

# 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]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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