Dear Momma (feat. J Beale)

Fat Trel

When I was young, me and my mama had beef
17 years old, kicked out on the streets
Though back at the time I never thought I'd see her face
Ain't a woman alive that could take my mama's place
Suspended from school and scared to go home, I was a fool
With the big boys breaking all the rules
I shed tears with my baby sister, over the years
We was poorer than the other little kids
And even though we had different daddies, the same drama
When things went wrong we'd blame mama
I reminisce on the stress I caused, it was hell
Huggin' on my mama from a jail cell
And who'd think in elementary, hey
I'd see the penitentiary one day?
And running from the police, that's right
Mama catch me, put a whoopin' to my backside
And even as a crack fiend, mama
You always was a black queen, mama
I finally understand
For a woman it ain't easy trying to raise a man
You always was committed
A poor single mother on welfare, tell me how you did it
There's no way I can pay you back, but the plan
Is to show you that I understand
You are appreciated[Hook: Reggie Green & "Sweet Franklin" (w/ 2Pac)]
Lady, don'tcha know we love ya? (Dear mama)
Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated)
Sweet lady, don'tcha know we love ya?[Verse 2]
Now ain't nobody tell us it was fair
No love from my daddy cause the coward wasn't there
He passed away and I didn't cry, cause my anger
Wouldn't let me feel for a stranger
They say I'm wrong and I'm heartless, but all along
I was looking for a father he was gone
I hung around with the thugs, and even though they sold drugs
They showed a young brother love
I moved out and started really hangin'
I needed money of my own so I started slangin
I ain't guilty cause even though I sell rocks

It feels good putting money in your mailbox
I love paying rent when the rent's due
I hope you got the diamond necklace that I sent to you
Cause when I was low you was there for me
And never left me alone because you cared for me
And I could see you coming home after work late
You're in the kitchen trying to fix us a hot plate
You just working with the scraps you was given
And mama made miracles every Thanksgivin'
But now the road got rough, you're alone
You're trying to raise 2 bad kids on your own
And there's no way I can pay you back, but my plan
Is to show you that I understand
You are appreciated[Hook]

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