

# Mama (Loves a Crackhead)

Plan B

So he says he loves you, wants you to be his wife  
But he's too hooked on the crack pipe for that to be right  
It's all lies, none of it's true, though it hurts  
You know what you gotta do, cut him loose like a dirty needle

You don't know where he's been  
All I know is that I've seen him high when he says that he's clean  
There was a gray patch when he first bust on the scene  
But as the mystery unraveled, all became black and white  
Know what I mean?

We can never be friends, he can go to hell  
No more hanging 'round the house like a bad smell  
Either he goes or I do, it's your decision, mama, it's all on you

You're too old to be naive and I know you ain't ignorant  
That's what's botherin' me, ma 'cos you're goin' on different  
And I ain't never seen you loved up like this before  
Why's it everybody but you who can see that you deserve more?

Mama, can't you see what he's tryin' to do to you and to me?  
Mama, it's so black and white  
While you're sittin' at home he's out smokin' crack tonight  
And I can't go for that, no, no can do  
I can't go for that, can't for that, can't go for that

When I first met him, thought he was cool  
Had a few things in common like supporting Arsenal  
I saw the way he made you happy like a love fool  
Coming down when times were hard up stressful

But all that don't matter to shit  
When he starts acting like a little kid  
Treating you as if you was some kind of bitch

Mama, you ain't rich but stills he borrows your money  
And never pays you back  
'Cus any penny he gets, he spends on that bad habit

Fuckin' takes the piss bringin' that slut in to our house  
Is the ultimate diss  
Now I know you threw him out for that  
But how long is it gonna be before you take him back?  
Mama, know you're lonely but you're the only

One who can't see that this bloke is a phoney  
And he don't really care bout ya, mum  
He just says he does 'cus he fuckin' thinks ya dumb

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?My mama loves a crack head?  
Is that what I'm supposed to tell my friends?

When they ask me how I'm doing, am I supposed to pretend?  
Act like there's nothing's wrong when there blame there is  
Turn the other cheek when he's takin' the piss

Fuck that that's not how the man of the house acts  
I gotta defend my territory, guard my patch  
When I know he's doing doggy shit behind your back  
Put my foot down, stand my ground and that

This has got to stop whether the guy buns crack or not  
His head ain't there he's fuckin' lost the plot  
Dead and buried is the act phrase can't even act right  
Can't even act his age that's so fuckin' lame  
Thirty something years old, he should feel ashamed

If I was him, I'd slit my my veins at the mains  
In a lukewarm bath and sit in it till my arteries drain  
Do it right this time so I don't have to do it again  
'Cos there's nothing more pathetic than a cry for help

Either you do or you don't, wanna kill ya self  
Everybody knows you got a problem so it don't matter if you admit it  
But what you gotta do is be a man 'n' fuckin' deal with it

I know the truth hurts, mama  
But this shit gotta be said  
He don't love you, he never has and that's a fact  
The only thing he really loves in this world is crack

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Mama, it's so black and white  
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And I can't go for that, no, no can do  
I can't go for that, can't for that, can't go for that, no

I can't go for that, no, no can do  
I can't go for that, can't for that, can't go for that, no  
I can't go for that