Letter to My Mama

MO3

I know my mama was tired of me selling dope since middle school come in the house when I wanted to it was a lot of shit she couldnâ€™t hide from me like mama was a hustler boyfriend he had customers what they think we hustle for why they lying on me I used to love that hoe til she crossed that line I went to Tyc she had a baby on me when I took that time nahh he ainâ€™t mines but I kept him with me I swear to god 4 years passed by I ainâ€™t see him since but I know he fine 1 30 30 Stoney cook Dirty I had cooking waves doing niggas dirty that was dnd you know forest lane young niggas serving cigarette plus we 4 deep big mama chicken we splitting a four piece 50 cent soda from the candy lady and them hood hoes couldnâ€™t stand me baby I used to fuck friends got damn he crazy a street Nigga what mamma raised I had a broken home what mama gave me (to be continued)

Lyrics Submitted by Tina

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