

Miss My Mama

Z-Ro

This goes out to the ladies that gave us life
And everybody that lost a lady that gave them life
My black queen, I miss you
I love you baby...
Let me talk to her

There'll never be another woman take your place
And I swear I seen a peaceful smile on your face
When I told you had the bills up, I payed them all
Your only son, he's man now
He got his bills up
Pull that big Benz right in your driveway
Sixteen you was looking at me sideways
You watched these same streets swallow my pops up
And I know I hurt your heart when I first got locked up
You rode that big with me just like a soldier
Stress in your eyes, you ain't have to say I told you
I do it for the days momma, we ain't have nothing
Got my weight up with my hatin
And I'll be damn if we don't have some
Ramen noodles and peanut butter, that ain't life
Seen you work all day and stress all night
So I can have the betta things
Look ma, the cheddar came
No more eviction notice, all we see is better days
October 10, 2010, got to lay up in the pen to talk to the Chaplain
Looked me in the face and said son we need to pray
Begged the lord not to see this day in this place
My worst fear came to life till I heard you speak
You laid up in the hospital and worried bout me
Momma they say it's serious, she laughed at that
Told me son I'm at peace, God got control of that
That's my baby on my the phone standing strong for me
Hung up and passed away, just needed to hear me speak
Then I swear I took the pain away, locked up a state away
Looked in the clouds, all I see was your pretty face
Heaven opened up, now my angel watching over
With my daddy and my sister and my screwed up soldiers
Give anything in this world just to bring ya back
Got a princess on the way I guess you to blame for that
Now my angel in sky, wish you could see me now
Look how it is tall, he wanna be me now
Man...I miss my momma
Got the girls back and everyday they ask about you momma
Give anything in this world to hug and kiss you momma
No more pain, no more drama
No more breathing machines and coughing all night
Just spread your wings high...fly

Even with wack shirts and wack jeans, momma
You always was my black queen, momma
I finally understand for a woman it ain't easy trying to raise a man
You always was my black queen, momma
Much luv from your black king, momma
Could nobody diss my momma
Man, I miss my momma
Tejon (I miss my momma)

Tejon (I miss my momma)
Tejon (Wish I could kiss my momma, man, damn, I miss my momma)
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Mama, I only can remember what you look like
And how your laugh sounded seem like you just took flight
I was going to school and they told me I didn't have to go
Who these people in my room and why my momma on the floor
Wings wasn't even spread, but you still flew
Fuck cancer, fuck lupus, I wish I could kill you
All I remember is my uncle going crazy
Knocking pictures off the wall
Keffer screaming fuck no
She gone and she ain't never coming back
Joseph got me in school and they like what the fuck is that?
Joseph? yeah! I wish a mother fucker would
Y'all ain't feeling like I am feeling in here
Ain't no more feeling in here in my heart
Milk and cookies that was the night before
Not being told about takers putting her in the floor
Shout out to auntie and my grandmother
These are the last days it won't be long until I can see you again, mother
Meanwhile everybody still dying
I promise we trying to smile but everybody still crying
If you say Ike cut down that's my homie heads, brother
Tell them we still love them, that's from head and hands, mother
Death gotta be easy, cause life is a rubix cube
I mean well, but seem like everything ruin my mood
Uncle Hurks 64 now, he older than a mother fucker
Wonder when Imma die, it's getting closer than a mother fucker
I don't wanna go, but I can't stay
I'm 37 years old already so I can't play
Daddy got cancer now I'm scared to go and visit
Yeah, I'm mad at him, but I know when I see him it's gonna hit it where it h
urts
Cause that's my mother fucker father
Look, Imma be honest man, I ain't even seen my daughter
Baby momma drama and shit like that
Mama if you was here you woulda warned a nigga bout that
Wrote about me in the New York times
Wish I could show you
What's sad is if I would pass you by the street I wouldn't know you
I ain't even got a photograph
That's the reason I be taking so many photographs
Remember me when I'm gone like Joseph Shakur
But I ain't trying to leave my gun, ain't in it's holster for sure
It's gonna be standing in front of me letting loose like you supposed to
When I go down I guess that's when I'mma get to know you

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