Becoming a Typical Man

Profet

I was mom's little baby boy
I grew up under the protection of her wing,
Listening to her and Stevie sing
About ribbons in the sky
As I'd help her fold the bed sheets
corner to corner.

My father tried to warn her
That her son was going to be a man
She ignored the notice
and held on to my youth. Efforts hopeless.

"Momma, Ya baby is a Man now.
Let me cut the grass and trim the hedges,
Like poppa used to do. Remember?"

Man of the house
A title I acquired before manhood.
Smooth face and bright eyed
While my mom & sisters complain
about the extinction of the nice guy
But what was I? Still just a boy.

"When I become a man, I'll be a good one.
I'll take care of my woman like momma taught me."
I said, or so I thought.

But when the time came, I got caught
In the same traps as many men before me
Tryin to feel the grass outside my yard
Leavin beautiful queens emotionally scarred.

Apologies were never band-aids
or quick fixers.
I used to get pissed at how women depict us
As animalistic creatures.
Until I found some K-9 features of my own

"I can't cut the grass today momma,
your baby is grown.

I live a life now that you never would condone."
Then she said, "You're still my baby boy & I want you to come home,
cause men talk like boys with deeper tones."

Lyrics submitted by Lyrical.

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