

Mama's Curse

Brabo Gator

My apologies are worthless, but maybe if I drown in my tears the truth will surface

That Iâm a narcissist, a hard headed problem child.

But you donât know how hard it is to hold a smile and I donât mean you no harm mama.

In my heart I always thought Iâm be your star mama.

But failure made me so bitter Iâm tired of making promises I know I canât deliver.

So this time donât get your hopes up cause that fire deep inside me finally froze up.

I aint had no luck, I make sure the wisdom of my gypsy driftinâm, late bills and evictions

Not to mention the creditors call you daily. They threaten they gonna sue me unless I make a payment.

Petrified so you pay em mama Iâm saying that I aint got the strength to make the music stop playing.

God sent an angel to raise me and all I did was drove her crazy

She still tells me that Iâm her baby when the truth is Iâm her curse

Regardless how much I love her all I do is make things worse.

A lot of my fans are suicidal who say my music saved them and gave them a new revival

If I quit and lose a life Iâm a feel real liable. If I donât, I tarnish my own survival.

Mama Iâm idle trapped in this damn cycle, thoughts begin to spiral.

People think Iâm an idol that brings hope, Really Iâm fucked up.

The only thing consistent in my life is love loss.

You always told me baby try your best and I did, I turned into a POS.

ItâMs shitty aint it, Iâm not what you deserve.

If I had a dime for every time I got on your nerves Iâm buy you a mansion with a lake on it

A hundred acres and Clydesdales to graze on it.

But youâre haunted, haunted by me, Iâm your dream killer, the son you donât need

God sent an angel to raise me and all I did was drove her crazy

She still tells me that Iâm her baby when the truth is Iâm her curse

Regardless how much I love her all I do is make things worse.

Despite everything I owe you, I donât even pay attention to things you go through.

Hell I donât even visit like Iâm âposed to cause Iâm addicted to pro too.

My lifeâMs a song on the third verse, cause seeing you hurt just makes me hurt worse.

Iâm the curse in your life youâre my angel. I wish youâd fly away from my danger

And finally disown me and feed me to these wolves and these fake arse homies.

I deserve to be lonely; you deserve to be happy. Canât you see my problems that would murder my dad

Mama run before I pull out this gun and shoot a bullet through your gold heart

The only thing Iâmve done is been a lousy arse son, Iâm sorry for the man that Iâmve become.

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Regardless how much I love her all I do is make things worse.

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Lyrics Submitted by Judy

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