

# Make Mama Proud

## Lil' Flip

My life, my life, my life, my life  
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In elementary I used crayons, even chalk  
I learned to count money before I could read and talk  
And my mama told me son, you need to shine  
I couldn't stand at the back, I had to lead the line  
I use to make good grades, but I talked in class  
In middle school I was late when I walked in class  
If the teacher ran a errand, I taught the class  
And what I didn't know, I was about to ask  
And just because I played ball, I got easy grades  
And when I turned thirteen, I got even fades  
Everybody wearing Air Macs, Ree's and J's  
But all my parents cared about, was B's and A's  
In high school, I picked up my pen and pad  
I had dreams, of pulling up in a Benz or Jag  
I had to get it on my own, I couldn't depend on dad  
I had to grow up too fast, but then I'm glad  
Because the stuff I know now, I wouldn't believe it  
The main goals that I set, I wouldn't achieve it  
I'd probably be locked up, or running the streets  
I'd probably wouldn't have platinum, in front of my teeth  
I'd probably still be mocking, trying to earn a dollar  
I'd probably be in the hood selling sherm or powder  
But instead, I'm making bread, legal dough  
Going to church and staying away from these evil hoes  
You only got one life, you better do what you can  
'Cause when you turn thirteen, you are a man  
And I can't be broke so I'm a rock the crowd  
It's up to me, I gotta make my mama proud  
You only got one life, you better do what you can  
'Cause when you turn thirteen, you are a man  
And I can't be broke so I'm a rock the crowd  
It's up to me, I gotta make my mama proud  
There's a place called heaven and a place called hell  
There's a place called freedom and a place called jail  
And if you go to jail, they gonna treat you bad  
Take your commissary, and beat you bad  
So I'm staying out of trouble, I'm chasing my dream

I know you see your little boy on T.V. screens  
I'm blowing up, your little boy making it happen  
I'm ain't selling dope mama, I'm making it rappin'  
So when you go to sleep at night, you know I'm safe  
'Cause in Houston everyday somebody catching a case  
Like yesterday, my partner went to jail  
And he ain't coming home until he fifty seven  
He nineteen, so you do the math  
I got smart, man, I choose to rap  
So when I grow up, my kids can have a good life  
That's all I wrote, y'all have good night  
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