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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