

2Pac

"Mamma's Just A Little Girl"

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Young mothers, that's right
I feel ya, hey, I know how it is
Mamma's just a little girl
Don't nobody understand, I feel ya

She was born a heavy set girl with pig tails and curls
A heart full of gold still it won't change the world
Though she could never understand why
Some underhanded plans, witnessed a man die

Was only 15, should have been a beauty queen
Still see here crying by the caskets
When here parents got killed, little girl don't cry
'Coz even though they died, you can best believe

They watching over thee from the sky, never asked for
this misery
But look at what you gettin', it's a blessing in disguise
When you find out your pregnant, no money, no home
And even though you all alone, you gots to do this on
your own

So baby go, I wish you luck and if you need me, call
Just come to me and let me feed you all
I can understand the way it feels when you fighting the
world
Facing all this drama when mamma's just a little girl

Mama, don't know why, mamma's just a little girl
Given that she is or not
And time ain't on her side 'cause mamma's just a little
girl
She gotta hold her head up high

At 16 what a beautiful thing
The very essence of a jet black ebony queen
And who could tell she'd get pregnant at an early age
She didn't listen, had sex, watch her belly raise

Hey, got violated by someone she dated
If this is fate I hate to see the seed she created
So we wait and though it takes time to build the body

and the mind
She reclines 9 months then finally it's time

What do we find?
A little grown boy a mind with a tortured soul
Addicted to a life of crime at no time of the growing
stage
He learned his values on the streets at an early age

Watch for police, don't come home, why?
'Coz mammas acting crazy at the hospital
'Bout to have another baby like the rose from a
concrete
Grown within blessed with twins, how the hell can
mamma raise three men

So we began a closest family
Such insanity, a happy home for one act inhumanity
Plus mammas said the seed was corrupted
Used the rubber belly begging us to breathe if she love
us

Now mamma sits quiet sipping peppermint schnapps
Turned the house into a spot and made her watch for
cops, hey
How could mamma bring a thug like me into this world?
She ain't the cause of all the drama 'cause mammas
just a little girl

Mamma, don't know why, mamma's just a little girl
Given that she is or not
And time ain't on her side, 'cause mamma's just a little
girl
She gotta hold her head up high

Now, would she remain in the same spot?
The gunshots rang, they came from the cane spot
Now look here, I see her clutching her son in her arms
she hurt
Her heart bleeding as she watched her seed die in the
dirt

Fulfill prophecy but who could stop the grief?
I walk around trying to hold the world up on top me
Probably be an innocent man still I'm the victim of a
curse
What could be worse? Nothing but pain

Since my birth, taught me functions at the pen
'Cause everybody's in paying back society
I'm guilty of a life of sin, I watched the drama occur

My eyes blurred 'fore I jet it, I wonder why we all have
to die for we get it

Though we shed tears, so many peers I done buried
Worried and scared knowing I'ma see the cemetery
Must be prepared in this cold world, no-one cares
No it ain't fair, but we all there and do our share

In this land of underhanded schemes and plans
Vivid dreams of a nigga having G's in hand
Mamma told me not to be a punk
Fuck what you talking about coward, what you niggas
want?

Hey there ain't a thing I wouldn't do for my mamma in
this world
'Cause you know I ain't mad at cha
You just a little girl
See mamma's just a little girl

Mamma, don't know why, mamma's just a little girl
Given that she is or not
Time ain't on here side, mamma's just a little girl
She gotta hold her head up high

But to ask us why we to turn from bad to worse
Is to ignore from which we came
You see you wouldn't ask why the rose
That grew from the concrete had damaged petals

On the contrary we would all celebrate its tenacity
We would all love its will to reach the sun
Well, we are the roses, this is the concrete
And these are my damaged petals

Don't ask me why
Thank God, nigga
Ask me how
You see, mamma's just a little girl

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