fuck Two strikes in my life, a nigga fed up Mama said don't let up, and baby boy keep your head up

Now picture me a ghetto child, runnin' wild Maybe if you emphasize, niggas supposed to pick us The world wouldn't be like it is now I made moms proud, when you mention me she smile If feels good buyin' moms a car and a house And my pops been locked up for ten years Life was a struggle moms shed so many tears That's why baby ain't got nothin' that I love so much The only one can hurt my feelings, when she fuss Momma I love you cause you brought me hear But niggas startin' to hate and it's gettin' dark in here But I remember what you told me, and what ya' showed me Take it slowly

[CHORUS (4X)]

**Master P**