

Hey Mama

Pastor Troy

Yeah, y'all know what time it is
This ya boy P. Troy checkin in
And we doin this one, for all the mothers
For them gangsta boys, gangsta lil' girls
Doin time in this system, y'all know how it go
Yeah, yeah, yeah (c'mon)

(2x)

Hey mama, I'm writin you from jail
Them crackers got me fucked up, they got me in a cell
I know you disappointed, and I apologize
Don't want no visitation I don't wanna see yo eyes

Yeah, hey mama, I hope you all good
I guess I'm doin fine, I just miss the hood
I got a little time but I took it like a man
But it ain't the end, I'll get another chance
You always told me bout the company I kept
I guess that I'm a victim of the hood that I rep
A Southside gangsta facin five to the do'
Before they took me, I had to let 'em know

Yeah, hey mama, I know you probably sad
But holler at my siblings, holler at my dad
Tell everybody that I'm doin just fine
And I'm in here because my life was on the line
Mama, niggas hatin when your pockets get straight
They think that they can rob, they think that they can take
They thinkin that your fake cause they see you on T.V.
Surprise for them suckas, don't ever try me
I had to let it bang, I had to let it pop
I had to let it sang, I had to make 'em drop
And if I wouldn't have shot then I'd probably been the victim
That .40 cal. glock first I cock then I hit 'em
They got me down here Right Street 7th floor
Ain't nothin I can change I just go with the flow
I'm feelin kinda low, but I guess I'll be straight
Just hit the lawyer up and try to rush the court date

Yeah, verse 3, verse 3

Hey mama, they shipped me off to prison
A home cooked meal only thang that I'm missin
So holler at my girl, so holler at my son
And tell 'em that I'm sorry for the wrong that he done
Maybe this could've been avoided but I'd doubt it
All I can do is write another rap about it
And try to stay 'sane, it's all in the game
When some here for killing, when some here for 'caine
When some here for chilling wrong place wrong time
When some here situation just like mine
But I have no regrets, it could've been worse
I could've been dead if I didn't bust first
So mama, I hope that I'm forgiven
I write you everyday while I'm chillin off in prison
I'm tryin to get religion, I'm tryin to do better
With all my love, til' I write your next letter, your son