

# I'm Only Human

## Dee Dee Warwick

Lord knows I ain't perfect  
I'm only human, I'm only human, I'm a man, I make mistakes  
I'ma make, I'ma make, I'ma make mistakes  
I'm only human, I'm only human, I'm a man, I make mistakes  
I'ma make my mistakes  
Twelve years old and you dealin' crack  
Your momma only twenty six, how she deal with that?  
Got a deadbeat dad, but he far from dead  
He never knew chocolate milk make you far real bad, naw  
One thing that I wish I could change  
Just to see my daddy wavin' at a football game  
Just to see my daddy standin' when they say my name  
Walk me to the locker room and say, "Son, good game?  
You make a tackle, but nobody there to clap  
So I'm writing down my feelings, never knew it was a rap  
Our house burnt down, we livin' in motels  
So no matters how it sound, let me give you the whole tale  
Goddamn, now the tears won't stop  
Momma held down three jobs, can she live on top?  
Never flew on a plane 'til my LP drop  
So I told her once week that her ears are gonna pop  
Oh, yeah, I'm only human, I'm a man  
I'ma make, I'ma make, I'ma make mistakes  
I'm only human, I'm only human, I'm a man, I make mistakes  
I'ma make my mistakes  
Wake up Sunday morning, wanna see my son  
He already wanna see his sister, he ain't seen in months  
I know it's 'bout the dollars, so I'm steamin' blunts  
At the custody hearing and I'm clean as fuck  
I ain't mad at cha girl, do your thing  
Last night I hit the club and I threw that change  
I'ma write you off, unemployed to a boss  
Another young broad, I'll run in there raw  
  
Raw, oh yes, I am  
Chevy on ground, call it Mex I can  
I run D.C. like Leo G  
In A T L, I keep a bird in the P O T  
M I A, I'm the Mayor on my J O B

You OD'd, O-Z's on the C O D  
Bink in VA, drinking V8  
Squeek-kays got me ready to sneak the DA  
Oh, yeah, I'm only human, I'm a man  
I'ma make, I'ma make, I'ma make mistakes  
I'm only human, I'm only human, I'm a man, I make mistakes  
I'ma make my mistakes  
I know I'm not perfect  
But I perfected, what I had to work with  
Trunk full of sack, saying my prayers  
Let me cut the music down so the Lord can hear  
Psalm 27, ink tatted in my arm  
Made me think back, when I was baggin' up a bomb  
Young D-Boys always bragging about the run  
I was on my third Rolley, now, I guess we're the bomb  
Now it's deep cuts in the club for the watch  
Might let two dimes just fuck while I watch  
I'm a Delano, it's Tony Soprano  
I fuck with Chicanos, they get it, G I know  
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