

Different Kinda Lady

Haystak

She was the prom queen, the world was hers
With a wave of her hand, whispered words
Hearts broken by her abilities
Addicted to the sweetness of a gentle kiss
Lost in a search for something she might never find
Never know if she don't try, the results will come in time
No time to smell the roses, let alone slow dance
Too many bad memories of forgotten romance
She walked out slammed the door
Damn him, she didn't need him
A child game she had to cloth him feed him
Alone after so long gave up hope
Convinced all men were abusive
Undependable heathens and sold dope
Mister right wasn't coming
A fact that she would have to face
She didn't have no time to waste, she had a man to raise
No man to chase, sick of living in this blasted place
No time to sit around weeping like a basket case
Her son made it all worthwhile
The only man that got to see her smile
She reminisced about her lifestyle before the baby came
She did what responsible people do, she changed
She's a different kinda lady
She's not often understood
She's a different kinda lady
She's not often understood
She was my best friend, my playmate
Moved in next door just before the first grade
We ran foot races, climb trees, caught insects
Before money and sex, powder and x
Before popularity came so crucial
She had love and the feeling was mutual
We used to cut our feet barefooted in chipped glass
Now we blow smoke as we skip class
New friends came, and with them came change
The pressure was all, would lil mama maintain
She began to drift away, the distance between us grew wider
Didn't have to speak to me, I could see the hurt inside her
I hear the words out of her mouth
But they don't reflect what she really feel

I've seen the smile before I know it isn't real
Artificial happiness, superficial friends
A nonstop whirl wind, when will it all end
Her eyes roll back, she began to convulse
They searched for a heartbeat, but she had no pulse
Autopsy results show she mixed powder and downers
And none of her new friends were around her
When her family found her, but aShe's a different kinda lady
She's not often understood
She's a different kinda lady
She's not often understoodShe was a young girl seventeen, if I recollect correctly
A baby with a baby, that baby was me
She worked everyday still it wasn't enough
World was rough, ol' girl was tough
Drop me off in the morning
Come back and get me in the afternoon
Free spirits lost being guided by the moon
Used to take me to church, try to make me a man
But hard times put drastic changes in plan
She was out there, every time she got up, she fell again
In love with a bastard, stay in and out the pen
Alcoholic addict, never tried to change himself
Beat her to a pulp, and make her blame herself
I tried to talk to her, mama you don't have to stay
Just pack your bags and go, you can walk away
She tell me about this pain, hoping I'd never experience it
Baby boy love is some serious shit, I pray for change
Eventually it came, like rays of light after days of rain
She turned her life around, walked away never to return
Still tempted by the fire, just tired of being burnedShe's a different kinda lady
She's not often understood
She's a different kinda lady
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